1776

MYRA'S JOURNAL

THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII., No. 5. MAY 1st, 1891.

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SIX

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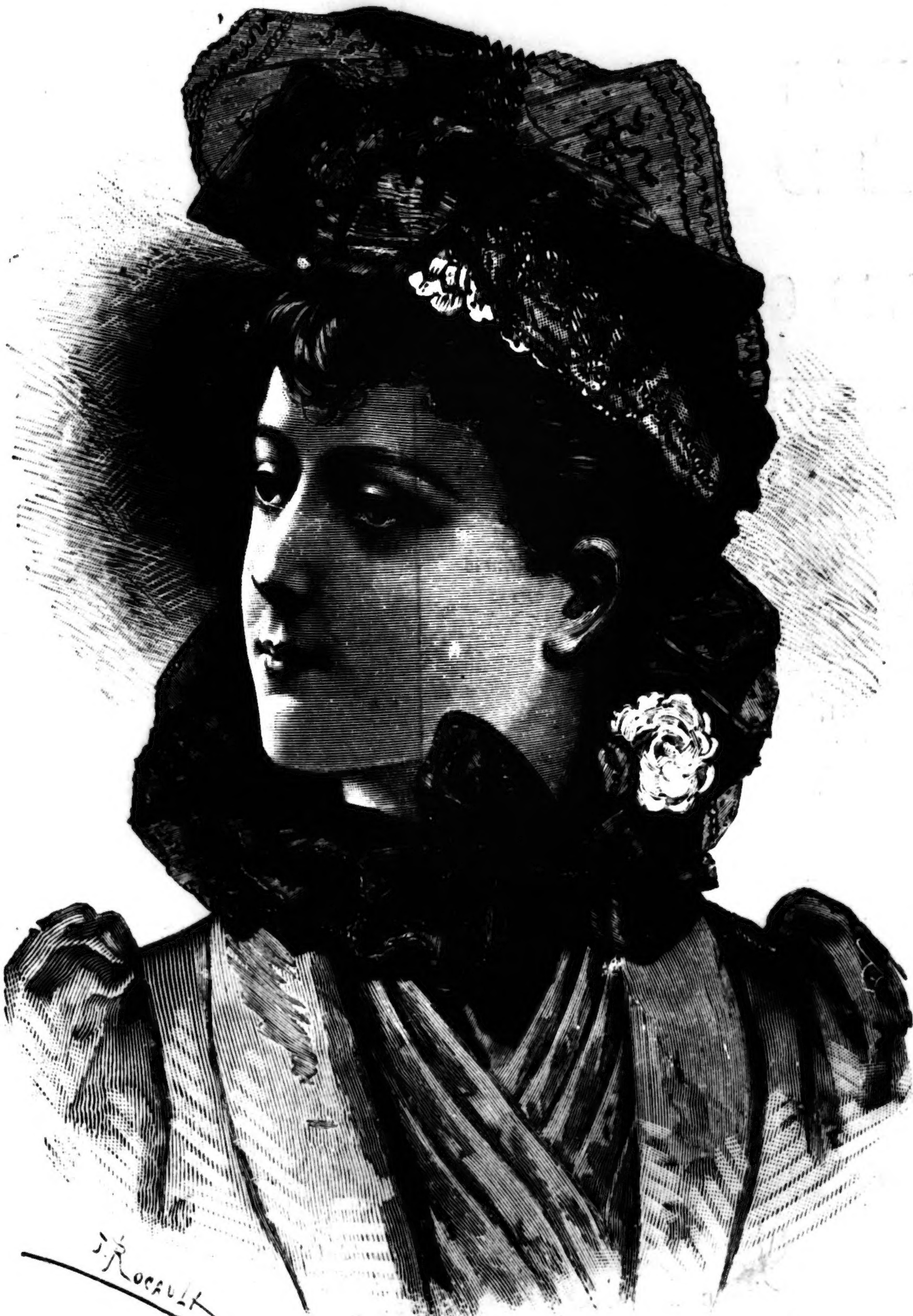

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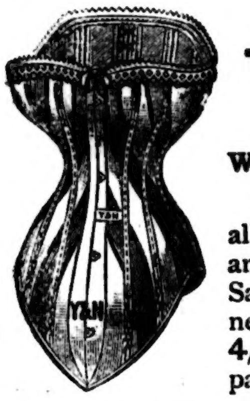

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VOL. XVII.—No. 5.

MAY 1, 1891.

MYRA'S JOURNAL,

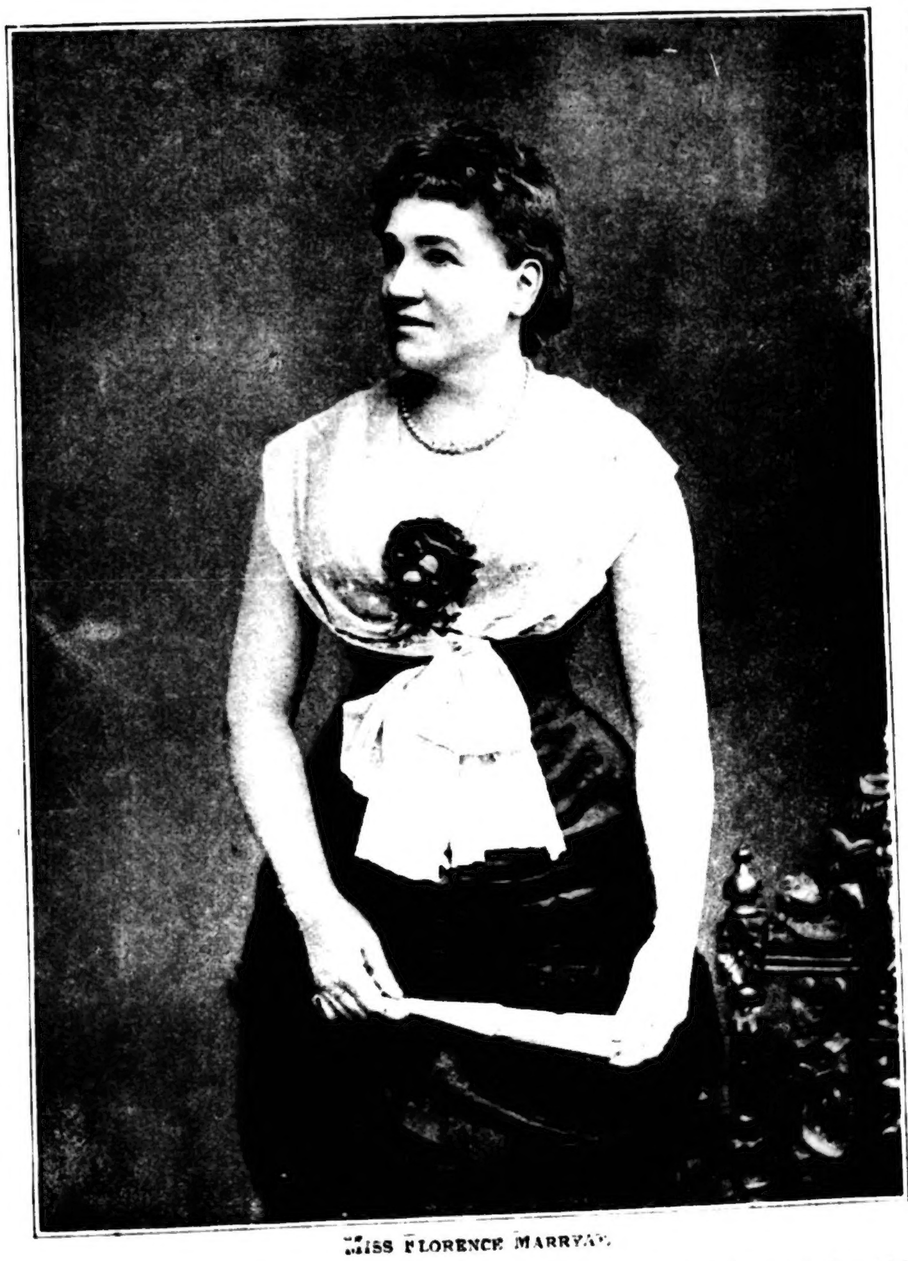
THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

6 SUPPLEMENTS. 52 PAGES OF LETTERPRESS. OVER 45 DRESS AND NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT AT HOME.

ST. Andrew's Road, West Kensington, is not in the London Directory of last year, and the cab which conveyed me there was stopped at its entrance by a barricade that protected the newly-made gravel surface of the thoroughfare. The houses, which are of a bijou type, are of almost bran new brick and mortar, while the iron railings, painted a dark green and the stained glass windows have an appearance of almost painful novelty. But the breeze blows freshly from the Queen's Park cricket ground, and St. Andrew's Road, being a *cul de sac*, is filled with sweet peace and quietude that the scribe whose work is done within earshot of all the noise of the Strand could not but greatly envy.

"This is only my metropolitan *pied-à-terre*," Miss Florence Marryat explains three minutes later, as she turns aside from her desk to talk to me, "for I am constantly going away, staying with friends in Bruges and Brighton."



MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Knowing that Miss Florence Marryat had written 55 novels in twenty-four years, I was picturing in my own mind, aided by the surroundings amid which I now saw her, the daily life of literary toil which the authoress led. There, on the business-like desk at which she was sitting, was a mass of memoranda relative to her past and present industry, names of *dramatis personæ*, suggestions for plots, quotations for the headings of chapters. There, in one large book-case, were the works of history and general information from which fiction derives its semblance of truth, while in another was the fine collection of the poets who nurture and strengthen the novelist's imagination. I was picturing Miss Marryat busily passing her days and weeks, alternately writing and reading, while a world of men and women were dancing in sweet dalliance and draining the cup of pleasure. But not thus can the lady's literary fertility be acounted for. This allusion to sojourns in Brighton and trips to Bruges threw another light upon my picture; a few minutes more of Miss Marryat's fluent chat and it was shattered like the baseless fabric of a dream. I learned that only about three hours in the morning—from breakfast time to lunch—were devoted to literary work, unless, towards the end of a novel, her strong interest in the *dénoument* impelled her to take up the pen again in the evening. As for the work of preparation, Miss Marryat has none of it. She reads much, as the state of the bookshelves as well as of the books' leaves testifies, but never for the purpose of writing. "I have a horror of writing about anything or any place of which I have not had experience, of which I have not personal knowledge. I should hate having to 'get up' the history or the geography of a novel." In the three hours, therefore, she writes without pause or interval, filling 14 or 15 broad foolscap pages. "If there is any secret about the matter," she says, "it is to be found in my systematic work. I write my portion every day, whether at home or abroad."

"And yet you are not systematic enough to use a type-writer?" I remark, noticing the omission of the machine from the room.

"I doubt whether I could write faster with it than I do now. My foolscap page contains 250 words, so in three hours I write about 3,500 words. I am afraid, too, that the mechanical action of a type-writer would spoil one's imagination. Do you know that while I am writing an emotional scene I often find that the tears are dropping on to the paper."

Our conversation has been conducted to a merry chorus, for, attached to her working room, Miss Marryat has a small aviary. About 40 African birds, of various sizes and plumage, inhabit one large cage, a solitary canary dwelling in amity with them. Miss Marryat has also several fine specimens of the small paroquets, whose beauty could not be seen to the best advantage, however, on a March afternoon. "My birds and dogs," she says, "are my chief distraction when at home of an afternoon." (Readers who know Miss Florence Marryat by her maiden name, which, for literary purposes she has never disused, may suppose from this that she belongs to a much maligned race; as a matter of fact, Captain Marryat's clever daughter has been twice married.) I had almost stumbled over a little terrier laying on the hearthrug, whose colour its shaggy body so closely resembled that I did not suppose it to be animated. Miss Marryat spoke also of her bulldog, which she averred was more gentle than a Scotch Collie, but it was in disgrace, and had been banished to the kennel.

"In the evening," said Miss Marryat, continuing the account of her day's doings, "I seldom go out, unless it is to a theatre. I am very fond of my friends, and am always glad to see them here, but I can't stand what is called society; its insincerity is so hateful; I should be bound to give offence by plain-speaking. Ah! those dreadful 'at homes,' where everyone jostles against each other and real conversation is impossible."

Suiting the action to the word, Miss Marryat then cleverly mimicked "the gush and gabble" that too often go on at social gatherings. This bit of acting leads me to speak of her brief spells of stage-life, of which I had been reminded by several photos in costume that hung upon the wall. "They were mostly taken," she says, "when I was on tour with *The Golden Goblin.*" This is the first instance of a woman producing and taking part in her son's play.

I asked Miss Marryat how she had obtained most of her plots. They have been suggested, it seems, by anecdotes for which she has an excellent memory, whether she hears them or reads them. Then she has been the recipient of many confidences from friends and acquaintances—"owing, perhaps, to my magnetic temperament," Miss Marryat parenthetically remarked. All sorts and conditions of people have made her their father-confessor, and, in some cases, they have willingly allowed the novelist to give their personal experiences fictitious form and substance. The pathos of "Brave Heart and True" was derived from the life-story of a young lady who came to Miss Marryat, full of trouble, and seeking her advice.

"It was while tending several sick children," said the novelist, "that I wrote my first work, 'Love's Conflict.' I was married, you must know, when only sixteen, and by the time I was twenty-seven had eight children. My children were stricken with fever, and as my servants left me I had to nurse them by myself. It was an out-of-the-way place in the country, and to relieve the loneliness of the long night, I got the doctor to obtain several reams of paper and set to work on the novel. Some years before, I had scribbled things that were destroyed as soon as they were written, and I had no intention of publishing this novel when it was finished. But my friend Annie Thomas persuaded me to send the MS. to Bentley's. Mr. Bentley, probably glad to have the name of Marryat again on his books if they had any merit at all, sent me a cheque within a very short time and asked me how soon I should have another work ready for publication."

From the first we got to the last work that Miss Florence Marryat had written, now in the press. This is not fiction, although some irreverent scoffers at spiritualism may venture to describe it as such. Under the aggressive title of "There is no Death," Miss Marryat has given her experiences of *séances* in Europe and America. It differs from all other books of the kind in that the name and address of every individual concerned are given; while Miss Marryat explains the relationship to all persons with whose spirits she claims to have held communion and the circumstances under which they died. "It was always my resolve," she says, "if ever I wrote such a book to give names, addresses, &c.; from the want of such facts, all former books have been as worthless as the advertised testimonials of most quack medicines." The title "There is no Death" is obtained, of course, from Longfellow's lines:—

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,—
Whose portal we call death."

"Nearly the whole of Longfellow's poetry," declares Miss Marryat, "is pervaded with spiritualism, and it is now generally recognised in America that he was a pronounced spiritualist."

Everyone who has read Florence Marryat's "Life" of her father, will know of her reverent affection for him, and, as I expected, in the room were several souvenirs of the captain, whose stories of the sea have so long been the delight of school-boys. Perhaps the most interesting is the original copy of the code of signals which it was Captain Marryat's no small distinction to introduce among mariners. The little book, bound in red cloth, was inadvertently sold as one of a collection of school volumes, and it was only by the kindness of a friend, who happened to come across it at a second-hand booksellers, that the treasured relic was restored to Miss Marryat. The drawing and colouring of the flags and signs exhibit the artistic talent which the captain possessed to some considerable degree, and of which I had further evidence in several sketches that Miss Marryat kindly showed to me. In the centre of the room, facing the fireplace, hung a small portrait of Captain Marryat, drawn by his friend the Count d'Orsay—drawn, however, like all the Count's portraits, somewhat in the spirit of caricature. Just above it were displayed the arms of the Marryat family. For his gallantry in the attack upon Rangoon, Captain Marryat was offered a baronetcy by William IV., which he declined; being asked what he would be willing to accept, the sailor replied, "Arms, which my daughters can bear." The shield depicts a Burmese boat with eight rowers, the *fleur-de-lys* (in reference to the French ancestry of the Marryats) and Miss Florence Marryat's initials in gold letters. To her father's visit to Burmah, Miss Florence Marryat owes a mystic curio, in the shape of a slip of hieroglyphic writing which is believed to be part of the Holy Book of the Burmese. The material is formed of reeds woven together, and somewhat resembles the ancient papyrus on which the recently recovered book of Aristotle was printed. With these and many other things to keep alive the memory of her gallant father, it was not strange that at the close of our conversation the novelist should be speaking of him rather than of her own varied and interesting career.

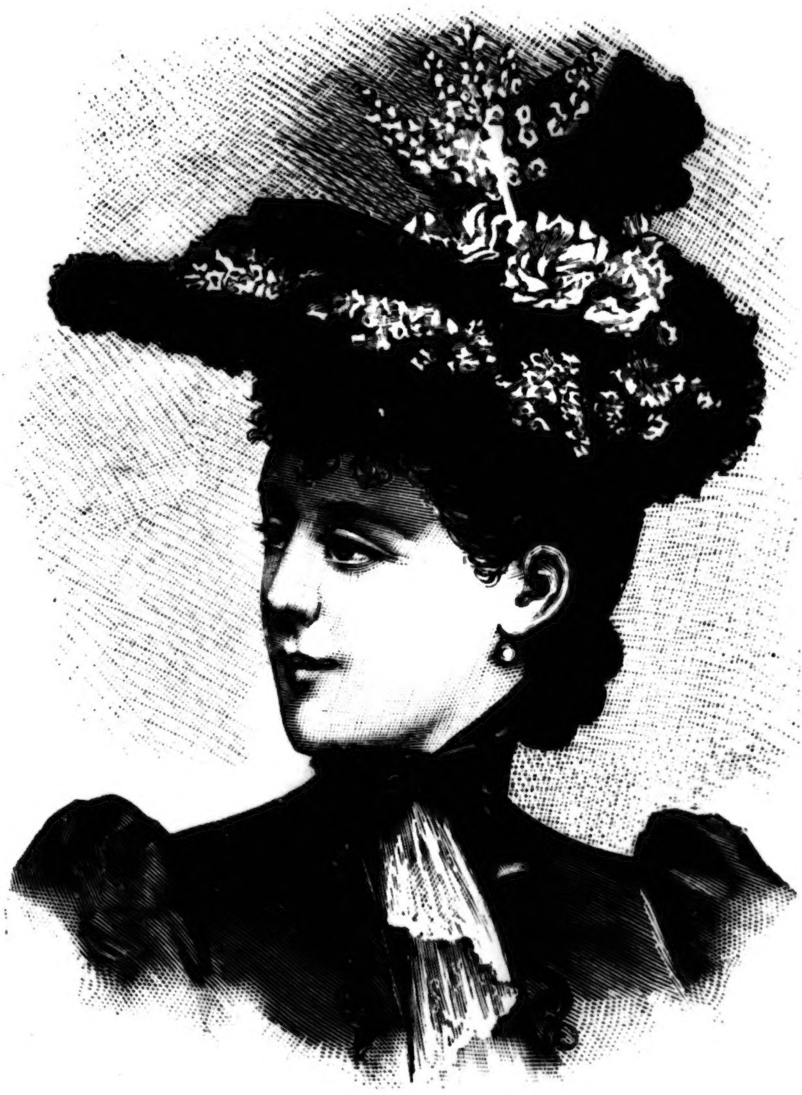
FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Dress and Fashion in Paris.

The rage for bonnets and hats of eccentric shape and with trimmings in startling colours is already on the wane, and the newer chapeaux, although they lose in brightness, certainly gain in style and are far more ladylike than those that ushered in the season.

Gold is still used to a very large extent, in ribbons, passementerie, galon, lace and beads, but chiefly in combination with very dark colours, or else with black, white, or cream. White and black tulles flecked and spangled with gold are extremely fashionable for the bouillonné crowns and draperies of hats and capotes. Bonnets are still very small, and many have transparent crowns of gold net, or spangled tulle, while others are crownless, the trimming only partly covering the top of the head. Strings of pearls, or of gold or jet beads are sometimes used for covering the brims of capotes, and are loosely twisted together to form a thick cable. A good model has the crown of gold embroidery with a small black velvet bow in the centre, and a twisted roll of strings of gold beads covering the velvet brim. Two tiny little birds in front with long tail feathers forming an aigrette, and strings of narrow black velvet complete the bonnet. Another pretty bonnet is of gold spangled tulle drawn in closely at the back and forming a bouillonné in front divided from the bouillonné brim by a band of gold and jet galon. An aigrette of pink roses rises at the back from a small bouillonné of tulle; there are no strings.

In hats, although low crowns prevail, they are still of quite perceptible height, and both flat and rounded crowns are to be seen. Very fine fancy straws and straw laces are used in combination with fine smooth plain straws for the brims of hats; sometimes the broad brim of plain black or white straw is bordered with white straw lace, in other cases the plain and fancy straws are alternated, and are either all black, all white, or in alternating bands of plain black and fancy white straw. In any case, fashion is in favour of very fine smooth straws in preference to those of coarser texture, which may, however, be revived for country wear.



The Manola Hat.

Black lace hat with lace ruche edging the brim. Small wreath of flowers on the brim under the lace, and bouquet of similar flowers and tea roses mixed with lace at the back.

The trimmings, as usual on the best models, are simple, such as a black lace flounce on a black hat falling on to the brim from the top of the crown, veiling a folded band of orange velvet round the crown, and a plume of black and orange feathers with black aigrette at the back; or a ruche of green gauze ribbon bordered with black velvet round the crown of a bronze straw hat, with little bows of ribbon and sprays of mauve and yellow anemones front and back; draperies of white lace and bouquets of wild flowers, or a coquillé pleating of gold embroidered lace, a small bow of gold gauze ribbon and sprays of mauve orchids on broad brimmed hats of white straw.

The two small toques, illustrated on page 4, are the one of gold spangled black tulle with black feathers and jet ornament, the other of pale yellow chiffon with a small black bird at the back.

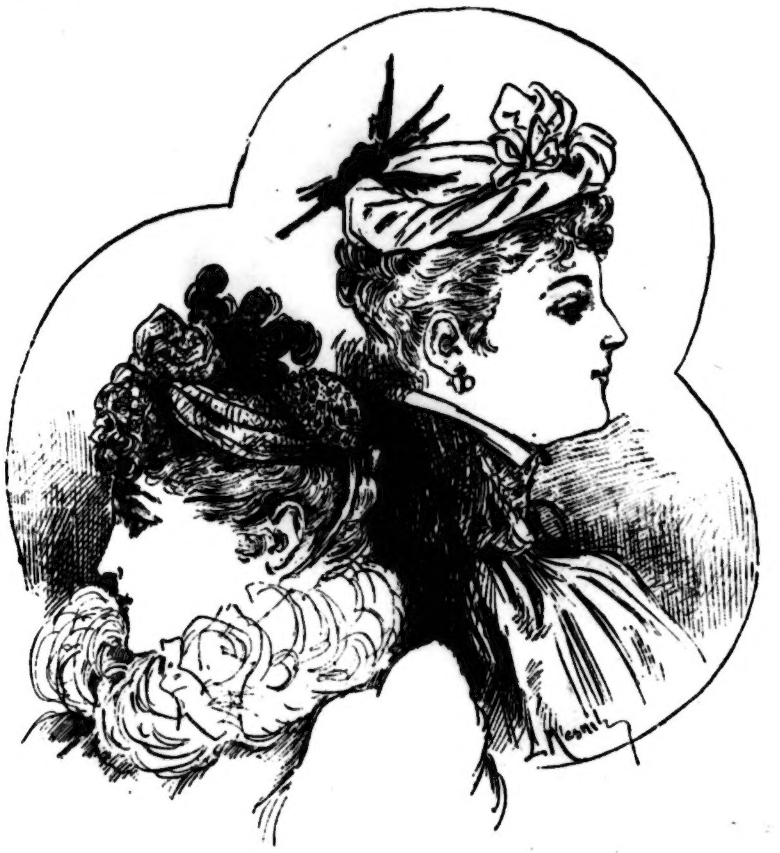
Parasols will be large this season, with natural wood handles finely carved. Some of the handsomest are of moiré silk or faille, divided by bands of Chantilly insertion; but lovely parasols are made of chiffon in white and pale colours, with flounces round the edge, and double flounces falling in coquillés on either side of each rib, with a band of narrow jet insertion on the rib between the coquillés. For the summer, there are also very pretty parasols of soft white muslin, gathered in round the stick and at the edge, and finished off with a scalloped frill of the muslin.

Amongst fashionable colours for the summer, tints that are likely to be popular are "primavera" (a pinky shade of mauve), sulphur, Indian pink (a bright shade of vieux rose), ivory, blue grey, beige and suède. All the new materials are made in these colours, besides, of course, many others, and are seen to great advantage in the fine silky woollens, plain, spotted, or with shaded stripes, that are in vogue this year.

These light colours are chiefly adopted for young ladies' toilettes, a very pretty example being a dress of primavera cashmere, the skirt open on the right side over a panel of ivory silk embroidered with shaded mauve silk and gold, the open cashmere skirt being piped with gold. The corsage is made with a plastron and sleeve panels corresponding with that on the skirt, and the edges are piped with gold. This dress is also carried out in pink and blue, a fashionable combination of colours, the cashmere and embroidery, which is enriched with silver, being pink, and the silk under-skirt, plastron, etc., of starch blue silk.

These fine supple woollens are often employed for evening toilettes; an example is a charming toilette in a very pale shade of grey embroidered with Pompadour sprays. The skirt is fourreau shaped in front but slightly trained at the back and embroidered all round the edge; the bodice is pleated at the waist but open at the neck and finished off with an embroidered Medici collar; the sleeve, puffed and raised at the shoulder, is pleated in at the elbow and finished off with an embroidered sabot and ribbon rosette matching that which fastens the draped sash on the left side.

Dinner and evening toilettes are particularly rich this season, their beauty depending on the magnificence of the materials and trimmings employed, for as a rule they are simply made. The first of the two dresses illustrated on the next page has a skirt and low square bodice of apricot faille; the skirt is bordered with a band of silver embroidery on faille, piped with black feather trimming and edged with a narrow flounce of plain faille. The train is of lace over faille, the lace forming a little panier on the right side, draped over the velvet waistband. The bodice is trimmed with lace, and the long gigot sleeves are of apricot faille, embroidered with silver.



The second dress is of maize coloured bengaline, with gold embroidery forming a panel down the front of the skirt and on the corsage and sleeves. A flounce of crêpe de Chine, embroidered with gold, is draped in festoons caught up with black velvet rosettes round the skirt, and the train of crêpe is bordered with three rows of black ribbon velvet; the bretelles over the shoulders are also of velvet; the draped sash of faille starts from the side, and ends on the left in two wide bows fastened with a gold buckle.

An elegant dinner dress is made of periwinkle blue peau de soie with a flounce of heavy black guipure lace put on quite flat and reaching above the knees. The skirt is plain in front and very slightly trained at the back. The bodice is cut like a rounded waistcoat crossed at the edge and open over a full plastron of crêpe, and is finished off with figaro fronts of lace, and small rounded but quite flat paniers of the lace. The elbow sleeves are raised at the shoulder and finished off with lace sabots. This lace is almost like passementerie in effect, being heavy and having all the outlines corded with silk cord.

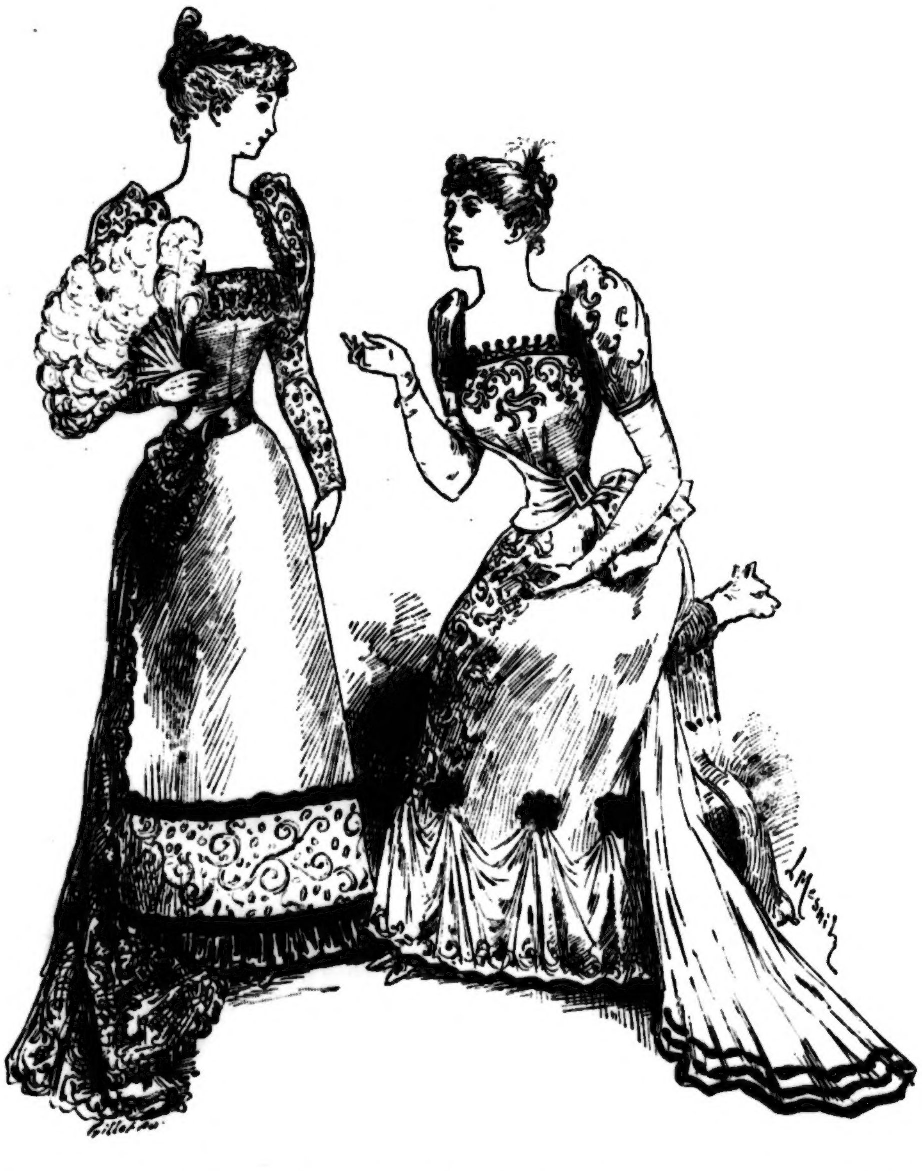
A good many dresses, evening dresses especially, are inspired by Louis XV. modes, not that they are direct copies of these, but many of the details are a decided reminiscence of the days when powder and patches accompanied magnificent brocades, and the *grand style* reigned supreme.

A very handsome dinner dress for state occasions is a princess robe of a truly regal brocade in green and gold; the fronts meet at the waist only and are draped in folds over the hips to form small paniers; the corsage is open over a plastron of emerald green velvet cut square across the chest and a narrow tablier to match. The back is also open to the waist over a pointed plastron of velvet, cut in a low point at the top. The sides of the dress fall in easy coquillé folds on either side of the velvet train and meet at the waist behind, forming a kind of deep basque that is the starting point of the coquillé. The elbow sleeves and the openings of the corsage and front of the skirt are trimmed with green and gold passementerie; the open corsage is filled in with pink crêpe de soie.

Louis XV. modes are even more noticeable in the Watteau pleats of indoor dresses and tea gowns. In many cases the Watteau train is mounted under a little gathered pointed cape, or under the trimming bordering a rounded yoke. A lovely example is a tea gown with pleated tablier of grey sicilienne, and side panels of the sicilienne embroidered in grey and red silk and gold thread. The corsage is of the embroidered silk, with a deep pleated basque turned under at the edge, forming a puff, and at the back a long flowing train of the plain sicilienne is mounted under a band of gold and jewelled galon framing the rounded yoke. The tight under-sleeves are of the embroidered sicilienne; the over-sleeves, very full and gracefully draped and puffed at the shoulder, are of the plain silk. Another model is in pale green silk, the colour of an unripe apricot; the cape, Medici collar, and sleeves are lined with pale blue; the Watteau train is mounted under the cape; the front of the bodice is gathered in blouse fashion, and bands of gold braid, starting from the band in front, and from under the train at the back, form points on the hips. The band, sleeves, cape, and collar are all trimmed with the gold braid.

White or ivory satin is still the material preferred for bridal toilettes; in the latest models the fourreau skirt is trimmed with a festooned flounce of fine Mechlin or other lace, caught up with little bouquets of orange blossom. The long train is of the same material, or of rich brocade, and in many cases the corsage with small paniers is made of the same. The sleeves are very high and puffed at the shoulder, but quite tight below the elbow.

One or two bridal dresses have recently been made of white velvet, but this material is less becoming than the white silk, satin, and broché fabrics that are generally employed. A beautiful bridal toilette consists of a trained princess dress of Louis XV. broché, the open fronts fastened on the chest only with a few pleats under a bouquet of orange blossom, and showing a fourreau skirt of white satin bordered with a deep lace flounce, the point of the tight-fitting satin waistcoat, and a pleated chemisette and collar of white crêpe lisse. The open corsage is finished off with a lace Medici collar, and tiny wreaths of orange blossom are placed round the point of the waistcoat, on the heading of the lace flounce, and on the sleeves at the wrist.



Comtesse de B.

A * Draped * Piano.

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

ONE can scarcely read half-a-dozen answers to correspondents nowadays anent decoration, without seeing the words "Drapery is going out," "Do not drape the piano," and I myself invented a brass piano rod on which to suspend a brocade curtain, and so replace some of the terrible wisps of "Art Muslin" which were the outcome of the fancy (charming in artistic hands, guided by artistic eyes) for drapery in our drawing rooms, a fancy which, after nearly seventeen years practice thereof! is gradually dying out in my own mind.

"Is this the moment, then, to illustrate a draped piano?" a reader may here exclaim—but the fact is so many people still write saying they "dare not fix the piano rod to a hired instrument," or "want to use up a foreign drapery too thin for a piano curtain," that I yield, and once more illustrate a simply draped piano. I imagine the back to be covered with tightly strained Bokhara velvet in a rich copper, the drapery being a figured gold Indian material.

A pretty old-fashioned silver table stands before the piano, those not possessing such, will find a more humble table with a turquoise serge cloth will look well in this position if with a large yellow bowl of flowers or foliage, and any pretty photographs in "stand-up" frames.

Not to all is given the possession of the huge blue and white Nankin jar my artist has depicted, but a tall palm-stand with one of Liberty's beaten copper pots and a spreading palm would effectually fill its place. I am never tired of trying to impress on my readers—and I think the series of illustrations we sometimes see in ladies' papers bears out what I say—that it is *not* wealth, or large houses, or big names, which make loveable womanly rooms, rooms *in* which one at once feels at home, *of* which one at once feels envious. No! it is *taste*. As Ruskin truly says, "The great question is, not how much money you have in your purse, *but what you will buy with it.*" Some people, I might almost say most people, invariably buy the wrong thing! Is the room quite in the "old-world" Georgian style, suggestive of "Watteau," "Pompadour," "du Barri" style of colours and materials, such folks (having admired one of my favourite semi-Eastern rooms) rush off to delightful Mr. Liberty's, frantically invest in Eastern embroideries, Mushrabeyah, hammered copper, Japanese bronzes, "Dewdrop" hanging blinds, and other treasures too numerous to mention, unpack and arrange their new belongings, and (finally) write to ask—with innocent surprise—why the last state is worse than the first?

Or, again, is her room an old dusky panelled, low-rafter ceilinged one with twice worn tapestry, and the many quaint bequeathings of a long line of ancestry, this haphazard genus will proceed to buy cheap deal palm-stands, tables, music racks, and overmantels, and frantically "Aspinall" them all *white*, thus marring at once the sombre harmony of her surroundings. My correspondents are aware by this time with what sincere pleasure I will help improve their homes, to put the right thing in the right place, and to spend to its *uttermost* advantage the sum, be it £1 or £100, to be devoted to the improvement of house and home.

Answers * on * Furnishing.

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

SPECIAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters requiring advice to be addressed to* MRS. TALBOT COKE, *Myra's Journal Office*, 204, *Regent Street, London, W.*

2. *Letters to be answered in the next number to reach the office not later than the 4th of the month.*

3. *Letters requiring advice on the arrangement of a room should be accompanied, if possible, by a plan, and the name of each piece of furniture must be written on the plan in the place of its present position.*

4. *Questions to be answered should be underlined, and briefly repeated at the end of the letter.*

5. *Patterns of materials, wall papers, etc., may be sent, and will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.*

6. *Correspondents are requested always to use the same pseudonym (to enable reference to be made to any former answer) and to give full name and address as well. Advice as to position of furniture cannot be given unless a plan of room with size and present position of furniture marked is sent, with stamped addressed envelope for its return.*

We are requested to state that *in no case* can MRS. TALBOT COKE undertake to answer letters *privately*. All answers will be *published in the Journal;* but, to secure an answer in any forthcoming Number, correspondents are reminded that their queries must be sent in *not later than the 4th* of the month.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. C.—With a hall 25 ft. by 16 ft. you should have few difficulties; it is when a "hall" is 20 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in. that my heart fails me to advise improvements! Having already so much carved oak, I would keep the furniture entirely to the same style. You certainly, as you say, want some *tall* pieces, such as corner cupboards, or a large bookcase (if the hall is used as a sitting room) would look well against the red walls. You would, I fancy, hardly get these in really old oak; but Bartholomew & Fletcher, 219, Tottenham Court Road, have always very handsome carved Flemish oak in antique patterns; they would, I am sure, send you an illustrated catalogue. They also have large, handsome carved oak chairs, a copy of Mary Queen of Scots celebrated chair, etc., and some *very* high backed "Spanish leather" chairs with carving, about £3 3s. each. A high backed dark oak settle would make a cosy ingle nook if placed between the fireplace and the oak table. Essex's, 116, Victoria Street, S.W., red Troillius, 2s. 3d. the piece, is a perfect hall paper, and would show off your pictures, etc. Have the paint old oak colour, panelled with Essex's beautiful brown and gold acorn (you must send him the *colour* for the ground). For stairs and landing I would have Essex's quaint "Willow" paper, two shades of terra cotta on a cream ground; it is quite different to any paper I ever saw—2s. the piece—cream paint and gold lincrusta panelling; Godfrey Giles, 19, Old Cavendish Street, W., would supply this. I wish you had enclosed a bit of your bedroom cretonne; "red and green on a cream ground" sounds forbidding, and not likely to be of service in a scheme for "a thoroughly cosy, artistic, invalid's room." I wish you would let me "begin from the beginning," and have Knowles' "Clarence," 1s. 9d. the piece, in two shades of pink, and pink and white ceiling, 1s. 9d., soft grey green paint, the exact shade of the ground of Graham & Biddles' beautiful "Celadon Ground Dahlia" Cretonne, 1s. 11d., terra cotta serge curtains, the couch upholstered with almond green "Embossed Victoria Cord," 2s. 6d. the yard, with big terra cotta frilled silk cushion, almond green basket chairs, with dahlia cretonne cushions; this scheme (if your carpet will allow!) would ensure a pretty *restful* looking room. As to the bath room, I am quite tired of tile papers, and would suggest Essex's new "Washable" *Medlar* paper, either in yellow and white, with white paint (I love a white and yellow bath room), or in terra cotta with white paint.

MARIETTE.—I find it very difficult to really enter, *con amore*, into the decoration of rooms which are so far in the future. I should know size, number of windows, *aspect*, and (above all) if town or country, before I could give you the *real* help I should wish to, however, I can at anyrate tell you what papers will go best with the materials your present rooms contain. Your somewhat cold looking brocade (drawing room) seems to cry aloud for a warm pink paper. Have Knowles'—166, King's Road, Chelsea—shrimp pink Cadogan, with frieze of graceful up-growing tulips on a shaded ground. This costs about 1s. the yard, and need not necessarily have a frieze rail; nut brown paint and rich gold panelling; pink Diana ceiling paper, 1s. 9d. What a *dreadful* "Reckitt's" blue that gimp is! If you must have hangings of a shade which I should like suppressed for ever, I think Essex's brown Kenilworth paper, at 1s. 6d. (116, Victoria Street, S.W.), tones it down better than anything, paint of the darker shade, gold panelling. With the red hangings, Essex's grey green Lythwell, 1s. 9d., or gold Ravensworth, 1s. 9d., would be safe. Green paint with the former, nut brown with the latter. I don't at all profess to send patterns! but now and then have not the heart to keep old correspondents waiting so long. I wish you could write again when you have seen the house. The "Cornflower toilet set" was never mentioned by me. Plushette is a very rich looking material, somewhat like coarse Utrecht velvet. If you have the shrimp pink paper, have Indian red plushette curtains—Holroyd Barker, 482, Oxford Street—42s. a pair, and as thin curtains, Shoolbred's beautiful "Marquise" (cream), 22s. 6d. the pair. To get a little more warm colour into the furniture, I would cover the chairs you describe with Shoolbred's (Tottenham Court Road) charming "Florentine" brocade, about 5s. 11d., double width. If you mean inexpensive rugs, I can really recommend

The Ladies' Gallery.

WHILE in Italy, under the fostering care of Queen Margaret, the movement for the higher education of women continues to make sensible progress, lectures of the foremost professors now being given throughout the winter in connection with the High School for Girls in Rome, Germany remains in an unenviable condition of ignorance respecting its own best interests, and the Reichstag recently rejected a petition that the learned professions should be opened to women. But perhaps we have not yet gone so far onward ourselves that we can afford to throw stones. An English solicitor, having no son, trained his daughter to succeed him in his business, hoping thus to make provision for her after his death. His application to the Incorporated Law Society for permission to present the lady for examination was, nevertheless, refused. Again, it is with the greatest difficulty that women doctors can get experience in the most natural and desirable branch of their profession—midwifery. The Royal Free Hospital has been vainly begged to establish a department for midwifery, and thus complete its good work in the medical education of women. Its refusal seems incredible, for surely the treatment of mothers in their most painful need is a task eminently suited to the members of their own sex. Yet all that can be done is done to prevent lady doctors from obtaining the requisite practical knowledge.

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Many men think, or profess to think, that teaching is the one proper profession for a woman, and the sphere in which there is an unlimited number of openings, when, in point of fact, women know well that it is terribly over-crowded. In a Governesses' Institution in Manchester there were, last year, 250 applicants for 154 situations. No one who can do anything else should attempt a living by teaching. Very exceptional ability is required now to render the profession even moderately remunerative. Mr. Green, at a recent meeting of the Ladies' Discussion Society at Cambridge, recommended nursing as a career, especially midwifery and district nursing, and also suggested that more women should take to Provident Dispensing. The Liverpool International Photographic Exhibition was rendered notable by the surprising success of female exhibitors, and it is to be hoped that this fact will commend photography as a profession to women. Possibly the rush into the ranks of governesses was primarily caused by the belief entertained that no training was necessary, and fathers seldom desired to expend any money on the preparation of their daughters for work. In Manchester a committee has been found to promote the employment of gentlewomen, and probably there, as in London, the difficulty will lie in providing for ladies "not brought up to do anything." For these even teaching except in cases of a rare natural gift of imparting instruction, is rapidly becoming impossible, and it is right it should be so. A father will calmly tell you that it is as much as he can do to start his boys; as for the girls, no doubt they will marry. The fact that thousands of women do not want to marry, and thousands more cannot if they would, is one that he declines to believe has any personal bearing. To rear female paupers is the highly creditable occupation of many a very respectable British father, the pattern of British morality.

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So little attention is paid in schools to the instruction of the young in sanitation, that we are pleased to see Liverpool intends to follow the example of some other towns and give free lectures to the poor on subjects relating to health. It is astounding that on such elementary matters as cleanliness and the properties of different foods so much fearful ignorance exists. Not the least important part of the Liverpool scheme is the formation of classes for ladies willing to learn before attempting to teach. Nothing is more necessary to the well-being of the house-keeper, and the *house-kept*, than a thorough knowledge of sanitation. In taking a house few people imagine that there is something more to be considered than a convenient situation and a reasonable rent. They are apt to think themselves models of economy if they pull down the blinds when the sun shines, and keep the windows closed on a rainy day. That aspect, soil, and drainage are factors of health; that sunshine is life, and the air outside always purer than that within, are facts unknown to the majority. It is found more and more difficult to keep the family warm, simply because they are permitted to become more and more unused to fresh air in the rooms. Warm air may often be far more injurious than cold air. Ventilators are luxuries reserved for new houses, but those without them should have them inserted as soon as may be. Most people would be insulted if they were told that they did not pay attention to cleanliness, and yet real cleanliness is rarely attained in ordinary households. Carpets, mats, and drapery are everywhere, and there are not hands enough to keep them in proper condition. But simply go into a new house—freshly painted and papered, and perfectly dry; warmed, if in cold weather, and you cannot fail to be struck with the difference between the air there and that in the home you have left. If you can get your house to smell fresh and sweet you may be sure you have discovered the secret of cleanliness, and one of the three secrets of health. Cleanliness, of course, includes perfect drainage, and if you insist on that the law is on your side. No house should be taken until you have paid an independent inspector to certify that the sanitary arrangements are correct. After cleanliness comes the question of food and clothing, and here, again, intense ignorance exists. Pretty frocks and appetising dishes may be provided, and the secrets of health remain undiscovered.

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The deputation in favour of the bill for admitting women to the position of County Councillors, obtained from Mr. Gladstone a singularly lucid, brief, and straightforward answer. He had gathered that in County Council work there was a real field for women's energies, a real want for them to supply, and he did not believe there to be much, if any, opposition to the proposed bill. The women's mill "grinds slowly," but it means to "grind exceeding small." The Suffrage Bill is to be read in May, and before then every woman should sign one or other of the petitions in favour of the principle. Of course, it is familiar to our readers that the Suffragists belong to two classes; those in favour of giving every qualified woman a vote, on the same terms as men; and those in favour of granting it only to qualified widows and spinsters. The latter body, no doubt, think their proposal the one which will most readily find supporters, and look upon it as a step in the right direction; the former ask at once, boldly, for all they mean to get.

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The cheap one volume editions of Matthew Arnold's and D. G. Rosetti's poems have brought the songs of two more singers within the reach of those who have more cultivation than wealth. Very different they are, for the aim of the one is light, and of the other merely beauty, but there is teaching of a kind in both. The blessing of the higher life is the noble strain of Arnold's poetry, while Rossetti contents himself with pouring out the joy of the lower life. In Lucas Malet's last striking novel, "The Wages of Sin," she paints for us a man in whom the emotional and the frankly animal propensities are abnormally strong, and, instead of almost imperceptibly mingling, sway him alternately with the strength of passion. In youth, the baser desires are recklessly gratified, and when in later years he comes to love a woman truly, he is shocked to find he cannot love her purely. Still, in the end he triumphs, for he tells her marriage is not for him, and he will not soil her purity, and so leaves her for ever. Another book we can recommend to our readers is Marion Crawford's exquisite story, "The Romance of a Cigarette Maker," now to be had in a cheap edition; and for the children, as well as ourselves, there are Aytoun's stirring "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" in a shilling volume.

Spinnings in Town.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go.—Herbert.

Failure only could attend any attempt to describe in detail all the novelties in woollen, washing, and silken fabrics with which Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, of Belfast, are prepared to supply their clients; my wheel might go for an unlimited time, and yet leave me more to spin, but with no room for the wheel to turn in. I must, therefore, as time and space have their limits, concentrate my remarks on some of the most striking or most generally useful novelties, and leave my readers to convince themselves, by a personal inspection of the patterns, that those I cannot mention are as well worth their attention as those I am able to describe.

Warm weather must come to us some day, and then Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver's pretty sateens and zephyrs will be as welcome as the sunshine that calls them forth. The sateens are of various qualities and in a great variety of colours and patterns; in price they range from 7½d. to 1s. 1½d. per yard; the designs are either floral, and printed in one or many colours, or of a simpler description, spots, rings, stripes, etc., in white on a coloured ground; the blue and white sateens of this description, at 9½d. and 9¾d. per yard, are in all shades of blue, and very pretty and fashionable. The French floral sateens, at 11½d., are beautifully printed in delicate colours on light or dark grounds, and some very fine specimens, at 1s. 1½d., have the pattern in white on a striped or figured ground in the newest shades of mauve, cornflower blue, green, heliotrope, etc. Plain zephyrs may be had from 4¾d. per yard upwards; striped and checked zephyrs in pretty combinations from 6d. per yard, and charming Jacquard zephyrs with a broché pattern of spot or flower in white on a delicately tinted ground, at 1s. 0½d. and up to 1s. 4½d. per yard. Printed cambrics with spots and other patterns, chiefly in white on a coloured ground, cost 4¾d. and 6d. per yard; a pretty printed Voile de Coton costs 6¾d., and the very fine and novel Toile de Nice 8½d. per yard; the colours of this last fabric include the best and newest shades. The washing drills, in plain colours and stripes, at 9d. per yard, will be valued where there are children to be clothed.

There is a capital variety of fancy white washing fabrics, with lace stripes and broché patterns, ranging from 5¾d to 11½d. per yard; finer spotted and lace striped muslins cost 1s. 0¾d., and some clear muslins, with small white raised spots and printed sprays of flowers in colours, are 1s. 1½d. per yard.

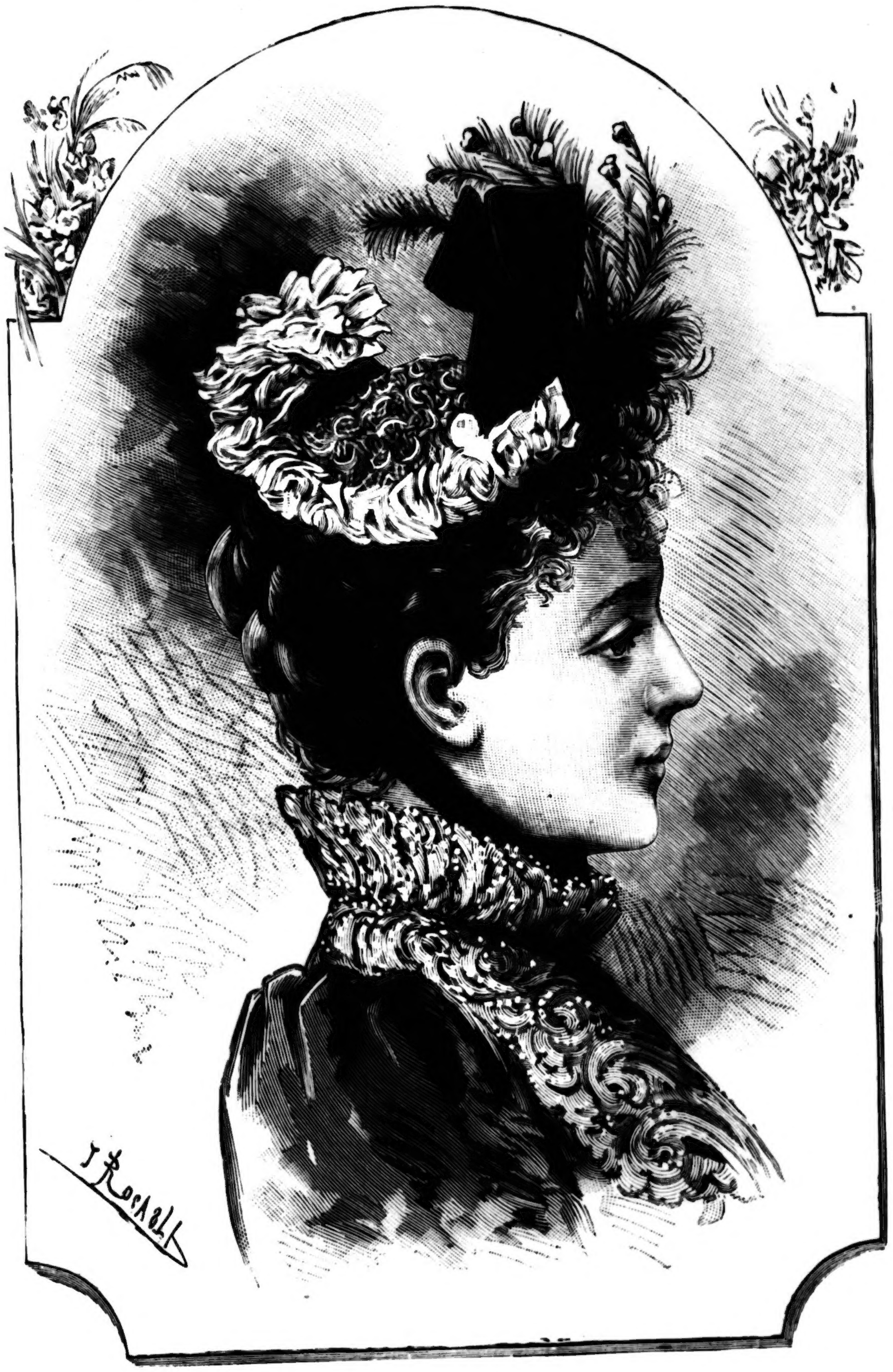
The silk fabrics for summer wear include some capital specimens of plain surahs at 4s. 3d., printed surahs at 2s. 11d., spotted foulards at the same price, and pongee silks in exquisite colours at 1s. 11d. per yard. As might be expected, however, the choice of poplins is far larger, and Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver have an admirable selection of patterns of this always beautiful material in several makes at a variety of prices. Coloured poplins begin in price at 3s. 11d. per yard, in light and dark colours; the Extra Poplin costs 4s. 9d., the Fine Royal is 5s. 2d., the Royal (a very nice quality), 5s. 6d., the Duchess and the Crown, 6s. 6d., and the Extra Rich Empress, with thick cord, 7s. 11d. per yard.

Black poplins have an even greater range of price and kind, very rich qualities costing 8s. 6d., 8s. 11d., 9s. 6d. and 9s. 11d. per yard; the less expensive kinds are also made in black.

I also find a good selection of black woollen fabrics, both plain and figured, and specially note some fine spotted and figured black Alpaca Lustres, at 3s. 3d., and some new Lace Voiles at 2s. 6½d. per yard; both these materials will make admirable summer dresses, being very light, prettier than plain voile or alpaca, and far more durable than grenadine.

The woollens are innumerable, and include an immense range of tweeds, cheviots, and suitings, both fine and rough in texture, but throughout of the best quality and in all the plain and mixed colours favoured by fashion. There are useful tweeds at 1s. 2¾d., 1s. 6½d., and 1s. 11d per yard; better qualities cost from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 6d. per yard; the Victoria Tweeds, for tailor-made dresses, are 5s. 6d. per yard, and this is also the price of the genuine Irish Tweeds in mixed colours, which are 56 inches wide.

The Cheviots, besides a great number in plain colours, include also many that are striped, checked, or figured with the fashionable hairy spots, or other design; they are of the best quality, as are the Suitings, comprising some pretty plain and figured fabrics. In addition to these, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver have a great variety of fancy woollens of all kinds, remarkable for their purity and softness, and the taste with which the colours are combined in checks, stripes, and broché patterns; the plain woollens include cashmeres and merinos, beiges, foulés, Indian



The Mignon Bonnet.

Crown of fine straw lace embroidered with gold; wreath of pink roses, without foliage, round the brim, and bouquet to match at the back. Bow and strings of green velvet and black aigrette.

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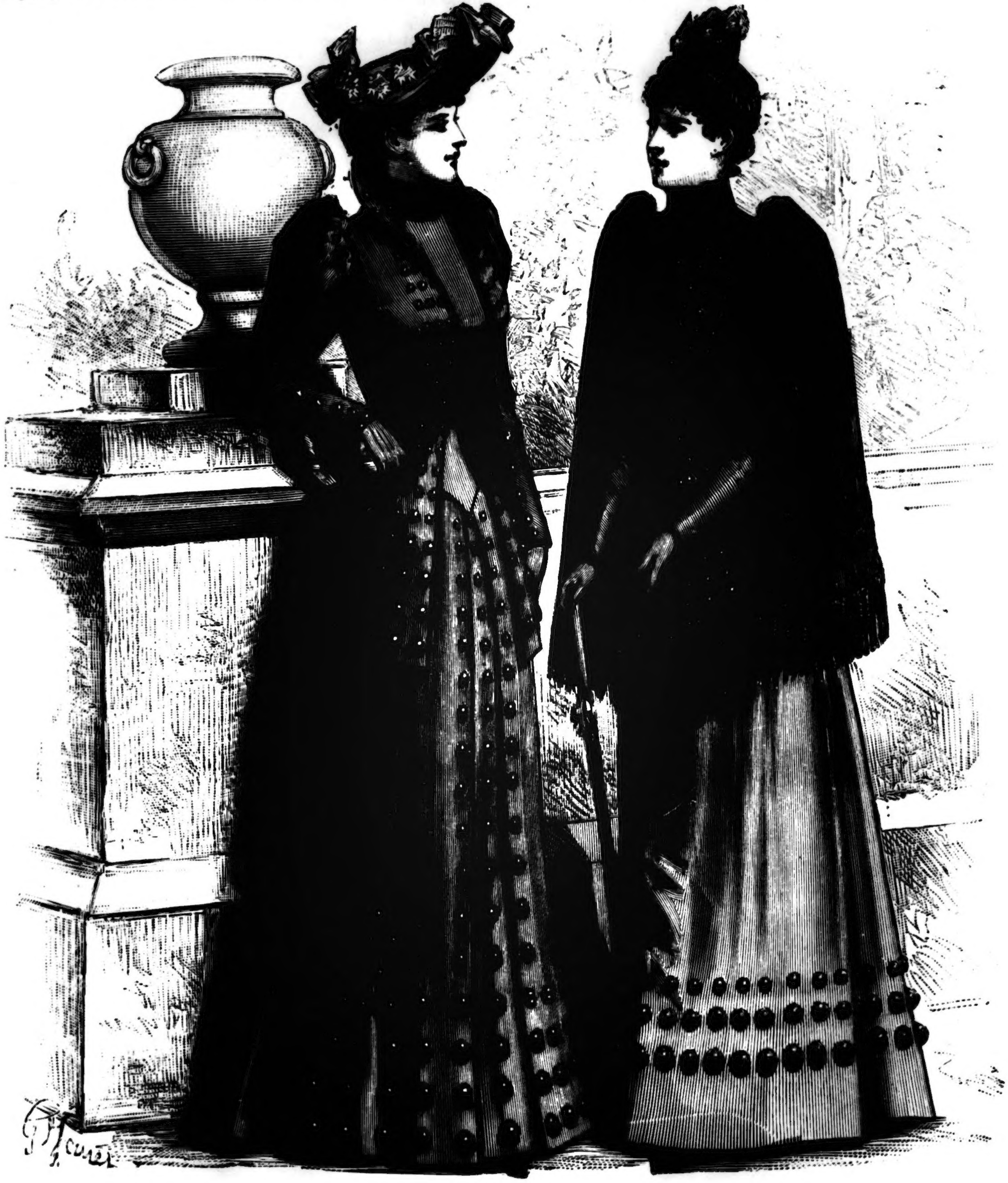
* Important Notice.—*To avoid delay, Manufacturers and Advertisers are requested to forward samples and patterns of novelties* direct to "The Silkworm," 204, *Regent Street, W., before the 1st of the month.*

cashmeres, amazon and dress cloths, serges, diagonals, and many others. Special novelties are the Bedford and Hunting Cords, the Côtelé Chasseur, very fine, with a double broché spot, the Umbria Stripe, which is ladylike and effective, and the Princess Stripe, with groups of corded and flake stripes, which is sold in dress lengths at 47s. 6d. the dress. The prices throughout are moderate, and for quality these materials will compare advantageously with the best. The firm also supplies a good quality of velveteen at 2s. 3d. per yard; five of the new light shades in which the velveteen may be obtained are particularly lovely; they are a pale pink, called coral, Mexique (a pure turquoise blue), fawn, mode (a drab grey), and melon, the deep flesh colour of the inside of the fruit.



Walking Costumes.

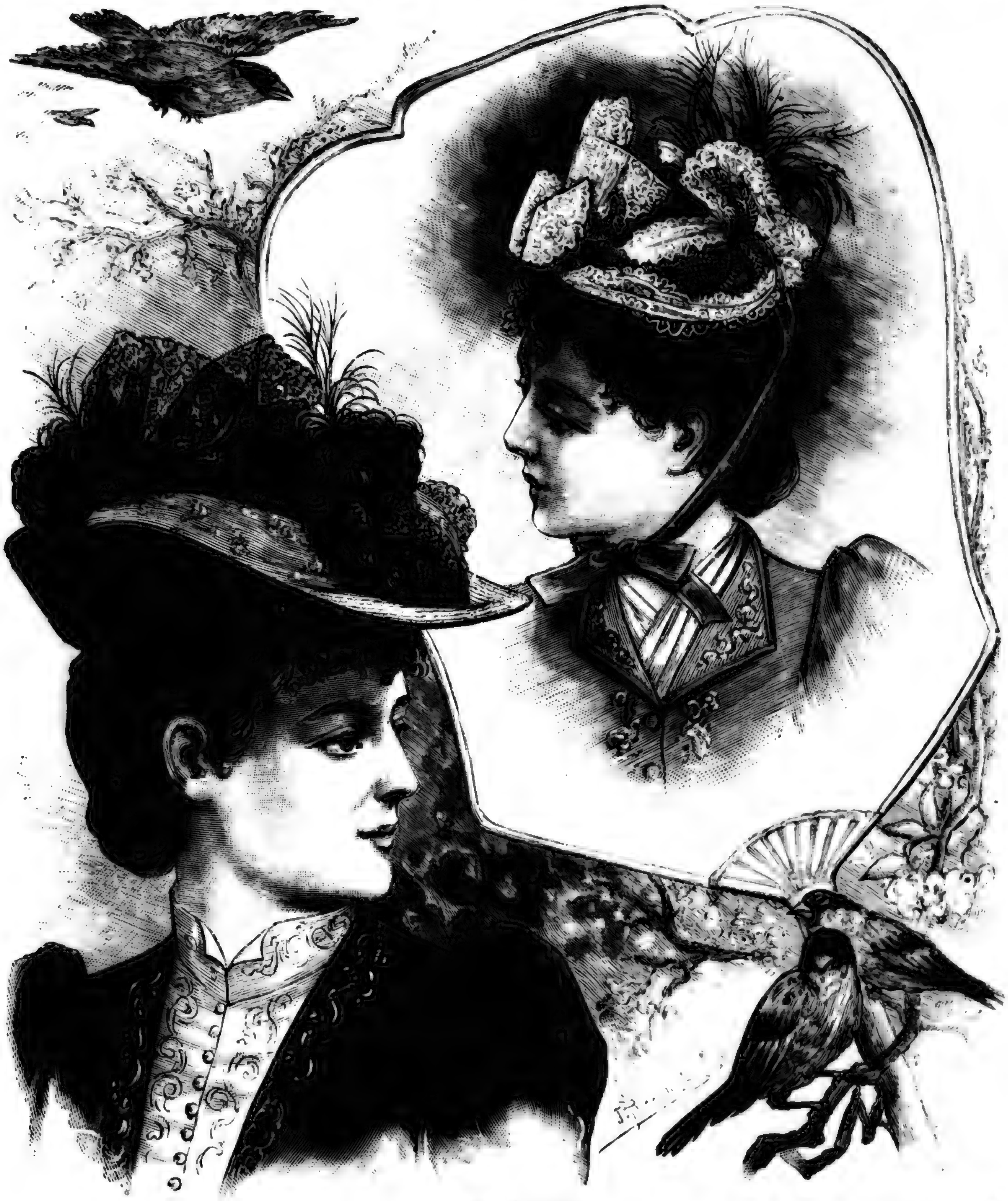
Fig. 1. Skirt of *vieux bleu* woollen open in front over a narrow robing of the same; the sides and front trimmed with jet studs in graduated sizes; the back plain. Jacket bodice with deep divided basque open over a plain pointed waistcoat. Jet studs on the fronts, Medici collar and sleeves. Black straw hat trimmed with orange velvet and marguerites. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

Fig. 2. Skirt of grey woollen trimmed with three rows of jet studs. Plain pointed bodice. Sleeveless jacket of plain black peau de soie trimmed with jet studs and fringe. Pèlerine sleeves of broché silk edged with one row of studs and fringe. Turned down collar and jabot of fringe. Capote of black net and gold galon trimmed with lace and roses. Quantity required—for the dress, 7 yards; for the mantle, plain, 3½ yards; broché 2 yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

As a matter of theory, I am always of opinion that corsets should be specially made to fit the individual who is to wear them, but as a matter of fact, I know that in the majority of cases this is not done, and that it is, moreover, quite impossible that it should be done. The expense alone is a deterrent to many people, and perhaps the greatest of all, although the extra trouble it entails is to many ladies of more consequence than the additional cost. Another reason why so many people no longer insist upon having their corsets specially made for them is, that the ready-made corsets have immensely improved of late years, and are indeed still improving in every respect.

The Dóbleno Corset is a case in point, for, although the price is only 5s. 11d, the corset is thoroughly well modelled and cut on scientific principles, and made of such good material, and so well sewn and neatly finished, that it would still be cheap at double the price. It is intended to secure, as far as possible, without inconvenience, much less injury, a long waisted figure, and is specially modelled for this purpose; in order to increase the appearance of slenderness the breast and hip gussets are closely corded, but although firmer than is usual, the gussets can do no harm and leave ample room for expansion. The Dóbleno Corset may be had at 5s. 11d. in black, white, cardinal, cream, salmon, drab, and fawn, with white lining. The bones, busks, and side steels are thoroughly protected, and the finish of the whole corset is admirable. A special quality is made in black, with the best Greenland whalebone, at 12s. 6d.



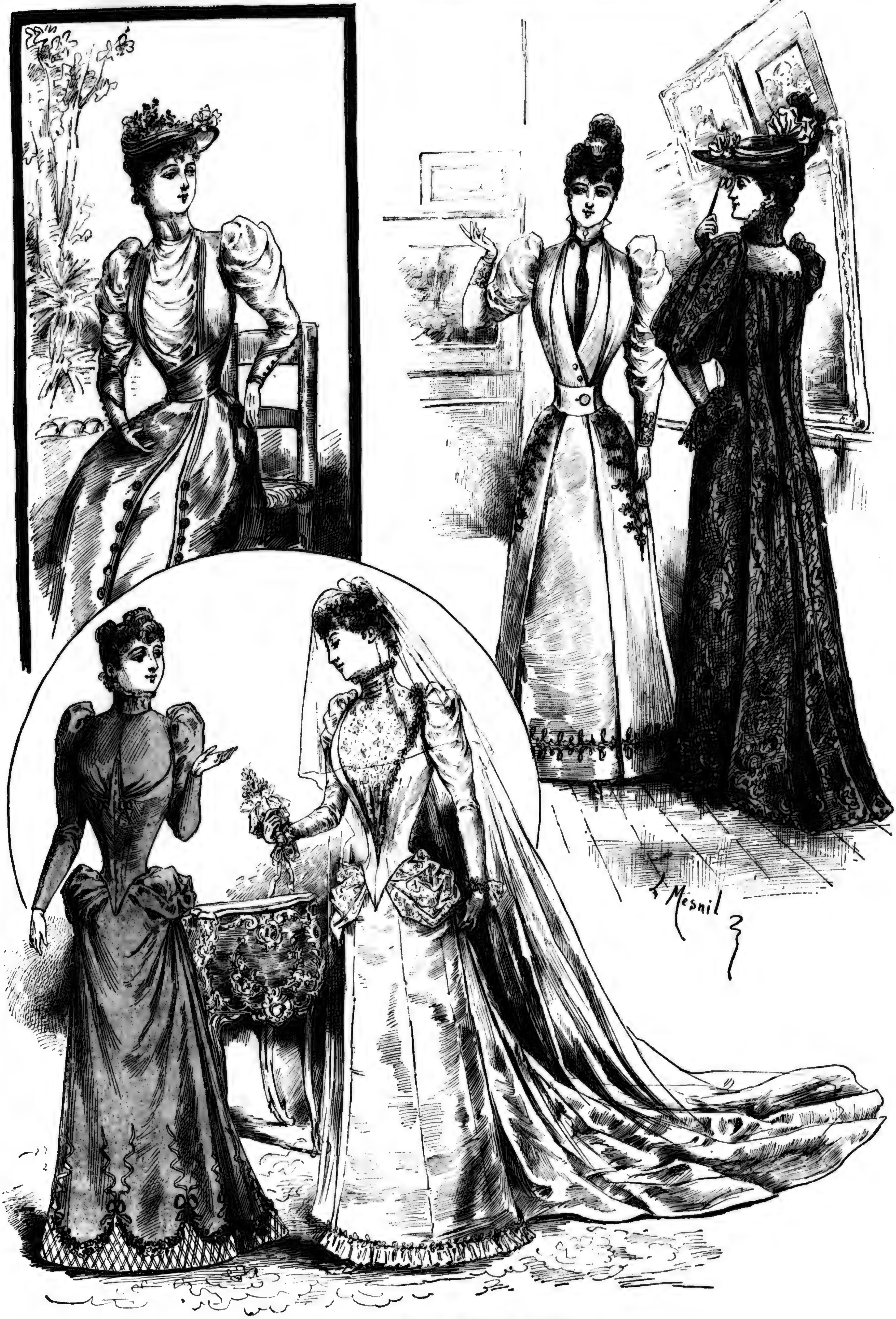
New Chapeaux.

Fig. 1. Hat of fine black straw, the brim raised at the side and back; black Chantilly lace coquillé over the crown and arranged in a drooping bow in front; black feathers and aigrettes.

Fig. 2. Capote of gold net with open crown and jet sprays at the sides; a lace scarf draped round the brim and over the crown and forming bows front and back. Jet sprays fastening the lace bows and black aigrette. Strings of gold coloured velvet.

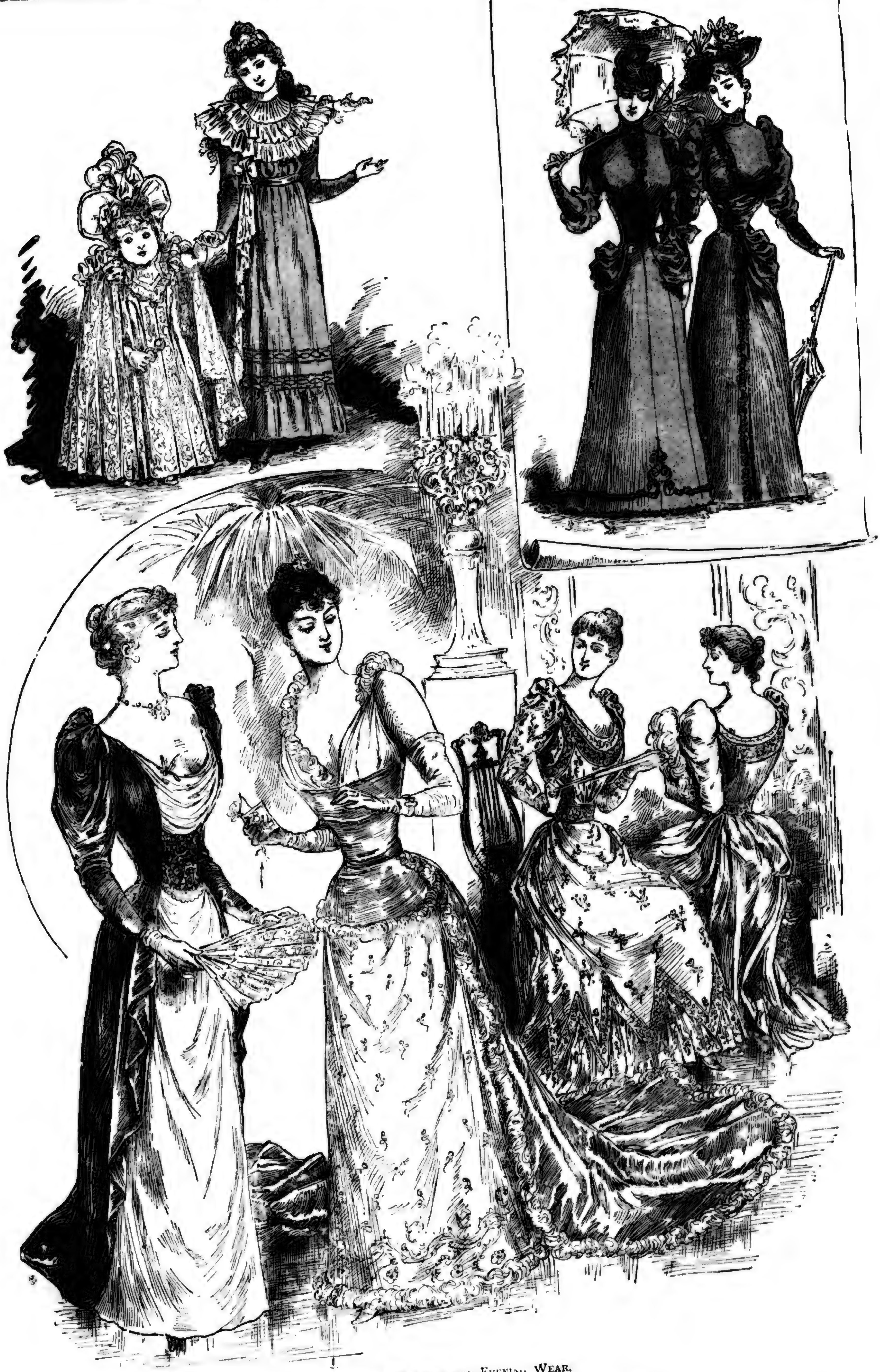
The pernicious habit of wearing garters is almost a thing of the past, the suspender is rapidly taking its place, and is, from the hygienic point of view, quite as much as from that of comfort and appearance, greatly to be preferred to tight ligatures. The "Warren Hose Supporter," an American invention, seems to be a capital specimen of the suspender, strongly made, and with a clip that does not injure the stocking, and is proof against all accidents that attend many kinds of clips, that of coming undone at inopportune moments, being the commonest and worst. The clips are of the simplest possible construction, and have rounded holding edges that entirely prevent tearing the stocking; the webbing to which the clips are attached, is also a special feature in the Warren Hose Supporters, being specially strong and durable, and all joins and seams are secured by double stitching. The supporters are made to wear in the usual way round the waist, or from the shoulders, the bands passing round the arms being joined across the back by a band with sliding clasp.

At this time of the year a delicate and sensitive skin often suffers much, and the late spring is a most trying time for many complexions. The alternation of hot sunshine and bitter winds is supplemented, during the height of the season, by the danger of exposure, night after night, to the intensely heated and vitiated air of large assemblies. Many suffer much from this latter cause, the flushing and burning being most painful, uncomfortable, and unsightly, and the reaction afterwards being very bad for the complexion. Hence, we are sure that at this time of year, many will be glad to be reminded of two admirable aids to the toilet, which will do much to protect the complexion through the troubles and trials of the season. By their aid, defiance may be bidden to the ill-effects alike of the ball room and the weather. Bloom of Stephanotis is, perhaps the best complexion powder ever introduced, impalpable, adhesive, and lasting on the skin, and of a beautiful creamy whiteness. By its cooling and astringent effects, it prevents painful flushing of the face, and checks excessive perspiration. The other preparation, Cream of Stephanotis, is a liquid. It is non-greasy, cooling, and refreshing, and imparts a beautiful



Walking Costumes and Bridal Toilette.

For Prices, etc. of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.



Dresses for Morning and Evening Wear.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

natural whiteness to the skin. It so completely prevents the discolouring action of the sun on the skin that freckles and tan are rarely known to those who use it. Both are most delicately perfumed. They are prepared by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, who sends them post free to any address for 3s. 6d. each.

Leeds is, as it should be, well to the fore with novelties in woollen fabrics for spring wear. The North of England Manufacturing Company, of Leeds, has some capital patterns of inexpensive woollens that will make good spring costumes, and be useful later on for travelling or seaside wear. The Katrine Dress fabrics are supplied in dress lengths at prices ranging from 8s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. per dress, or they may be had by the yard at proportionately low prices. No one who has not seen these wonderfully cheap materials well made up can imagine what neat and stylish costumes can be produced with them. The popular Katrine Dress has been reduced in price from 10s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. per dress length, but for spring and summer wear the lighter materials—lighter in colour and in texture—will probable be preferred. A very pretty specimen of these lighter woollens is the Diagonal Katrine Dress, at 10s. 6d., consisting of 6 yards, 50 inches wide; the colours are charmingly springlike and varied, a kind of shot effect being produced in many of the patterns. The Check Katrine Dress, at the same price, is in a variety of colourings, but most effective in fawn, crossed with blue and red lines forming the check pattern. Next in price is the Favourite Katrine Dress, at 12s., a species of diagonal; at 13s. 6d. there is a rough tweed-like All-Wool Dress in dark colours, and the Fancy Katrine Dress in light and dark colours, with stripes or checks. The X.L. Katrine Dress, at 15s., is a stylish diagonal woollen with broché shaded spot; and the Superfine All-Wool Katrine Dress is a diagonal flecked tweed in light and dark colours, costing 17s. 6d. per dress length. An admirable dress cloth, in a number of fashionable shades, costs 15s. 6d. per dress length. In all cases the quantity of material allowed is amply sufficient for a dress, and the price includes the cost of carriage. When three dress lengths of the same material are taken the price is slightly reduced, and all materials may be had in any length. The firm also sends patterns of a pretty print, at 8s. 6d. the dress length of 10 yards, having large fancy spots in a dark colour on a light check ground in blue and white, pink and white, green and white, or other combinations.

New tennis dresses are naturally in demand at the beginning of a new tennis season, and Mr. Christopher Williamson, of 91, Edgware Road, has brought out a number of new patterns in the capital Tennis Cloths that make such cheap, pretty and useful dresses. The Day Dawn is one of these, and costs only 6¾d. per yard, 28 inches wide. The patterns consist of checks and stripes, the colours are varied, and what is still more important, they are fast; some of the patterns have shaded stripes, but a remarkably pretty cloth is in blue and buff stripes with narrow lines in red. Cheaper than these, but quite as pretty and very light and cool, are some Tennis Cloths at 5¾d. per yard; these are also in stripes and checks; a pattern in beige and red is novel and effective, and a white Cloth, with fine stripes in pink and blue, is very pretty and delicate. The Snowflake Flannelette is very effective and cheap, only 5¾d. per yard; it is made in pink, mauve, beige and grey, and has tiny flecks of colour all over the surface. These materials may also be used for dressing jackets, sleeping suits, and other purposes, but for dressing gowns, jupons and dressing-jackets there are some special makes of Cotton Flannels and Flannelettes that are remarkably suitable for the purpose, and cheap and effective; many of these are made specially for Mr. Williamson, and cannot be had elsewhere. The Paisley Cotton Flannels are most effective for dressing gowns, and are printed in stripes in various colours, or in one colour only combined with creamy white. The designs are of palms, and the colours are fast; the price is 9¾d. per yard, 27 inches wide. Those who prefer plain colours will find these in all shades in the Cosy Cotton Flannels at the same price, but two inches wider; these are of superior quality, extremely soft and warm, and in fast colours specially dyed for Mr. Williamson. The Vicuna is an extra soft cotton flannel, at 7¾d. per yard, made in light colours and in stripes and checks, and very suitable for summer jupons, dressing jackets, sleeping suits, etc. Mr. Williamson's Flannelettes and Cosy Cotton Flannels have several qualities that have made them popular; they are pleasant to wear, tasteful and effective in appearance, and inexpensive.

Nothing is so suitable for trimming garments made of these materials as the pretty embroidered edgings, worked with white flax thread on the Cosy Cotton Flannels; these trimmings may be had in white, pink, blue, and the natural colour, in many widths, and at prices ranging from 4½d. to 11½d. per yard. They wash well and do not shrink. For underclothing, there is a white Cosy Cotton Flannel at 8d. per yard, one yard wide, which will be greatly appreciated by chilly and elderly people, and by invalids; a narrower width costs only 6¾d. per yard. Young ladies who are preparing their trousseaux should send to Mr. Williamson for patterns, for they will certainly be pleased with them.

Another thing that brides elect, who make, at any rate, a portion of their own trousseaux, should take all pains to secure, is thoroughly good and reliable longcloth, for otherwise their time will be wasted, and the garments will be worn out in less time than it took to make them. If they will only insist on their drapers supplying them with the Dacca Calicoes, they need fear no unpleasant results in the way of unsatisfactory underclothing, harsh to wear, and without the quality of endurance that one has a right to expect. The Dacca Calicoes of Messrs. Rylands & Sons are particularly soft, perfectly free from "dressing," and wear remarkably well; they are plainly marked with the name of the firm, and the words, The Dacca Twist Co., and they can be had in various qualities, strong, medium, or fine, to suit different purposes and tastes. Ladies who can appreciate good longcloths, and are not easily deceived in such matters, are precisely those who will choose the Dacca Calicoes for their own work and wear, for they are as pleasant to work on, being soft and of even texture throughout, as they are to wear.

Talking of trousseaux naturally leads to thoughts of wedding presents, and happily just at the very season when weddings begin to be prevalent, a splendid opportunity arises for the purchase of gifts of plate or jewellery at reduced prices that are likely to meet the views of the givers, while these will at the same time have the pleasant assurance that their offerings will be worthy of, and acceptable to, the recipients, whatever their station in life and however fastidious their taste may be.

In consequence of the death of Mr. James Henderson Watherston, Messrs. Watherston and Sons, the well-known goldsmiths and jewellers, of 12, Pall Mall East, are selling their stock at greatly reduced prices during the months of April and May, and thus provide us with an opportunity to replenish our plate baskets and plate chests, and to buy wedding, birthday, and other presents at prices that will be impossible later on. The plate includes all the usual requisites, as a matter of course, in silver and plated goods, these last being only of the best quality; but lovers of the antique will find here bits of old silver that will be far more to their taste than any such merely utilitarian articles as forks and spoons, and that are just the very thing for silver wedding presents, which are apt to be banal and void of interest when objects of modern make are chosen.

The personal ornaments show all the refined taste which has always been a characteristic of the jewellery of this firm; from the simplest gold bangle to the most magnificent diamond tiara, such a thing as a common or vulgar design is not to be found, although fashion is closely followed, and fashion, as we all know, is sometimes tinged with vulgarity. Here, however, anything like vulgarity finds no favour, genuine artistic taste is the rule of the establishment, and the result is that Messrs. Watherston's ornaments are not mere prettinesses of to-day and to-morrow, but of the kind that will still be as beautiful years hence as they are now, and therefore equally in fashion. I must add a word as to the special attractions of the jewellery in which the fashionable combination of turquoises with diamonds is the main feature; the turquoise is in high favour just now, and Messrs. Watherston & Sons have some lovely rings, bracelets, and other ornaments set with turquoises only, or with turquoises and diamonds. These and the cat's eye ornaments make delightful presents for brides elect, or for their bridesmaids, and when purchases of gifts of the kind are on the tapis they should be not only remembered and talked about but seen. The prices are as delightfully low as the ornaments are tasteful and fashionable.

The continued improvement in the manufacture of English woollens that has been so marked of late years is more noticeable than ever this season, for in addition to the serges, tweeds, homespuns, and similar fabrics that are produced in such numbers and such excellent quality by English looms, there are now almost equally numerous, and certainly quite as excellent, woollens of the finest description. Mr. Noble, of The Warehouse, Manchester, has an exceptionally large and interesting choice of woollen dress materials, his Homespuns, Tweeds, and Beiges being especially noteworthy this season for their variety, beauty of colour and texture, and for their low prices.

Under the general name of Beiges are included a number of the lightest and finest fancy woollens for summer dresses, and so exceedingly pretty that I strongly recommend young ladies to see these patterns before completing their summer outfits. In some cases, these delicate, light coloured beiges, are interwoven with silk, generally in white, and in hair lines forming large or small checkers; one of these dainty fabrics is the Iveagh, at 2s. 11½d. per yard; another is the Liguria, at 1s. 10½d. per yard; they are both charming, as is the Viletta, a silk striped beige, at 3s. 11d., with plain material to match at 2s. 9d. the yard. The Rettia, at 1s. 8½d. is a pretty flake beige of fine texture, and some beautiful specimens of these materials in plain light colours, are the Dunkeld, at 2s. 6d., the Exhibition, at 2s., and the Carmelite, at 1s. 6d. per yard. Very pretty, too, is the Windsor, or Herringbone Beige, at 1s. 6½d., and the plain Princess beige, in useful colours, is the same price; fancy beiges also include the Claribelle, in black or grey checks, at 1s. 5½d., the Rosita, at 1s. 10½d., the Palermo, a pretty soft cord check, at 2s. 3d., the Ranmere, a very novel broché beige, at 2s. 4½d., the Albani, a striped beige, at 3s. 6d., and the Zenara, a Jacquard beige, at the same price, with light broché ring pattern in dark on a light ground. These are all double width; the Cheviotdale, 24 inches wide, is only 10½d. per yard.

Closely allied to these in texture are some fine silk and wool plaids: the Charleville at 1s. 5½d., and the Alva (single width) at 8½d. per yard, and two charming Parisian Novelties at 3s. 6d. per yard; these last are very fine broché woollens in lovely and delicate shades of the most fashionable colours, and with small patterns.

(Continued on Page 37.)

CADBURY'S
COCOA
ABSOLUTELY **PURE,** THEREFORE **BEST.**

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER
Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in Endless Variety! The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custards.
☞ NO EGGS REQUIRED.

Awarded Gold Medals, Diplomas, and Certificates for superiority of manufacture at the Great Exhibition of Europe and America.
PEASE'S
World-Renowed
CROSS-WARP SERGES
Woven in Double Threads both ways of the Cloth from Pure Elastic English Wools. Elegance and Hard Wear combined. Always in Fashion.
Write at once for the NEW SPRING PATTERNS Sent Post Free on approval.
Any Length Cut, no matter how short.—Any article not approved exchanged within Seven Days.—All Goods are warranted to be equal to Sample.—Carriage Paid on all Orders to any Railway Station in Great Britain, and to Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford.
HY. PEASE & Co.'s, Successors, The Mills, DARLINGTON.

POLISHING A PLEASURE!!
STEPHENSON'S
Will not Finger Mark.
FURNITURE
CREAM.
Sample Bottles Free by Post on Application.
Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, etc.
Sole Proprietors—
STEPHENSON BROS.,
BRADFORD.

SOMETHING NEW FOR LADIES.

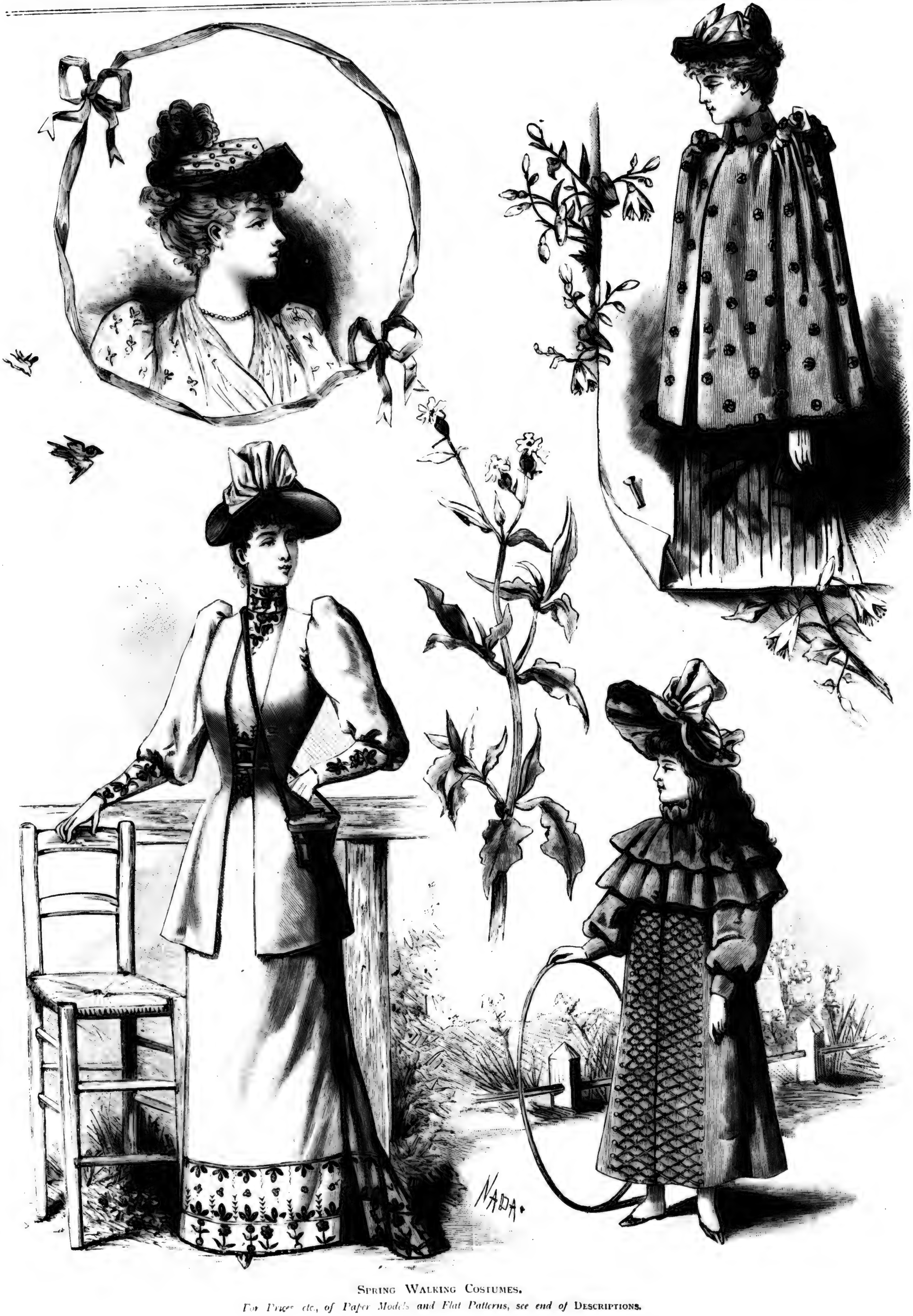
In compliance with Suggestions from the Medical and Nursing Professions, the Patentees of Southall's Sanitary Towels are now manufacturing a new medium Towel at One Shilling and Sixpence per Doz., the series, instead of numbers, being now in sizes, as follows:—

Size 1.—1/- per packet of 12 Towels.
Size 2.—(The New Towel) 1/6 per packet 12 Towels.
Size 3.—2/- per packet of 12 Towels.
Size 4.—2/9 „ „ „

☞ *A Specimen of the New 1½d. Towel will be sent, Post Free, on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull St., Birmingham, from whom also may be obtained SAMPLE PACKETS at 1/3, 1/9, 2/3, and 3/2 per packet of One Dozen.*

Manufacturers and Patentees—
SOUTHALL, BROS., & BARCLAY,
BIRMINGHAM.
May be obtained from Ladies' Outfitters throughout the World.

Gold Medals, Diplomas, and Highest Awards wherever exhibited, for Absolute Purity, Superiority of Manufacture, and True Flavour.
ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF
RETAINS THE TRUE NATURAL TASTE
AND STIMULATING PROPERTIES OF FRESHLY-COOKED BEEF.



Spring Walking Costumes.

For Prices etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT,

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Too Good for Him," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

THEIR conversation turned chiefly on the subject of painting, and the merits of Cornicott's picture of "Jael and Sisera" were fully discussed.

"You are devoted to your profession, I hear," sighed Miss Bellew; "I suppose you will make a great name for yourself some day, and end by becoming a rich man."

"I hope I shall make a great name for the woman who loves me," he replied, earnestly; "I think I should hardly care to enjoy it at all by myself."

"Have you found that infatuated individual yet, Mr. Wardlaw? If so, I give you my congratulations."

"I am afraid I am not entitled to them, Miss Bellew," he answered, softly. "Sometimes I almost hope I may have found her, but far oftener I am ready to call myself presumptuous."

He was proceeding to say more, but she interrupted him, as if half fearful he might go too far.

"But an artist has no business with love-making, Mr. Wardlaw; he ought to think of nothing but his painting."

"So I used at one time, but I have found it very unsatisfactory work. When first I became a disciple of the High Arts, I fully imagined that my profession would supply everything I needed, in the way of engrossing my sympathies and my time; but I have come to think now that it is not good for man to be alone."

Rowena Bellew laughed.

"You surely do not call yourself 'alone' at Matterby's?"

"No, by heavens!" he replied; "I wish I was. You cannot imagine, Miss Bellew, how distasteful that sort of life and companionship is to me. The ideas I had formed in my country home of artist life in London were so widely different from the reality. I knew they were not, as a class, rich, but I thought the true artist spirit must elevate and refine the mind of a man, until it was impossible that he should behave or speak otherwise than as a gentleman, whatever his appearance or birth might be. But it is not the case, you see. Those few geniuses who have risen from the ranks to take a place in Society, keep to the society they have earned; and the gentlemen of the profession *are not* gregarious; but I am sufficiently unfortunate to be at one and the same time unable to conquer my dislike of associating with men below my own station, and too poor to indulge my preference for a solitary life."

"Are you so very poor, then, Mr. Wardlaw?" asked Rowena Bellew. Her voice had sunk so low as she put the question, that it sounded as though she were actuated by the greatest interests in the fortunes of the man before her.

"Yes, I am, I regret to say," he answered. "My entire income is but small, and I am living at present on only a third of its amount. Had I the whole, I would take rooms on my own account, and have a studio to myself."

"But how is it that you have not?' she demanded.

"Family circumstances compel me to be moderate just at present," he answered, gaily; "and I ought not to complain, for many a young fellow who has risen to fame has commenced life on far less than I have."

"But if you were to marry?" urged Miss Bellew.

He looked grave immediately.

"I suppose I musn't think of marrying at all just at present; and when I do, it must be a woman who loves me sufficiently to share my poverty. Of one thing she may be certain, whoever she is, that I will shed the last drop of blood in my body sooner than she shall need any comfort that hard work can procure her. But fame with me is a long way off yet, and fortune never precedes her. In the meanwhile, I suppose I must be content to dream of my ideal wife, and labour as Jacob did for Rachael."

"What is it at Matterby's that so particularly offends you?" asked Miss Bellew, who really could not comprehend the dislike he evinced to coming into contact with vulgarity.

"Everything," he replied. "There are great advantages there, I allow, and I do not intend to relinquish them whilst they prove so to me. But the very air is obnoxious to me. The pupils, with a few exceptions, are not gentlemen or gentlewomen. They are the sons and daughters of tradesmen, who, having shown some taste for drawing, are being reared to the profession as a trade. They are, for the most part, good-humoured and civil; but I cannot enter with any pleasure into their conversation or pursuits. They see my indifference, guess the reason of it, and hate me in consequence. Why, only think of the party which took place there last week! When I saw how it was conducted, I was quite sorry to think you were coming: it was not a fit assembly for you to make one of."

"Well, you know *why* I went," remonstrated Miss Bellew, with a sentimental air.

He raised her hand—he had been holding it for the last few minutes—and pressed his lips upon it.

"I know what you told me," he said, glowingly; "but I am almost afraid to believe that it is true."

"I can't help your incredulity," she answered, demurely; and then, after a pause, added, "of course it was a low affair altogether; I saw that directly I entered the room, but I have never been there before, although Mr. Cornicott has often teased me to do so. But I go out so seldom."

"I suppose you have very few evenings to yourself."

"Very few. I scarcely ever can get one in the week, but I am generally invited out on Sundays. That creature, Laura Tredman, who pretends to be so good, always sees her friends on Sundays; and I hear she sometimes gives splendid suppers after the theatre; but she has never once invited me to her house. Is not it mean of her?—such a petty feeling to entertain!"

"Are you not friends with Miss Tredman?" asked John Wardlaw.

"Well, I don't know what you call 'friends.' I've known her for nearly three years—on the stage, that is to say—but we have never been on more than speaking terms. Not that I want to go to her parties, I'm sure," continued Miss Bellew, tossing her lovely head, "for I hear her Sunday *réunions* are the slowest things possible; she just gives a dinner, and nothing more, and won't allow of any singing or playing in the evening. Why, they can't be worth a pair of gloves at that rate, you know! However, she has never once asked me, or even called upon me, and people *do* say there can but be one reason for it, although, as I said before, as Miss Laura Tredman sticks up for being extra good, I should think she might dispense with so small a feeling as jealousy."

"I can guess the reason well enough," said John Wardlaw, "and excuse me for saying so, Miss Bellew, but, however mean, it is but natural. Women are but women after all, and you can scarcely expect them to set a face at their table that shall draw the attention of every eye from their own. A taper cannot pretend to hold any light to the sun, you know, and you must be a little more merciful towards the woman's jealous fears than you are towards the hearts of us poor men."

"How am I unmerciful to you?" she asked, turning the full light of her perfect face upon him.

"By looking at me, Miss Bellew," he exclaimed, as he laughingly clapped his hands over his eyes, pretending that the sight of her was even too much for him. But a moment afterwards he withdrew them, and his gaze met hers with so much meaning in it, that she thought it more prudent to change the subject.

"I should think it must be almost supper-time," she said, consulting a clock upon the mantelpiece. "Half-past nine, I declare. How the evening has run away, Mr. Wardlaw!" Then, ringing the bell, she added, "I hope to goodness Louisa will have put grandmamma to bed before we go down."

"Who is Louisa?" demanded John Wardlaw.

"My cousin," was the reply.

"Your cousin?" he said, in astonishment; "why, I thought you had only your grandmother in the house."

"Oh, no! my cousin (she is only a second-cousin) lives with us," she said, carelessly, and at that moment the bell was answered by the same person who had let him in that evening at the door.

"Is the supper ready?" demanded Miss Bellew, shortly.

"Yes, my dear, it is, whenever you chose to come down," was the reply.

John Wardlaw stared at the mode of address, but came to the conclusion that this was perhaps an old family servant of the Bellews, a nurse probably of the fair creature before him, who had not been able to disuse herself of the familiar terms in which she had spoken to her during her infancy.

"We had better go down, then," said Miss Bellew. She ran lightly on before him as she spoke, and he followed her, the woman holding the door open as they both passed through. Then she closed it gently behind her, and came down after them with cat-like steps.

As Rowena Bellew entered the dining-room door, she gave vent to an exclamation of disgust, and turned to confront the woman who followed them.

"I thought I told you to put grandmamma to bed before we came down to supper."

She spoke hurriedly, and in a tone of great vexation, and with her fair face more flushed than John Wardlaw ever remembered to have seen it before.

"Well, it was not her wish to go, my dear, and I can't carry her upstairs against her will," replied the person addressed, with just a spice of spirit in her voice.

"You might have managed it if you weren't a—" and here Miss Bellew stopped short and turned to her guest. "Grandmamma's an awful old chatterbox, Mr. Wardlaw; I didn't want to be bothered with her twaddle to-night; but it can't be helped; take no notice of her, that's the best way."

John Wardlaw was just about to say that it would give him great pleasure to be introduced to Mrs. Bellew; for, although he had visited at the house several times, he had never yet seen the old lady; but Rowena prevented his answer by walking at once into the dining-room.

It was a good-sized room, but furnished far more shabbily than the upper one, and was evidently the general sitting apartment of Mrs. Bellew, for her baskets and large books were here, as well as an hereditary eight-day clock, and an old-fashioned, high-backed arm-chair, in which she now sat with spectacles on nose, like the stereotyped grandmothers in the spelling-book pictures.

She was a fine-looking old woman, but visibly feeble, for her hands shook incessantly with the palsy, and she did not appear to understand very well what was going on around her. On first entering the apartment, John Wardlaw had stood in expectation of going through some introduction to the old lady; but Miss Bellew, having seated herself, pulled him down into a chair also.

"What are you standing for, Mr. Wardlaw? You don't suppose I'm going to take the trouble to introduce you to grandmamma, do you? Why, she'd forget who you were the minute after. Is there no beer opened?" she added, appealing to the younger woman, who was fidgetting about the room.

"No, my dear; but I have it here all ready," she replied, as she went vigorously to work with the cork-screw.

The supper was a very fair one, and John Wardlaw, beneath the influence of lobster salad and bitter beer, and the smiles of Miss Bellew, was thoroughly enjoying himself, when a trembling voice sounded from the high-backed armchair.

"Louisa, my dear."

The woman who had held the door open for him to pass through, and who was even now busied with attending to his wants, flew to the old lady's side.

"What is it, aunt?"

John Wardlaw was horror struck! Was this, then, the cousin who lived with them, and whom he had mistaken for an upper servant? He felt as if he ought to apologise for his blunder, but he scarcely knew how. But as Miss Bellew continued eating her supper as usual, and did not appear to notice his surprise, he thought it best to make no remark upon the subject. The old lady went on:—

"Who is that gentleman, my dear? Is it poor young Swinton?"

"Hush, hush, aunt! No! it's Mr. Wardlaw—quite another gentleman."

"Another—another!" quoth the old woman; "what, has Rowney got another? Poor thing—poor thing!"

Miss Bellew had actually coloured during this dialogue; but, at the close of it, she looked up at John Wardlaw, smiling.

"Did you ever hear such nonsense?" she asked; "this is what I was afraid you'd be subjected to. The fact is, grandmamma thinks such an immense deal of me, that she always fancies I'm being persecuted to death with admirers; but it takes a great many of those to kill a woman, doesn't it?"

"She could scarcely think too much of you, Miss Bellew," was his return whisper, "or estimate your attractions too highly. But as for the killing part of the business, though I have no doubt of their plurality, that's more likely to happen, I fancy, to your admirers than to you."

"She's a fine girl, is Rowney, isn't she, sir?" piped the feeble old voice from the fireplace. "A very handsome girl—ah! so poor young Swinton thought—and that other fellow. What was that other fellow's name, Louisa?"

"I don't know who you mean, aunt," replied Louisa Crofton; "you had better stop talking now, I think, and go to sleep again."

But the old lady would not stop talking.

"You know quite well, Louisa, only you are so obstinate sometimes—the fellow that said he cursed her! But she's too fine a girl to curse, Mr. Swinton, isn't she? My son's only child, too; and they tell me she looks so

(The Fiction Supplement will be given every month, and can be detached by simply straightening the wire staples and lifting up.)

handsome on the stage at night. But she won't marry you, you know—she won't marry you."

"Who talked about marrying?" cried Miss Bellew, rising from her seat. "This is perfectly insufferable. Mr. Wardlaw, I must trouble you to come up to the drawing-room again, and we will have the supper-tray brought there. Louisa, you must manage to move it somehow. If you had done as I told you, and put that old woman to bed before we came down, this would never have happened."

But John Wardlaw would not hear of the supper being moved on his account, neither would he stay longer at the table. In truth, he had supped previously to the discussion, and he saw, from the vexation visible in Miss Bellew's face, that she would not be sorry to get rid of her guest.

"Do you believe what you heard?" she asked, as she threw a searching glance upon him in the passage, whither she had accompanied him to say "Good night."

The glance was meretricious, and the tone affected; but as she stood beneath the gas-lamp, the soft folds of her handsome dress falling gracefully around her, and her beautiful face, which could so well bear the test, upraised to the light, he only saw her loveliness, and forgot everything else.

"I believe nothing but what you choose me to believe," he replied, warmly; "though I scarcely know what you are alluding to."

"To what grandmamma said, of some one having cursed me. It is all her fancy, you know. It is not true."

"If it was, it would have no effect upon me," he answered. "The man who could do it would be such a fiend, that he would deserve nothing short of execration himself. But it is not possible. I cannot think so badly of my fellow-creatures."

"I don't know about 'possible,'" she answered; "but it is all poor grandmamma's fancy, I can assure you. Her intellect is quite gone. She often rambles on about men that she says I have cared for—whereas I never cared for anyone before—"

"Before—before whom?" he exclaimed, with excitement. "Rowena, speak to me—tell me!"

"Rowena, my dear, you are sure to catch cold if you stay here with the door open," interposed the quiet voice of Louisa Crofton, as she advanced from behind them. What a strange contrast she appeared to the elegant creature draped in fawn coloured silk!—this woman—half lady, half servant, in her alpaca dress and homely apron—it was almost impossible, looking at the two, to believe that they were really related to one another by the nearest ties of blood.

Rowena Bellew turned towards her, carelessly—"Well, perhaps I had better go in, so I will say 'good-night' to you, Mr. Wardlaw—we shall meet again to-morrow, I have no doubt."

So she left him, and went back into the dining-room, whilst he was compelled to return home, without the assurance that he had almost hoped to wring from her lips, although she had said and done enough that evening to make his foolish heart leap every time he recalled her words or her action. And the mighty contrast between the handsomely-furnished drawing-room and the shabby dining-room—between the silken robe and the alpaca gown—the youth and loveliness, and the age and decrepitude, failed to strike him as they would otherwise have done, whilst he thought upon the glances and the attitudes of Rowena Bellew, and remembered, with a thrill of delight, her half-confessed preference for himself.

CHAPTER XII.

"FOREWARNED."

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
SHAKSPEARE.

"WHO on earth can this be from?" exclaimed John Wardlaw the next morning, as he broke the seal of a letter directed in a female hand, which he had found awaiting him on the breakfast-table.

He was sitting opposite Tom Cornicott at the time, and had he not been engrossed with his own curiosity, would have seen the rough artist actually change colour as he busied himself with the contents of the plate before him.

"I don't know any lady in London," continued John Wardlaw, soliloquising, as the first line met his eye.

His correspondence with home was very limited, having been confined hitherto to a fortnightly epistle in Alice's childish handwriting and words; and Rowena Bellew had told him never to expect a letter from her, the fact being that she was far too worldly-wise a lady to commit herself on paper.

He read a few words, and then quickly turning the sheet looked at the signature.

"Laura Tredman!"

"What does she want with you?" asked Tom Cornicott, trying to look innocent.

John Wardlaw's only reply was reading the note aloud:—

"'My dear Mr. Wardlaw,—I shall be at home to-morrow evening, for a wonder, and should be very pleased if you would spend an hour or two with me. I want to introduce you to my father and mother, and I have a few words to say to you on my own account. So, if you have no better engagement, pray come.

'Yours sincerely,
'LAURA TREDMAN.'"

"A few words to say to you on my own account," repeated John Wardlaw, as he replaced the note in its envelope. "What on earth can Miss Tredman have to say to me, Cornicott?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you, Wardlaw. You'll learn it all fast enough. I suppose you'll go?"

"Oh, yes, I shall go; but I wish ladies wouldn't be so mysterious. Why, I've only spoken to her half-a-dozen times or so."

"Perhaps she is hopelessly smitten, Wardlaw," laughed the artist, as he rose from the table, "and wants to tell you so. Of course, you are free to return the feeling, if she is."

John Wardlaw coloured; he did not always take Mr. Cornicott's jokes in the same spirit as they were made.

"I don't think I am very likely to be put to the test," he answered. "Are you for work this morning, Cornicott?"

"Of course," returned the other; "what else should a working man be for? You are going to Matterby's yourself, I presume?"

"Well, no, I don't think I shall, it's such a lovely day."

"That's true; but so was yesterday, and so will to-morrow in all probability be. Are you coming to share my studio?"

The young man laughed.

"I don't feel 'up' to work this morning at all," he said, evasively; "besides, I have to answer Miss Tredman's letter."

"That won't take you five minutes," replied the artist, gravely. "You'll never get on, Wardlaw, if you don't stick steadily to business. To hear you talk when you first came here, I thought there was no fathoming your energy and perseverance; but, forgive my plain speaking, you seem to me to have been wasting a good deal of time lately."

His companion winced at the remark; he did not very well stand being found fault with; but knowing that the accusation was a just one, had nothing to advance in his own defence.

"Well, I have felt unsettled lately, I confess," he replied, after a pause; "but it is the effect of the new life I'm leading. When I've shaken down a little into London habits, I shall be all right again. But I must say I don't feel as if I cared for painting quite so much as I did."

Tom Cornicott looked at the young man for a minute, and then shook his head.

"Well! well!" he said, "if your heart is not in it, you had better leave it alone. But don't expect to make your bread by it this way, Wardlaw, that's all."

"Of course I don't," returned the other, rather pettishly. "I shall go in for it hard enough, by-and-bye; but I don't feel inclined to plaster myself with paint on a morning like this. I suppose it's this glorious summer weather."

And then, having accepted Miss Tredman's invitation and posted his letter, he found his way to Princes Street, and enjoyed the glorious summer weather in Miss Bellew's little drawing-room sipping chocolate with Miss Bellew. But somehow, in the course of his visit, he never mentioned that he was going to spend the evening with Miss Tredman. He felt instinctively, and particularly after the conversation that had taken place between them the night before, that it was a circumstance that would not meet with too much approval at the hands of Rowena Bellew.

At about eight o'clock he presented himself in Piccadilly. At first he was quite struck with the grandeur of the house and the men-servants, and was almost afraid that he had been invited to make one of a party, instead of to a private interview. But when he had mounted the broad staircase and been announced in a stentorian voice by a powdered flunkey, he found himself in the prettiest of boudoirs and alone with Laura Tredman. As she advanced to meet him, her fair face looking all the younger and fairer from contact with a half-handkerchief of point lace which she wore coquettishly over her head, and welcomed him with the greatest cordiality to her home, John Wardlaw felt very glad that he had come. There was coffee ready for them on the centre table, and as she helped him to a cup she made him take a chair by her side.

"I think it is so kind of you to come and see me in this friendly manner," she observed. "I can very seldom ask my friends to visit me, but when I do I like to have them to myself. I hear great things of your painting, Mr. Wardlaw; Mr. Cornicott tells me that your competition sketch was the talk of the whole academy."

"I think Cornicott is rather partial, Miss Tredman; you mustn't believe quite all that he says."

"He is partial to you, I allow, Mr. Wardlaw; but he is a man who never will permit his partiality to outstrip his truth. Amongst all my friends I hardly know a creature whom I respect more than I do Tom Cornicott. He is thoroughly good, and honest, and kind—I am sure you believe so, do you not?"

Here John Wardlaw assured her that he perfectly acquiesced in the truth of her statement.

"He would always go out of his way to do a fellow-creature a kindness," continued the actress, "and I do not believe he would utter a word that he thought likely to wound another. He tells me that your genius is undeniable, and that if you persevere you will make a name for yourself before long."

"I hope I may," replied the young artist, his breast glowing with the thought of what might be before him; "but it is up-hill work at first, Miss Tredman."

"I have no doubt of it," she replied; "so is everything that is of any value in the end. We must crawl before we walk, Mr. Wardlaw; but with talent like yours it will not be long before you stand upon your feet—if you persevere, that is to say."

"Why do you say 'if,' Miss Tredman?"

"Because you are very young, and the world is full of temptations to lure you from study, and make you turn aside. Poor Tom Cornicott is an instance of that. He began life as favourably as anyone, but he fell in love with a pretty face (how much of it is there left now, Mr. Wardlaw?), and what is the consequence? When he ought to be an R.A. and high in his profession, he is still grovelling in order to make bread, and little better than a scene-painter in a theatre."

"Then I suppose you are of the opinion of Lord Bacon, Miss Tredman, where he says, 'He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to Fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.'"

The actress shook her head laughingly.

"You must not attack me with any but dramatic quotations, Mr. Wardlaw, or I am afraid you will find out, what is too true, that I am a very badly read woman. My profession has left me no time for studying anything but what is immediately connected with itself; but still, I perfectly agree with the author you quote—that is to say, if the man is poor. Marriage is incompatible with rising in the world. You can never get ahead of your increasing troubles, and they sink you at last; and yet poor Cornicott works hard."

"Then you think a poor man has no business with a wife, Miss Tredman?—I'm afraid you are right—but it sounds hard."

"I hope you are not thinking of taking one, Mr. Wardlaw."

The clear eyes were fixed steadily on him as she spoke, and his flinched before their gaze; then he laughed nervously.

"I don't know what should make you think so."

She answered him with another question:

"Do you think it very strange my saying I had a few words to say to you in private?"

"You roused my curiosity, Miss Tredman, I confess."

"I can soon satisfy it if you will promise not to be angry with me. Mr. Cornicott and I both feel a great interest in you, Mr. Wardlaw. You are younger in every respect than we are; younger to the world as well as in years. I think he would have spoken to you himself, but he scarcely dared to do so; but I am a woman, you see, and more courageous."

"What about, in Heaven's name?" demanded John Wardlaw, looking up with genuine surprise.

"It is about your growing intimacy with Miss Bellew. I see you start, Mr. Wardlaw, but it as well to come to the point at once. You don't know what that girl is. She is extremely beautiful as everyone can see, and you are captivated by her looks, as many a one has been before you; but everybody does not carry the same generous impulsive heart in their breast that you do; and, therefore, the society of such a woman is not so dangerous to them."

"I cannot imagine what authority you have for speaking to me in this manner, Miss Tredman," he said, coldly. "I suppose I have as much right to be acquainted with the lady in question as anyone else."

"Quite as much right, Mr. Wardlaw," replied Laura Tredman, earnestly; "no one denies that, but there is not so much safety for you in her acquaintanceship. You are blinded by her beauty—you cannot see her as others can—you do not know the truths that we do of her cold-heartedness, and fickleness, and deceit. Mr. Wardlaw, I have seen too many men ruined by Rowena Bellew; I cannot permit you to make another without a word of warning."

John Wardlaw had risen from his chair.

"I scarcely think you invited me here, Miss Tredman, to listen to aspersions on a lady who honours me by numbering me amongst her friends; and, therefore, perhaps, I had better leave you."

All Miss Bellew's statements respecting the spite which this actress bore her, on account of her superior beauty, had rushed into his mind as he heard her words, and he was trembling all over with his indignation as he spoke.

"No, not yet, John Wardlaw; not till I have told you all I asked you here to learn. I daresay you think this a woman's spite against a woman more admired than herself; but, before Heaven, no such unworthy feeling actuates me. I have been urged on to speak to you as I have spoken, simply from pity for your inexperience and blindness, and a real lively interest in your career."

"I thank you, madam," he rejoined, haughtily, "for your wish to benefit me, but I can assure you that your pity is wasted; I have no need of it!"

"Now you are angry," exclaimed Laura Tredman; "and I suppose I had no right to hope otherwise; but still I know I am only doing my duty. If you grow only to love that woman, Mr. Wardlaw, she will ruin you. If you are infatuated enough to dream of marrying her, she will break your heart—she has none of her own to be broken; she is utterly heartless, worldly-minded, and indifferent; and if she told you that she loved you to-morrow, she would throw you over directly she found some one who suited her better. Now you have the truth, and, whether you believe me or not, you have been forewarned."

"I am much obliged to you," he said, shortly, as he prepared to leave her; "if I could have guessed what was in store for me I scarcely think I should have troubled you with my presence here this evening—good-night to you," and he approached the door as he spoke. But before he could cross the threshold, Laura Tredman had laid her hand upon his arm.

"Don't leave me like this," she said, coaxingly; "come downstairs with me, and let me introduce you to my parents—I told them that I expected you."

"No! I will not," he exclaimed, loudly. "What do you think I am made of? Do you think I could break bread in this house, after having submitted to hear the character of the woman I hold highest in the world blackened by your lips? You have deeply insulted me, Miss Tredman. Let me go—I wish I had never come."

Even then she detained him, and almost forcibly.

"Mr. Wardlaw, tell me the truth; do you love Rowena Bellew?"

"Yes, I do," he almost shouted; "and the whole world is at liberty to know it. Whatever in the future she becomes to me, wife or stranger, henceforward no one shall vilify her name in my hearing, as you have done to-night. I will presume you did it with the best intentions, and at the instigation of Mr. Cornicott; but you have deeply wounded me. With him I shall have a sterner debt to settle."

"Oh, don't quarrel with poor Tom Cornicott!" exclaimed Laura Tredman, "pray don't, Mr. Wardlaw, for my sake; he is so poor and so thoroughly good-hearted." But she might as well have talked to the wind, for she heard John Wardlaw slam the hall door behind him as she spoke.

Then the friendly actress sat down at her table, and, hiding her face in her hands, actually cried.

"I have done more harm than good, after all," she thought to herself; "yet it was for his own sake I spoke; but I hope he was not in earnest about Tom Cornicott. Poor old Tom! who will be so horrified at finding that I have made a mess of it, and brought a storm about his honest ears into the bargain."

It was long before the kind-hearted Laura could compose herself sufficiently to appear amongst her own people, with anything like a plausible excuse for the absence of her guest; and, in the meanwhile, John Wardlaw had reached Westminster again, and entering the Cornicotts' house, had plunged without ceremony into the lower regions, where he found the artist in the solitary enjoyment of his pipe.

"Halloa, Wardlaw! you are home early, my boy," was his salutation, as he raised his eyes to encounter the figure of his lodger.

"Oh! you think so, do you?" said John Wardlaw, defiantly. "Pray, what business have you, Mr. Cornicott, to interest yourself in my affairs; and to make the subject of my acquaintanceships common talk—above all, to set on a woman with a dozen tongues, like Miss Laura Tredman, to preach to me a sermon that might have emanated from a grandmother? It's a piece of impertinence on your part, and I tell you so to your face. It's what I have never stood yet from any man, and I'm not going to begin with you; and I'll make you answer for it as sure as my name's John Wardlaw."

The artist had laid down his pipe, and now confronted his angry young companion with a look of complete composure.

"I can guess what you are alluding to, Wardlaw, and I expected you would be very much put out by it; but that doesn't unmake the truth. I certainly communicated my fears to Laura Tredman, and she volunteered to speak to you on the subject; but that is all the interference I have been guilty of with respect to your affairs."

"Ah! and you don't think that sufficient, perhaps! I'll let you know better, Mr. Cornicott. Do you think I came here as a man free to choose his friends as he chose his lodgings, or as a child put under your guardianship during my residence in London? Answer me!"

"Not as a child, certainly, Wardlaw, unless you choose to behave yourself as one. But it was through my agency that you were introduced behind the scenes of the King's Threatre, and to the acquaintanceship of Miss Bellew; and when I saw you following up that acquaintanceship with such ardour, I did consider it my duty to see that you were enlightened as to several particulars of the girl's former history. She—"

"Who do you mean by 'the girl,' sir?" hotly demanded John Wardlaw. "I shall feel obliged by your mentioning that lady as a lady when you speak of her before me."

The artist smiled at the request as an emanation of a boy's fiery folly, but he did not resent it.

"The character of Miss Bellew has been familiar to Miss Tredman and myself for several years, and we know it is not one calculated to make any man happy. We can do no more than warn you; being your friends we could scarcely do less. If you became in any degree entangled with Miss Bellew, and your family became aware that I was the means of your first knowing her, and permitted you to follow up the acquaintceship without a word of caution, they would scarcely forgive me, and I should certainly not forgive myself. That is all. There is no need to quarrel about it that I can see."

Saying which, Mr. Cornicott resumed his pipe and his seat.

But John Wardlaw's blood was up, and he was not to be so quieted.

"But I do see great need of quarrelling on the subject, and I've no intention of letting the matter drop. I have borne quietly a great deal of familiarity in one way and another from you and your friends, but there is such a thing as going too far. I have been accustomed to associate with gentlemen, Mr. Cornicott, and gentlemen do not interfere with each other's private affairs; and when snobs like yourself presume to step out of their place, and give their advice where it is not needed, gentlemen are in the habit of kicking them. Do you hear that?"

Tom Cornicott rose from his chair. He had flushed deeply under the last sarcasm, and as he spoke, his voice slightly trembled.

"Yes, I do hear it, Wardlaw; and as it appears that I and mine are too much of snobs for such a gentleman as yourself to associate with, I will thank you to move your luggage out of my house as soon as it is convenient for you to do so. But as for kicking me, I think, when you consider the matter calmly that you'll see the advantage of not attempting to carry out that threat."

And, considering that the artist was a powerfully built man of middle age and John Wardlaw looked a mere strippling beside him, his last words did not appear to be utterly devoid of reason. Our hero seemed to think the same, for he answered—

"Of course, I never seriously intended to assault you, but with regard to staying in your house, I gave up all idea of it directly I heard that you were mixed up in this insulting affair. Have a cab called; let me settle what I owe you, and I am gone."

Saying which, he turned on his heel, and, seeking his bedroom, packed his things in the wonderful way that men are in the habit of packing them—with the dress-shirts at the bottom of the portmanteau, the heavy clothing next, and the boots on the top, stamping well on the whole concern, as he finished his task, to make the contents settle down into their proper places. Then he stalked down stairs again, still haughtily majestic, saw his property placed in the cab, and turned to Tom Cornicott.

"Now, Mr. Cornicott, our account, if you please."

The artist presented him with the little memorandum of what he owed them, and, as he received the money, said in a quiet manner, "Thank you."

Then, as John Wardlaw prepared to leave, he added but with an apparent effort—

"I suppose it is of no use telling you, Wardlaw, that I am sorry this has parted us. However, so it is. I am an older man than yourself, and can make allowances for the hot blood of youth, or I should not perhaps have taken your last insult quite so quietly as I appeared to do. But I imagine you may have misconstrued my motive for interference, and perhaps already regret the haste with which you spoke. Will you shake hands with me before you go?"

He felt more for the handsome, impetuous young fellow, bursting away from his truest friends at the first exercise of a little friendly advice on their parts, than he had ever done in the days when he did not appear to need it.

John Wardlaw was impetuous, but he bore no malice, and even as Tom Cornicott spoke, he turned and laid his hand in the artist's horny grasp.

"I am sorry also," he said, "both for my words and the occasion which called them forth. I will try to ascribe it to any motive but a wish to needlessly rouse my anger. But, from whatever cause, it is a thing I could not brook a second time; so it is better, for many reasons, that we should part. Good-bye."

He felt very friendless when—having driven to the nearest hotel, and installed himself in rooms which he felt were far above his means—he considered that he had raised a barrier to anything again like friendly intercourse between himself and Tom Cornicott. But he had had a design in his head ever since he had left the house of Laura Tredman, and that he now sat down to execute. It was to write to Rowena Bellew. He would know his fate from her at once, and win the right thenceforward either to defend her character or to join the rest of the world in voting her heartless. Of course, he tore up his letter half-a-dozen times before he could please himself, but the last edition that he issued was as follows:—

"My dearest Miss Bellew,—

"Several times during the last few days I have been nearly driven to ask you a question, but a fear of appearing too presumptuous in your eyes has deterred me from doing so. Now, however, circumstances have arisen which seem to compel me to speak out. You must have guessed that I love you. Do you love me in return? If you do, and will be content to accept nothing better in exchange for your beauty than a faithful heart, good blood, and an arm that will work for you to the last day of my life, you will make me happier than I have ever dared to hope that I shall be. Pray send me a speedy answer. Every minute will seem an age till I hear from you. "Yours till death,

"JOHN WARDLAW."

It was a boyish, romantic letter to pen, but every word came, as he imagined, straight from his heart.

And when the answer arrived, strange to say, it was favourable. Rowena Bellew consented to engage herself, to enter into a partnership for life with a man who had nothing to offer for her acceptance but the name of a gentleman.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN WARDLAW STANDS HIS GROUND.

> You may as well
> Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
> As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
> The fabric of his folly.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

IT was about one o'clock in the afternoon, a few days after the events of my last chapter, that two gentlemen were inquiring for John Wardlaw at the door of the hotel where he had for the present located himself.

They were Mr. Stuart and Captain Wardlaw.

As soon as ever his rupture with Tom Cornicott and his engagement with Miss Bellew were confirmed facts, our hero had written to apprise his father of the circumstances under which they had taken place. He had no fear of Captain Wardlaw. The tyranny which the latter had exercised over him as a little child had long ceased to have any power to terrify him, and the only effect it had left behind was a feeling of utter callousness towards a parent he should have loved.

But he neither loved him nor respected him.

Since he had become a man, John Wardlaw had gone his own way, and left his father to do the same. If their opinions clashed, as they too often did, the son showed his sense of what was right by retiring from the argument altogether; but in all matters which really concerned himself, he was used to avoid such arguments by not consulting his father's opinion at all. And where this could be accomplished without an open rupture, it was as well, for I believe it was mentioned, when describing the character of John Wardlaw, that obstinacy was his greatest fault and most ruling power of evil, and whenever he had come to a decided discussion with his father, he had never been known to give in.

Perhaps the knowledge of this indomitable firmness on the part of his son increased the ire of Captain Wardlaw when he received the news of his rash engagement.

John had written frankly on the subject; he had not attempted to make any concealment of Miss Bellew's profession; neither had he pleaded anything in his own excuse, excepting that he loved her. The letter did not appear either to have been penned with a view to asking the consent of his family to the proposed step, for it simply detailed the fact, and expressed no hopes or fears as to their reception of the news.

The reception which Captain Wardlaw gave it was to go nearly frantic with rage and excitement. He stormed about the house, swearing so fearfully that the only consolation of his wife (who, together with Ally, had been driven to the refuge of tears at the first onset) was, that "poor dear Captain Wardlaw couldn't hear his own words, and so could hardly be said to be responsible for them." And, therefore, in his irresponsible condition, he was permitted by his womenkind to overhaul his whole stock of oaths, besides inventing a good many fresh ones for the occasion, before he thought of going over to Castlemaine to consult Mr. Stuart upon the subject. Captain Wardlaw had never been in the habit of asking his rector's advice in any difficulty; but, if the truth must be told, he was a little bit afraid, in his turn, of the son he had so cruelly cowed in his infancy; and, knowing the intimacy which existed between John and the Castlemaine people, had some idea that Mr. Stuart might have received previous hints of this affair, and be able to tell him what would be best to do under the circumstances. But the rector was as much taken back at the news as himself. Leaving the house with the determination to seek him in his home, Captain Wardlaw had come straight upon him in the village street.

"Mr. Stuart," he exclaimed, "you are the very person that I desired to see. I came out with the intention of calling upon you."

This was so unusual an occurrence that the rector thought proper to look grave.

"Indeed?" he answered; "no bad news, I hope, Captain Wardlaw?"

"Very bad news, indeed," rejoined the other. "I have had a letter from town this morning. That wretched boy of mine has got himself into a pretty scrape," and he commenced feeling in his pockets for the epistle as he spoke.

To see Captain Wardlaw standing there, all traces of his former good looks gone with his youth, and the unmistakable marks of a life spent in debauchery stamped upon his features, recalling at the same time the noble face and figure of his son, it was amusing to hear him apply the epithet "wretched" to anyone before himself. But Captain Wardlaw, like most of us, was the last to see, or guess at, the ludicrous points in his own character. As he fumbled for the letter, with a shaking hand, stopping more than once to wipe away the tears which neither weather nor sympathy had called into his weak eyes, he doubtless thought that his son was a wretched lad, and that he was perfectly capable of passing judgment on the occasion.

At the announcement, Mr. Stuart's face looked very grave.

"Not Jack," he exclaimed, "surely? He would never do anything seriously wrong."

"I don't know what you call 'seriously wrong,'" replied Captain Wardlaw, as, having found the letter at last, he thrust it into the rector's hand; "but I don't see how it could be worse. Read that."

Mr. Stuart ran his eye rapidly over the contents, and then said—

"My dear Captain Wardlaw, this must never be; it will prove the ruin of him. Marriage at his age, and to an actress, too. The boy must be mad."

"I thought you'd say so," replied the father, maliciously; "he's worse than mad—he's a fool—just like his mother before him. But what ought I to do?"

"Go up to town at once, and don't leave him until he has broken off this engagement. Then bring him down here for a short time till he has got over his infatuation. Why—God bless the boy—he writes as if he were the Prince of Wales, and free to choose from the universe. But it will never do, Captain Wardlaw. If the consequences are placed before him in a proper light, he must think of it more seriously."

"I don't know that," said the father; "John is not generally very ready to listen to reason, but, in this case, I'll disown him if he doesn't. I never liked his taking up painting as a profession; it led him into a low set when here, but, by Jove, if he thinks he's going to bring a tawdry actress down here, to associate with his mother and sister, he'll find himself very much mistaken, and so I shall tell him. I shall take your advice and go up to town to-day. If I lose no time, I shall catch the half-past one train from Maidstone now."

"Shall I go with you?" asked Mr. Stuart. "In that case I could drive you over for the half-past ten. If we go later, perhaps we may miss him altogether for to-day."

A sudden thought had struck him that the father's interview with the son would be a very stormy one, and end, perhaps, if not checked, in a total estrangement. His presence might do good, in serving as a restraint upon both of them. And if Captain Wardlaw's remonstrances with John were of no avail, his own might prove more effectual. For Mr. Stuart had an affection for the young man, which made him feel that he would risk a great deal in the way of raising his anger, in order to save him from the pitfall over which he appeared to be hovering.

Captain Wardlaw had caught readily at the offer, for the sake not only of Mr. Stuart's carriage to Maidstone, but also of Mr. Stuart's protection in the presence of his son, of whom, whilst he was determined to oppose his wishes, he was really afraid.

Mr. Stuart, therefore, without telling his wife more than that he had promised to accompany his parishioner to London on a little matter of business, had travelled up to town with him, and the gentlemen, in consequence, had sought the residence of John Wardlaw together.

It was a good hotel, and he had chosen it, not on account of its cheapness, but because it was the nearest to Princes Street; consequently our hero was living rather beyond both his means and wishes.

On his visitors inquiring for him, they were informed that Mr. Wardlaw had been out since eleven o'clock that morning, but was expected in shortly. Would the gentlemen please to go up to his room and wait?

Here a sight of the ornaments, the chandeliers, and the damask-covered furniture, with which the rooms of most good hotels are provided, added fresh fuel to the wrath of Captain Wardlaw, who chose to believe that the style of his son's living had been the same ever since he had come to London.

"This is what he keeps up for his actresses, sir," he exclaimed, in the greatest fury. "Looking-glasses big enough to see your whole length in, and chairs covered with blue satin, whilst his mother and I are vegetating in the country, and putting up with mere necessaries. This is the style in which the gentleman expects that *I* am to support him—and his extravagances. And, to crown all, he intends to make me father-in-law to an actress. I know what actresses are, Mr. Stuart, well enough. I'll have no woman of that sort bearing the name of Wardlaw, and queening it over my wife and daughter. If John doesn't give her up at once, I'll disown him, I'll never give him another shilling. I'll swear never to see him again."

Mr. Stuart happened to know what the generality of actresses are just as well as Captain Wardlaw; but he also knew that there are exceptions to every rule. Now as he endeavoured to calm down the father's anger a little preparatory to his interview with his son, he said as much.

"Your annoyance is very natural, Captain Wardlaw, and, as far as we at present know of the circumstances, very just; but at the same time I would be cautious, were I you, not to accuse John of more than you are certain of, nor to defame ignorantly the character of Miss Bellew. He is hot-headed himself, and you are scarcely in a condition to judge impartially. I should be very sorry to hear words pass between you."

"Words, sir!" exclaimed Captain Wardlaw. "I shall be very much surprised if I and my son part this morning with mere words! But here he comes to answer for himself."

And as he spoke, the door of the sitting-room was flung open, and John Wardlaw stood on the threshold. He had looked in at Matterby's for half-an-hour that morning, and had then gone on to dilly-dally away the remainder of the time at the feet of Rowena Bellew. And she had happened to be in one of her perverse moods, and had irritated her lover considerably by her whims, so that he had not reached his hotel in the frame of mind best calculated to carry him peaceably through the coming interview.

He had been told on his arrival that two gentlemen awaited his presence in the sitting-room, but he was considerably surprised on discovering who they were.

"Father!" he exclaimed, "and Mr. Stuart! Why, what has brought you up to London together?"

The sight of the rector brought so many kindly memories of Sutton Valence days into John Wardlaw's mind that, as he extended a hand to each of his guests, the annoyance visible in his face on his entrance faded away. But the tone which Captain Wardlaw assumed towards him quickly brought it back again.

"I should think you need scarcely ask that, sir. I, for my part, have come to ask you what you have to say for yourself?"

He knew then what was before him, but the expression of confidence in his face never wavered one whit.

"In what way, sir?" was all he replied.

"In what way!" echoed his father, feeling impotent in his rage to do more than repeat the words of his son —"in what way! Pray what was the subject of your last letter to me, written from this very place; where I find you living surrounded by luxuries which you have neither the right nor the means to afford? You don't mean to tell me that you have forgotten it, sir?"

"Certainly not," was the reply, given so calmly that the contrast between the old man shaking with passion, and the young man cool and collected, was still more forcible than before. "I wrote to apprise you of my change of residence, a change which I should not have made had it not been forced upon me by circumstances; and of my proposal to, and acceptance by, Miss Bellew, a young lady with whom I have become acquainted since I came to London. The first act is immaterial, but I do not think anyone who knew me or her, would think it neccessary to ask me if I remember the last."

"Well, sir, you had better forget it as soon as you can," replied Captain Wardlaw, "for I totally discourage it in every way."

"I am of age, father," said John Wardlaw, proudly.

"That's nothing to me," was the old man's answer; "age or no age, I forbid the connection altogether. I'll have no actresses—"

"Wait a minute, Captain Wardlaw," interposed the son, quickly, and setting his teeth as he spoke. "No other man but my own father should have said those words once to me without rueing it; but I will not take them a second time even from you. Please don't make me say or do anything that I shall regret hereafter."

"Captain Wardlaw, I entreat you to be calm," interposed Mr. Stuart, anxiously,

"But I won't be calm," rejoined the old man, furiously. "Here's this boy—a mere lad; comes up to London to study for his profession, instead of which he gets mixed up with the lowest of company, and entangled with a public character, and then turns round and tells his own father that he is not speak his mind to him in his rooms. It's unbearable! it's unheard of! No other man but myself would put with it for a second! It's shameful!"

And here Captain Wardlaw, who was nearly choking with excitement, spluttered, coughed, and was compelled to be silent. His son seized the opportunity.

"You mistake me," he said. "Father, I have no wish to prevent your speaking. Tell me all your mind if you like (though I do not say it will shake any determination I have come to); but in my presence and hearing I will not permit the lady who has promised to become my wife to be named in any but a respectful manner. She is an actress, I have no wish to deny; but because she is one, henceforward I will not hear an actress mentioned without respect. Mr. Stuart, you are, perhaps, not so prejudiced as my father is; you will allow that, under the circumstances, I am right?"

"You are, John," replied his friend, "perfectly so. It is the circumstances that require alteration, and not your present conduct. You must be aware that such a piece of intelligence as was communicated by your letter could not have been received but as a great misfortune by all your family. The idea of your marriage at all would have been distressing; but this marriage, you will allow, is infinitely beneath you."

"I do not allow it," replied the young man, haughtily; "but even supposing it was, I am free to choose for myself, and my family have nothing whatever to do with my choice. Let my father, then, come forward, and say if his treatment of me since a child has been such as to entitle him to any sacrifice of feeling on my part; if the amount of affection he has bestowed on me calls for any great return at this moment; whether he has not rather, since the death of my poor mother, left me dependant on strangers for love, and the world for sympathy; and can he therefore wonder if I choose to select my own companions, and to aspire to be the best judge of what course of action is most likely to conduce to my own happiness?"

To this appeal the rector had nothing to answer, and Captain Wardlaw for a time apparently as little; but presently, his son retiring from the skirmish for a while, he summoned up courage to attack him again.

"It's all very fine for you, sir, to make sentimental appeals to my affection for a lubber like yourself; but your argument doesn't alter the case. You've made a fool of yourself; and the best thing you can do is to unmake yourself again. I have come up here to-day, as Mr. Stuart knows, to tell you candidly that, if you don't break off your engagement with this Miss Bellew, or whatever her name is, I'll make you rue it."

"How?" demanded the son.

"By disowning you and her, sir; by never seeing either of you again."

"The first you have as good as done, already, father. Ever since your second marriage, you have never owned me, except in name. For the last, my wife, I presume, will be content to share my lot in all things—even to that. She will have a strong arm and a willing heart to work for her, and shall be indebted to no one but myself for affection or support. After which, I imagine, you will have little power to hurt us."

"But I shall refuse to see her, sir. I shall refuse to acknowledge her as your wife," exclaimed the old man, who was becoming perfectly exasperated. "I shall not permit your stepmother or sister to associate with or be introduced to her; and I shall proclaim her former calling and my disapproval of your marriage to everyone who may care to listen to it."

"You can do as you please about that," replied John Wardlaw, whose coolness during the whole interview never once deserted him; "but in that case I have a word to say to you, father, also. Miss Bellew knows that I am poorer than I need be, as well as the reason. Hitherto I have been content to think and to tell her that we must wait to be married until brighter times; and that our engagement must remain an engagement until we have procured, by our own toil, sufficient money to prevent our marriage proving a loss to yourself in the way of income. That was, however, when I thought that you would acknowledge my right at twenty-three years of age to choose my own wife. But as you utterly refuse to receive Miss Bellew as such—or to permit Mrs. Wardlaw and my sister to countenance her, even going so far as to cowardly threaten to vilify her character (which is as pure, I swear, as my mother's in heaven) in order to spite me—I scarcely see why I should rob myself and delay my own happiness to add a few comforts to your life. A son's duty—particularly the duty of an estranged son—can scarcely be said to go as far as that. What do you say, Mr. Stuart? You are a clergyman, and know the facts of the case. Am I not justified, in the event of my father refusing to countenance Miss Bellew before he has even made an inquiry on the subject, in saying that I will take that which is my own, and was intended for the support of my wife and children rather than for his? Well, father, let it be so. The loss of a few pounds will be nothing to you compared to the gain of entirely getting rid of me, and losing the sight of Ally for a few years, which will be *my* only regret in the arrangement, can weigh nothing with myself against the possible annoyance to my affianced wife."

Mr. Stuart had looked up as John Wardlaw appealed to him, but he had not dared to answer the appeal. He knew that as far as the money was concerned, the young man had right on his side; he disliked Captain Wardlaw too much to enable him to take his part with anything like sincerity, and he could not help admiring, not only the manner in which John Wardlaw kept his temper with his father, but the manly firmness with which he stood up for the woman he had promised to make his wife. And yet, such a marriage! it could not, must not be.

But Captain Wardlaw was thinking in a very different strain. Whilst announcing his determination of opposing the intention of his son in every possible way, he had never dreamt of the contigency of John's requiring what was his own again. The fact is, the small sum which Captain Wardlaw was supposed to own was far too little to support his family on, even in the simple style in which they lived; and he had good reasons for knowing that it was even smaller than his family supposed. It had been his fear of losing the enjoyment of his son's income which had made him set his face for so long a time against John prosecuting his studies in London, and this opposition had made the young man at last glad to escape from home at any cost, even to giving up two-thirds of what was lawfully his own. Yet John had not regretted it till now. But if it came to his father's discomfort being in one balance of the scale, and that of Rowena Bellew in the other, it was matter of little conjecture which would weigh heaviest with our romantic hero.

And he now stood flushed, but firm, awaiting the answer of Captain Wardlaw.

The old man took time to consider. How should he most skilfully veer round to acquiescence in his son's wishes without making it too palpable that it was the fear of losing the two hundred a year alone that had actuated his change of mind? Captain Wardlaw had always been a foolish man, and years had not increased his wisdom. Therefore, the motive contained in his next words was far too palpable to call forth anything but a look of the profoundest contempt on the faces of both his hearers.

"Wait a minute, John," he said; "don't be in such a hurry. I certainly have not, as you observe, inquired yet into the character of the lady you have engaged yourself to, and I am quite willing to believe, from what you say, that it is all that is correct. Of course, we all know that there are some very good and estimable people on the stage, and if that is the case with this young lady (as you say it is), I don't see why I should withhold any longer my consent to her being introduced to your sister and Mrs. Wardlaw. But you are very young to marry yet, John. You mustn't think of marrying for some years to come. You don't consider how soon a family will spring up around you, and keep you working like a slave all the days of your life. I suppose you have no intention of settling yet awhile, have you?"

John Wardlaw, who had been curling his lip more and more as his father's speech proceeded, was on the point now of refusing the offered patronage, and proclaiming his intention of marrying Miss Bellew at once, and supporting her on his own money. But better feelings, mixed with a degree of caution, prevailed. A cordial reception on the part of his family would certainly be of great advantage to Rowena Bellew. With her high ideas of herself, he was not quite sure if she would consent to marry him without; and despicable as he felt the motive for his father's wavering conduct to be, he was not quite certain, in his own heart, whether he could enjoy himself even on the income insured him by his mother, whilst her husband, to say nothing of his own sister, poor little Ally, was in need of the comforts that it procured him.

The final effect of these combined feelings was to make him answer Captain Wardlaw's question in rather a different tone to what he had at first intended.

"No, I have not, sir," he said; "neither has Miss Bellew. I am glad to see that my arguments upon the subject have not been without their weight with you; but our parley must not end here. That Miss Bellew is a lady of unspotted character you may rest assured. I should not have offered to give her my mother's name otherwise; that her family is nearly, if not quite as good as our own, you may also rely upon. Therefore, if I agree not to be hasty in making her my wife, or claiming the remainder of my income from you, you must promise on your part, that, when convenient, you will receive Miss Bellew at Sutton Valence as your guest, and see that she is treated in every respect as if she came of the highest lineage in the land. For on no other terms will I consent to take her there."

Captain Wardlaw was just about to give a ready consent to his son's conditions when Mr. Stuart interrupted him.

"Wardlaw, are you not hasty? Remember what you came here for."

"Are you against me, then, sir?" demanded the young man, quickly.

"No, Jack, most decidedly not; but it strikes me that the act you contemplate is calculated to go more against you than any disapproval of your friends could do."

"I wait my father's answer, sir." And then, turning to Captain Wardlaw, "Is it to be so, father, or not?"

Captain Wardlaw thought of the two hundred a year, and dared not hesitate.

"Yes, John, certainly; as I said before, if there is nothing to be advanced against Miss Bellew, I see no reason why it should not be. And, therefore, we may consider it an agreement, if you will do nothing hastily, and be content for the present to let the engagement rest an engagement, that Mrs. Wardlaw shall, when we have settled the time, write an invitation for the lady to come down to Sutton Valence and be introduced to her future family."

"Madness!" exclaimed Mr. Stuart, who could not help thinking of the alternative of his young daughter being either brought into contact with a woman fresh from the stage, or an open quarrel occurring between himself and his favourite, Jack Wardlaw. But neither father nor son appeared to notice the exclamation, and the next words emanated from the latter.

"So be it, then, sir; and if you and Mr. Stuart will stay and take luncheon with me, I will run over to Miss Bellew's house—she lives close by—and prepare her for being introduced to you this afternoon; for, as you are here, you may as well see her before you return to Sutton Valence."

To which proposition Captain Wardlaw making no objection, the young man left the room for the purpose indicated.

But his old friend, the rector, went after him, and caught him before he had quitted the hotel.

"Jack," he exclaimed, "my dear boy, let me speak to you for one moment. I cannot do so before your father; but you must perceive the reason for his sudden acquiescence in your wishes. He is fearful of losing the money you allow him; and although it is not for me to speak against a father to his son, I fancy he would readily sacrifice your prospects in life to continue to enjoy it. I know you will not believe me, boy, but I have been a man of the world. I know what the world is, and how deceptive. Where did you first meet this lady? Who introduced you to her?"

"If you are going to question her virtue, or my sanity, Mr. Stuart, it will be lost trouble, for I can swear to both; and you don't know her or me, or you would never try to shake my resolution in this matter. I love her, that is quite sufficient; and did I not, I am now bound to her."

"Is she very pretty, Jack?—my poor boy!" inquired the rector.

"Pretty!" repeated the young man, in a tone of scorn, "that's not the term to apply to Miss Bellew. However, I am not one to rhapsodise to my friends, particularly to my unbelieving friends, upon what is to me a sacred subject. You must see her, Mr. Stuart, that is all; and then, perhaps, you will agree with me that she carries every excuse needful for my obstinacy in her face. In the meanwhile, I respect you too much to wish to discuss the subject further."

The rector saw that the case was hopeless; he was one against two, and thereupon he gave up the attempt to reason with his young friend. He keenly felt losing the cause, but preferred bearing the disappointment to making a useless quarrel between Jack Wardlaw and himself. And from experience he felt that it would indeed be useless. He had not forgotten the time when he would have given up every friend he possessed sooner than renounce a woman's smile; and so he contented himself with inwardly raving at the father's weakness of purpose, and tried to hope that time would remove the scales from the son's eyes.

Even when, together with Captain Wardlaw, he had been introduced to Miss Bellew, and struck with admiration (as no stranger could fail to be) at the extreme beauty of her person, he did not alter his mind that a marriage with her was one of the worst things that could happen to Jack Wardlaw.

Rowena Bellew received the two elder gentlemen most graciously, and with more the manner of a queen permitting the homage of her subjects than of a questionable *fiancée* being put upon her examination; whilst in her presence John Wardlaw forgot everything but herself, and looked such a picture of pride, love, and happiness, that, whilst watching him, Mr. Stuart could not help inwardly acknowledging with a sigh that it would take a great deal of talking to persuade a man to give up the possession of a creature so beautiful, and to whom he appeared so sincerely attached.

And so the two gentlemen returned to Maidstone that evening as they had come; and the matter being supposed to be settled, the engagement of John Wardlaw with the lovely actress was sanctioned by his family.

Yet the rector—he scarcely knew why—could not make up his mind all at once to mention the fact in his own circle. Perhaps he shrank from the task of letting his young daughter hear of, what he considered, the degradation of her old playfellow. Perhaps he entertained a latent hope that something might yet arise that should prevent Miss Bellew ever being introduced at Sutton Valence as the *fiancée* of John Wardlaw.

CHAPTER XIV

AN AWAKENED MEMORY.

> Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
> Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
> GOLDSMITH.

AND Fortune did throw him one more chance before she delivered him over entirely to his fate.

One evening, not many days after his interview with his father and Mr. Stuart, another visitor was inquiring for him at the door of the hotel. John Wardlaw, having had his dinner, was just dressing to go out, though without any particular engagement, and the announcement that a lady wished to see him was anything but welcome.

"What lady?" he asked the waiter, impatiently; "did she give no name?"

Here the waiter produced a small card on which was simply printed "Miss Hurst," and communicated on his own account the fact of the owner of the same being a nun, or something of that sort.

"Wears one of those queer-shaped bonnets, sir, and is dressed all in black—a Sister of something, I think they call themselves."

"Oh! it must be a mistake altogether," replied John Wardlaw. "I know no Sisters of Mercy, and no one of the name of Hurst. Tell the lady it must be somebody else that she wants to speak to."

But presently the waiter returned with the same card, and a message to the effect that there was no mistake; and that if Mr. Wardlaw, of Sutton Valence, could spare Miss Hurst the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation, she would gladly wait until he was ready to see her, or call again, if it was not convenient for him to do so at the present time."

"Well; I'm hanged if I know who she is," repeated our hero, as he received the second message—"but I suppose I must see her. Ask the lady into my room, waiter," he added to the messenger, "and say I shall be with her in a few minutes."

"Hurst! Hurst!" he kept on repeating to himself when he was left alone; "I do not remember to have heard that name before as connected with our family. Who on earth can the woman be?" Five minutes later he was in the centre of the sitting-room standing transfixed, as people do when they suddenly find themselves in the presence of a person who appears utterly strange to them.

Seated by the table was an elderly woman in the dress of a Sister of Mercy; a woman whose pale features and smooth bands of grey hair, just showing beneath her ungainly head-dress, did not recall the faintest recollection into his mind of ever having been seen by him before. Miss Hurst, who had risen on his entrance, evidently saw the look of non-recognition in his face, for her first words were—

"You have forgotten me, Mr. Wardlaw. Well! I do not wonder at it, for it is many years since we met. And yet you are more changed than I am."

At the sound of her voice something like a memory seemed to stir within the young man's breast, and his face, from having been a blank, began to look uneasy and restless with the mind's effort to remember.

"I am almost afraid I have," he replied, with his own sweet, serious smile. "You must forgive me, Miss Hurst, but I cannot recall your name or features."

"And yet I think I should have known you anywhere," she answered, "from your likeness to your poor mother. What! don't you remember having the scarlet fever at Ballydroogan, and 'Sister Catherine,' who nursed you through it?"

At first, as the well-known name struck his ear, he started with surprise; but then it all came back upon him with a rush, and her appearance became suddenly so familiar to him that he seemed like a fool to himself ever to have forgotten it. He sprang forward with an outstretched hand, and clasped hers, whilst his face flushed with excitement.

"*Of course!*" he exclaimed; "how could I be such an ingrate as to forget you, even for a moment? Why, it was upon your breast that my mother died—my poor dear mother! Ah! Miss Hurst, I have never found a creature since to love me as she did!"

And as the words he spoke brought with them a tide of recollection, regret for the loss of the affection lavished on him then, caused the hand which still clasped that of Miss Hurst to tremble with emotion. Sister Catherine perceived his agitation, and pressed it warmly.

"I don't wonder at it, Mr. Wardlaw. If ever a mother idolised a child, your mother idolised you. Her last breath was spent in praying for your welfare and happiness through life."

"Pray sit down, Miss Hurst," he said, "and tell me something of my mother's last days. Your presence, and the memories you evoke of that life which can never be recalled, seem to me, in my present existence, like a draught of water to a thirsty man. Pray sit down, and let me offer you some refreshment."

"But you were going out, Mr. Wardlaw."

"Nowhere in particular," he answered, ringing the bell; "and I would far rather spend an hour with you here, if you have no objection."

"Are you so far gone already, then, my poor boy," said Sister Catherine, compassionately, "that you must needs go half-way to meet excitement, and cannot wait until it comes to you, even in a place like London?"

Beneath her steady gaze the young man's eyes drooped, and he turned away his head. Then he said, with a nervous laugh, "One must do something of an evening, Miss Hurst; it is impossible to shut oneself up in rooms alone. It is not often that I have such pleasant company as now."

"Oh! John Wardlaw," exclaimed Sister Catherine, laying her hand on his, "perhaps it is a good thing that your poor mother went when she did; for, if she had lived to see you go wrong, it would have broken her heart."

He had drawn a chair close to hers, and sat down by her side; and there was something in the soft, womanly touch (the same touch which had laid upon his mother's head), no less than in the pitying words, which roused a feeling within him which he would have been ashamed to confess, it was so like contrition. He could not answer her, and Miss Hurst went on—

"It would have broken her heart, John (you must let me call you so for the sake of old times), to see her son, for whose good she prayed night and morning, mixed up with anything that was evil. This town is rife with temptations; but I hear that you have a profession. With that a man has always a ready excuse, if he needs one, for refusing to mix in scenes of idleness or dissipation."

"I am not worse than others, Miss Hurst."

"So each one of you says, but what have you to do with another person's follies? You will be only called to account for your own. And putting it on the score of interest alone, what a drawback nightly dissipation must be to your daily work! A man who keeps late hours can never be a good painter, for a steady hand and a clear brain are to be gained only by a moderate life. Do you not find it so?"

He had found it so—and knew it well—so he only murmured something about the evils of a solitary existence, and want of company.

"How your poor mother used to long for you to be 'great!'" continued Miss Hurst. "She often used to show me scraps of paper containing your childish scribbles, and prophesy that you would be an artist some day. I suppose you inherited your love for painting from her. I believe she used to draw very well in her younger days."

"I never remembered her doing so," said John Wardlaw.

"I dare say not. I think she had little heart for anything like amusement by the time you knew her. Do you remember her at all?"

"I think I do," he replied; "I have a faint recollection of her having had a pair of very serious, loving grey eyes. She used to come and lean over my little crib, and gaze into my face the last thing at night, and, to my childish ideas, at those times her eyes used to look unnaturally large; in fact, I appear to have seen nothing else. At all events, I can remember nothing else of her, but of them I have a vivid recollection. They come to me sometimes even now, not only in the night, but in my gayest moments I look up and fancy I see my mother's serious gaze fixed upon me. I often think I shall know her when we meet again by her eyes."

"They were very lovely," replied Sister Catherine; "I recall them well—and the dying expression in them before she closed them on my breast. Do you know what her last words were?"

"No!" he replied shortly.

"I must tell you first, that during your own illness she had prayed so unreservedly that you might be spared to her, that I had ventured to remind her that in trying to frustrate God's will, she might be bringing a curse upon you instead of a blessing. In her last moments she seemed to feel this, for her dying words were, 'You were right, Catherine; I am afraid to leave him alone. Let me take my child with me.' I wonder if it would have been better if she had."

As he heard his mother's last words, a feeling which he could scarcely define possessed him to such a degree that John Wardlaw lent his arm upon the table, and hid his face in his hands. Looking backward over his dreary infancy, uncounselled youth, and unloved manhood, he was ready to echo, "would it indeed have been better?"

"With her senses quickened by the nearness of eternity," continued the sister, "your mother appears to have seen at the extreme close of her life, what her love for you would not permit her to do in its duration, that there is safety in an early death. But, as her prayers for your earthly life were granted, I trust that her prayers for your heavenly life will also be. But you are not going the right way to ensure it, John Wardlaw."

"How do you know?" he inquired, looking quickly up.

"I can guess it," she replied, "from what I hear and see. Has it not once occurred to you during our interview, to ask from whom I heard of your existence, which of your friends sent me here, and for what purpose?"

"No," he exclaimed; "it really has not. The sight of you, and sound of your voice, have so powerfully recalled the memory of my dear mother to me, that I have had time to think of nothing else. But now you have raised my curiosity. I have never seen or heard of you since the days at Ballydroogan. Why have you not renewed our acquaintanceship before?"

"Because I was never a friend of your father's or of Mrs. Leofric Temple's; and after their marriage, my respect for your mother's memory made me a stranger to them. Besides, Captain Wardlaw left Ireland with his corps, and my life is too busy a one to permit me to keep up many acquaintances. At first I did write to inquire after you, but soon you were placed at school, and then all communication stopped between your father and myself. But I never forgot your name, and hearing it the other day in conversation led to inquiry on my part, which ended in my coming here to see you. But not *only* to see you, John Wardlaw."

"Who mentioned my name to you?" he asked.

"A lady who is very much interested in you; Miss Laura Tredman."

At that remembrance John Wardlaw flushed again and was silent.

"Can you guess what she told me of you?" said the Sister."

"I know she is very fond of interfering in other people's affairs," replied our hero, with apparent lack of point.

"And why I came here?" continued Miss Hurst.

"She's not had the assurance to send *you* here to badger me?" demanded the young man, hotly, as he started up from his chair and commenced to pace the room.

"What is badgering?" asked the gentle voice of Sister Catherine.

John Wardlaw stopped short and looked conscious.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hurst; I am very hasty, but the fact is, Miss Tredman took upon herself to meddle rather unwarrantably in some private business of mine the other day, and I have not got over it yet. However, it is not likely that your visit to me has been paid with the same design."

"I don't know that," replied Catherine Hurst. "I came to speak to you about your friendship with Rowena Bellew."

John Wardlaw's fair face grew quite dark beneath the feeling with which he received this unwelcome announcement.

"Then I was not wrong," he said, "after all. And pray what can *you* know, Miss Hurst, of Miss Bellew or myself to authorise you to come on such a mission? Or, knowing us both, what right have you to question our intimacy?

"You are easily answered," replied the Sister, quietly. "I have known Rowena Bellew by name and character far longer and better than you have. And as to my *right* to advise you, John Wardlaw, I think my knowledge of your dead mother justifies my saying that I have that also. Remember that she died on my breast."

"Speak on, then," exclaimed John Wardlaw, softened by the allusion, "I will at least hear what you have to say."

"Thank you," rejoined the Sister; "my all is not much. I hear that you are so captivated by the external charms of Rowena Bellew that you are constantly by her side and in danger of becoming entangled in her toils. I came to warn you, John Wardlaw—nothing more—to entreat you, for the sake of your dead mother, to pause and think before you permit yourself to go so far in this affair that there will be no drawing back without loss to yourself. Rowena Bellew is outwardly very fair, but it is the fairness of a whited sepulchre; within, she is—"

"Stop," cried the young man, halting before Sister Catherine's chair, "I should have qualified my readiness to hear all you have to say, for I cannot permit Miss Bellew to be slandered in my presence; whatever her faults, Miss Hurst, she now stands in the position of my affianced wife, and I have the sanction of my family to our engagement. Perhaps I ought to have told you this at first."

It was the Sister's turn to start now.

"Affianced!" she exclaimed. "Then I come too late."

"Too late"? he repeated, scornfully; "do you imagine that a few words from you—or any man, or any woman—even my own mother, were she living—could have the power to turn my will when I have once set it in a direction where my heart has preceded it? I *love* Rowena Bellew, Miss Hurst. I worship her. I adore her. I should not care if each of the walls which surround us echoed my words until all London heard the news, for I glory in it. I love her so devotedly that I would not give that," he continued, snapping his fingers as he spoke, "for any woman in the universe if she were out of it. And I would give up the universe itself to gain one of her smiles and be permitted to bask myself in her presence. Now, am I determined or not?"

"And Captain Wardlaw approves of the engagement?" demanded Catherine Hurst with surprise.

"Approves of and sanctions it, and is about shortly to invite Miss Bellew down to Sutton Valence to stay with my mother and sister. Do you think it is of any use your trying to dissuade me from marrying her, Miss Hurst?"

He put the question almost triumphantly, and Sister Catherine felt the time for counsel was past.

"I do not, indeed," she said, rising from her chair; "if I had known before that it was a settled thing between you, I might have been spared the trouble of coming here. But I thought, though the trap was laid, that you were but hovering over the brink. You are not the first in the field, John Wardlaw; you will not be the last."

"Even if I believed that foul slander," he exclaimed, almost wildly, "it would not move my mind one jot or tittle. Better to be her beloved for one short day than another woman's for a lifetime. But it is not true. It is one of Laura Tredman's calumnies."

"I spoke to you on the authority of my own senses," replied Sister Catherine, "and not from any representations of Miss Tredman's. The only information I derived from her was of your infatuation. My profession leads me amongst all classes. I have known Rowena Bellew longer than she has. But to warn you further would be useless, and only make dissension between us, and I have no wish to be ever otherwise than friends with your mother's son. Good-bye, then, John Wardlaw, and God bless you! the time has come for us to part."

She put her hand in his as she spoke, and pressed it kindly.

"But we shall meet again?" he said, interrogatively.

"To what purpose?" she replied. "I could not see you do wrong without speaking, and my speaking would do you no good. I have no time to waste, John Wardlaw. My mission is to counsel the erring, to comfort the sorrowful, and to relieve the sick and needy. I have nothing in common with the careless and the happy, and you are both."

"Not always," he replied.

"When you are otherwise, send for me," she answered; "the address upon the card will always find me, and you will never know me disregard a call for help. But the man who is basking in the smiles of Rowena Bellew can have nothing to do with me—or the memory of his mother!"

"You are pleased to be bitter, Miss Hurst," replied our hero, biting his lip as he listened to her.

"Do you think so?" she said, sadly. "I only intended to be plain spoken. John Wardlaw, I am an old woman; see my grey hairs. My age and my profession must assure you that I can have no motive except that of interest in your welfare, that should make me run the risk of offending you. I am going now from your presence perhaps for the last time. Let me speak to your heart for this once, and blame me afterwards if you choose. If you are engaged to Rowena Bellew, you are not yet married to her. I ask—I entreat of you before you commit that act, to pause—to examine your own feelings, and the opinion of other people respecting the character of your future wife. Can everyone be wrong? Marriage is a solemn step. Your poor mother found it so, and I tell you I have known Rowena Bellew for years. She will never make you happy."

"How can you possibly tell?" said John Wardlaw, with excitement.

"Because she is heartless—she is worse than heartless, she has a bad and cold heart; she is wrapt up in consideration of herself, and she has no religion."

"Anything more?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Is that not sufficient?"

"Sufficient? I should think it was sufficient, and a thousand times too much. Miss Hurst, hear me, and tell everyone whom it may concern, that this is my final decision: If Rowena Bellew was all that you say, and twice as much again, I would take her as my wife; if she was entirely indifferent to me, I would pursue her to the ends of the world to gain a look from her eyes; and if by dying to-morrow I could procure her the least gratification, I would think myself happy in being able to do so. Now go and tell them all that I am as mad as you like, but don't forget to add that I am resolved."

"Don't let us speak any more on that subject, John Wardlaw," said Catherine Hurst, as she moved towards the door. "This is not the time to reason with you But, before I go, remember that in sickness or distress (and either may befall you, even though Rowena Bellew is your own) I will always gladly come to you. Don't have any hesitation in sending for me. Remember your mother died upon my breast."

"I am not likely to forget it, Miss Hurst," he replied, earnestly; "for her sake will you forgive me if, in my excitement this evening, I have sometimes forgotten myself? Had she never left me, I might have better had my feelings under my own control."

"Had she never left you, my poor boy," said the Sister, compassionately, "you would probably never have had need to curb your temper at such words from me. But God knows what is best for all of us. May He bless you, and give you some day a happy meeting with her again! Don't forget that her latest prayers were for your soul's welfare, and make it your own concern to see that they are answered."

And passing through the door with her final words, Sister Catherine stepped lightly down the hotel staircase, and had gone from him.

Left alone, he scarcely knew what to do or think. The echo of her last injunction sounded in his ears, and, shutting out all the remembrance of his present anxiety, seemed to bring him face to face with his dead mother. Those serious grey eyes, so like his own, which had followed him from childhood, appeared to rise up now from the dusky gloom around, and to gaze upon him with a tender earnestness, as if they would fathom the secrets of his inner life. He drew a chair to the table, and sitting down, buried his face in his hands, whilst he pictured his mother as Sister Catherine had spoken of her, praying with her last breath for his unworthy self—closing her liquid grey eyes upon the kind Sister's bosom, as she ejaculated, "Let me take my child with me." As he sat and pondered, all the scenes of his infancy rose up before him. He could see the little lodging-house rooms in Ballydroogan—hear the harsh voice of his father—the gentle tones of his mother, and call to mind the many acts of tenderness with which she had lightened the dark days of his childhood. As memory, busy at his heart, brought back, one after another, trifling incidents which he had forgotten until then—proofs of the love which had followed and watched over him throughout, and pointing with a ruthlessly cruel finger to the blank which the loss of her and of all this had occasioned in his life, made the contrast become more painful every moment, something very like tears began to ooze through the fingers clasped over his face, and to fall upon the table-cloth beneath them—tears which he was ashamed of, even though alone, and the presence of which when discovered offended him, as was proved by the rough and hasty efforts which he made to brush them away.

But Memory, stirring at his heart, would not abridge one tithe of her privilege, and as fast as he knocked away the drops for which he blushed, the faster they seemed to come, until, with an effort, he tore away his hands from before his eyes, and laying his head down upon the table, sobbed aloud. It was but for a moment.

Starting up presently, as if witnesses were before him, John Wardlaw stamped his foot upon the ground, paced once or twice up and down the room, and then, clapping his hat upon his head, as if by sheer violence he would force Remembrance to change her lodging, rushed down the stairs, and out into the street, resolved to give himself no more time for thought.

And although, during the wild scenes in which he mixed that night, a gentle memory of his dead mother's last words and prayers and wishes would make itself heard to his soul, there was a counter-voice within him, crying "Were she all they make her out to be, and twice as bad, I would take her as my wife." And the counter-voice being strongest, drowned the other; and by the next morning, if not quite forgotten, it had died a natural death.

The little good that sister Catherine had been able to effect by making him think about his mother, Rowena Bellew soon marred by making him think about nothing but herself.

So, Fortune, wearied by his continued obstinacy, threw him over, and thenceforward John Wardlaw was abandoned to his fate.

CHAPTER XV.

HENRIETTA STUART.

> I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
> Love teaches cunning, even to Innocence.
>
> DRYDEN.

IT was close upon the month of September; hop-picking had already commenced, and the county of Kent was in its glory. The season was early that year, but the summer had been long and oppressive, and most of the delicate hop-flowers had changed their original hue for straw colour, whilst many were turning brown, and losing their market value. So an order had gone forth from the farmers to pipe all hands to the plantations, an order which had been obeyed by hundreds of men and women, who, leaving the smaller towns of England, where work is difficult to obtain and labour scantily remunerated, poured day after day into the hop-gardens, demanding employment. And not by them alone, for the annual want of service in the hopping counties form a regular trade with numberless itinerant hawkers and beggars, who take care to work their way towards Kent, Sussex, Hereford, or anywhere else where they are likely to be welcomed as soon as August shows symptons of decline. A more picturesque scene than a hop-plantation in course of despoliation can scarcely be imagined.

The hops themselves growing in bowery triangles, their lovely bines climbing to the very top of the poles which support them, festooned thence from one to the other in wild luxuriance, or hanging towards the ground in graceful negligence, form a picture worth seeing; and when it is remembered that the workers employed amongst them are of all ages, sexes, and nations, gathered from all kinds and classes, and arrayed in every possible costume, it may well be believed that the sight is a gay and interesting one. There, added to the quiet citizens before mentioned, who appear in sunbonnets, cotton gowns, and working fustian, may be seen the gaily dressed Bavarian girls—their brooms or tambourines packed meanwhile in their bundles and stowed in some barn for safety, whilst, still arrayed in their striped petticoats, with their red handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and their ears weighed down with huge gold earrings, they pull hop-flowers and chatter away in their own patois to the astonishment of the Kentish natives. Savoyard boys, organ men, travelling knife grinders and pedlars, stay-lace women, night-cap women, ballad singers, and acrobats, putting aside their means of livelihood for the time being, gather there—a curious medley, bringing a curious amount of vice with them. All through the scorching hot days they labour hard; three or four standing on either side of the bins over which the hop-poles are laid whilst they despoil the plants of their treasures, and cast them into baskets provided for the purpose. At night they assemble in barns or outhouses, or sleep beneath edges on the way-side, or prowl about the neighbouring towns and villages, watching for an opportunity to thieve. A wary time is hop-picking season for the farmers and gentle-people living round about the plantations, for then it is that ducks and geese evince a propensity to walk off by themselves, and gardens and larders are emptied without any collusion on the part of their owners; then it is that young women are afraid to walk out alone into the country lanes after dusk, for fear some of the uncouth looking figures that are wont to frighten them by rising up suddenly from behind hedges and ditches may take it into their heads to demand their money or their lives; or that, walking at any time of the day, they are forced to tread carefully for fear of falling over what appear to be dirty bundles thrown down by the way-side, but would prove on inspection to be little brown babies left to sleep on a handful of hops till their mothers' work is ended; or, of unconsciously stepping on some hop-picker's private property hidden in the long grass, and guarded by a shrill-tongued, sharp-toothed little terrier, who first makes them aware of his amiable proximity by taking a piece out of the calf of their legs. Yes; truly, hop-picking is a picturesque scene, but like many other pretty things, it has its drawbacks, and especially to those who see most of it! and live in a state of constant trepidation until the gathering in of the harvest is ended, and the miscellaneous troop once more dispersed to carry on their depredations in a more single-handed manner for the remaining months of the year.

Sutton Valence and its environs were a mass of hop-gardens. Far away as the eye could reach, the land appeared like a green encampment, whilst the warm August air was redolent of their strong perfume, which seemed to weigh the breather down with an irrepressible sense of drowsiness.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Henrietta Stuart turned out of the Castlemaine drive-gates in order to take a walk before her dinner hour. She was quite alone; for being possessed of no lady-like fears with respect to uncivilised hop-gatherers, she never gave up or shortened her strolls on their account. Indeed, it would be difficult to say what Henrietta Stuart was afraid of. Physically, she was as brave a woman as ever stepped; and although at this period of her life her moral courage had been little tried—that little had stood the test manfully. As a child, and with respect to her own misdeeds, she had never been known to tell a falsehood or even equivocate from the fear of consequent punishment, and the same courageous spirit had grown up with her. The few troubles she had known, she had not shrunk from looking in the face, and setting herself down to bear as best she might, for the sake of those who loved her. As she stepped out of her father's grounds on the present occasion, she looked paler and thinner than she did when first introduced to the reader, and older also, unless the latter appearance might be adduced as a supposition raised from the fact of the two first. Anyway, she certainly looked thoughtful.

Although robed in muslin, with a broad-brimmed hat on her head, she was dressed with the same disregard to expenditure that her mother always loved to lavish on her, and she appeared as careless of it as ever; for as she turned into the country lane, a trailing briar from the hedge, which, catching at the delicate French muslin, rent it in a manner which would have called tears into the eyes of a more appreciative owner, merely extorted the most indifferent of expressions from the lips of Henrietta Stuart, as she stooped to disentangle the intrusive branch from the torn and ruined skirt.

As she resumed her walk she heaved a sigh. Certainly, when one came to look at her more closely, she *was* paler and thinner than heretofore, although the change may only have been attributable to the heat of the weather. Or, perhaps, the attentions of her cousin Martin, which had commenced to exhibit themselves again during the past month, wearied her more than she chose to confess to him. When first rebuffed by his pretty cousin in the preceding spring, Martin Stuart had felt it so keenly that he had shrunk into himself, as a snail into its shell, and appeared, when in her presence, so diffident and bashful, that the kind heart of the girl had been doubly pained by his behaviour. She could never love him as a husband; she had told him so; but she had cared for him very much in a sisterly sort of way—and it grieved her to think that she should be the cause of his being ill at ease in her father's house, and in the presence of her—his own cousin. But Martin Stuart, who had always thought very humbly of himself, did not come round, nor seem to regain his former cheerfulness. Whenever he appeared before her, morning, noon, or night, his mute melancholy reminded Henrietta that she had been hard-hearted enough to refuse his tenders of matrimony. This had grieved the girl from the commencement, and about the month of May she had felt it more. For then, happening herself to be in low spirits, cause unknown, the silent kindness of her cousin Martin had been so unvarying and so delicately offered that she had felt almost ashamed to accept it, without holding out the least hope of being able to give him an adequate return. But she had tried to reward him by emerging from the reserve which she had maintained towards him since his unfortunate offer, and striving to set him more at his ease with herself, even going so far as to urge upon his notice the amount of the sisterly affection which she bore for him. And Martin Stuart, like the weak-minded man that he was, had not been able to take the goods that that the gods provided him, and value them at what they were worth. He had mistaken Henrietta's generous endeavours to make him forget the past, and to replace him on the cousinly footing he had before enjoyed with her, for a wish to apprise him delicately that she was coming round herself to his way of thinking. Having passed through his college term, he was idling away his time now at Castlemaine, waiting until something turned up in the shape of a living, or he had decided upon engaging in some employment, for he was getting almost too old now to enter into any other profession. Consequently his summer months had all been spent at Sutton Valence riding or walking about the green lanes with his cousin Henrietta, or practicing archery or croquet with her in the grounds of Castlemaine. He had almost flattered himself that the melancholy in which she had at one time indulged had been for his sake, and he had quite thought lately that her kindness was intended to show him that a renewal of his attentions would not be unwelcome to her. Therefore, the last month, he had not only renewed, but pressed them; too blind to take the many hints on her part by which she had endeavoured, but in vain, to stave off another proposal, for Martin had asked her again to marry him, on the previous evening.

And she had refused him as before, and begged that it should be the last time he gave her the pain of doing so. And he had shrunk into himself as before—indeed, shrunk away altogether, she feared, for she had not seen him since.

This was partly what was occupying her thoughts and troubling her as she walked along the solitary lanes that August afternoon. She blamed herself so bitterly for having allowed matters to come again to a crisis. Poor Martin! Poor humble, self-decrying Martin! How could she have been so cruel as to subject him to a second humiliation? But she had done what she had done innocently, and for his sake only. Not one thought of coquetry, or of gaining another triumph, had entered the pure breast of Henrietta Stuart, as she obeyed the dictates of her own wish to try and make her cousin forget the slight she had unwittingly put upon him. If she had erred, it had been through girlish thoughtlessness alone, and from her want of knowledge of the world, and the improbability of friendship ever being feasible between people who have once thought of being more than friends. He had been so hurt, she thought, by her refusal—it had so bitterly wounded his self-esteem, that she could not bear even to think of it.

With a handsomer, more attractive man, Henrietta told herself, the case would have been widely different, but poor Martin was so insignificant-looking, so little sought after, so seldom even noticed by anyone but her parents and herself. His shy, retiring manner, which would not permit him to hold his own in the world; his sensitiveness with respect to his unfortunate habit of stammering, which caused him to be almost dumb before strangers; his ordinary appearance, freckled skin and weak eyes, all of which defects his cousin with tender pity thought were the cause of secret unhappiness to himself, worked more in his favour when brought into review by her present self-reproachful spirit than any amount of manly charms would have had the power to do. And then he was so kind to her, so very fond of her—he had looked so unmistakably miserable when she had spoken rather curtly to him the night before, and yet had never ventured to reproach her for her stupid blunder. Oh! it was very hard for poor dear Martin, and she wished she had been born hideous sooner than have attracted feelings in him which she could not reciprocate.

For Henrietta Stuart would never, *never* marry. As she sauntered towards Sutton Valence village she told herself so with a heavy sigh.

Perhaps, if the circumstances of her life had fallen differently, it might have been otherwise with her; but as it was, her father and mother were to be her only loves till death. She did not consider that from eighteen years of age till death is, according to the ordinary length of man's existence, a weary time to look forward to; yet, glancing in imagination over that visionary space, Henrietta Stuart could find nothing to frighten her in the prospect of a single life. Indeed, as long as her parents were spared to her, she did not consider that her life, or hopes, or occupations could be termed single ones. And the idea of marriage, she hardly knew why, she always thought of with a feeling of repugnance, even of fear. If she had ever thought of it in connection with anyone, it was certainly with Martin Stuart, who had been the only man to press the subject on her consideration. But she could not make up her mind to marry Martin, and therefore she imagined that she had no wish to marry at all. Occupied with such thoughts, she had strolled through the churchyard and up the village street until she had gained the Wardlaws' house almost without knowing it. Looking on the ground as she walked, she was threading her way along the path, now fully shaded by the row of lime trees in front of it, when she was recalled to the things of this world by the voice of Alice Wardlaw speaking her name through the open window. She stopped then and looked up to see the bright face of Ally, and half of her figure thrust through one of the windows of a room on the ground floor.

"Netta dear," she exclaimed, when she had arrested the attention of Miss Stuart, "where are you going to?"

Henrietta Stuart had not frequented the Wardlaws' house much since the departure of its eldest son, for the reason that neither Captain nor Mrs. Wardlaw were associates to her taste, and Ally was too much of a child to be a companion to her. But Ally admired and reverenced Henrietta Stuart, as young girls will sometimes do homage to those of their own sex a little older than themselves; and, in consequence, was almost as familiar now at Castlemaine as her brother Jack had been, for Mrs. Stuart, seeing the pleasure she took in the society of her daughter, had given the little girl a free invitation there.

"Only for a stroll up by the castle," replied Miss Stuart; "will you come with me, Ally?"

Alice shook her head.

"I wish I could," she said, "but I know it would be of no use asking, because mamma is so busy getting the rooms ready. They are all coming down to-morrow, Netta; Jack and Miss Bellew, and Miss Bellew's cousin. Oh! and by-the-bye, what do you think? Leo was up in town last week, and he saw her (Miss Bellew, you know) for the first time, and he says he thinks she is the most beautiful woman he has ever seen. And mamma was not going to make half so much preparation for them, but you know what a deal she thinks of Leo's opinion; and so, as he made such a noise about it, the rooms have all been turned out and cleaned, and new curtains put up—and you never saw such a fuss—and we've been grubbing away at them all day, and I am so tired, or else I wanted to have gone over to Castlemaine this afternoon, and told you all about it."

"About what?" said Henrietta Stuart, faintly.

"Why, about their coming, of course; and so suddenly too, because you know Miss Bellew has twice refused mamma's invitations to Sutton Valence, and we began to think it so disagreeable of her: however, Jack wrote himself the other day, and he says it was quite unavoidable, and they are coming now, and will stay for a month with us. Don't you long to see her, Netta? *I* do—and Jack as an engaged man. I wonder if it's made him merrier or graver? Merrier I should think by the way he writes about it. He said in his letter that we are not to get in any of the villagers to stare at her until she has been here for a day or two, for she won't like it. Fancy staring at a woman just because she's handsome! Mamma said she never heard such an idea, and papa says that he thinks his engagement has turned Jack's brain. However, I hope it isn't quite so bad as all that. But ain't you well, Netta, darling?"

"Yes, thank you, Ally; perfectly well."

She scarcely looked it as she stood there, listening to the child's outspoken nonsense, and turning whiter and whiter as she listened. She had heard of John Wardlaw's engagement to Rowena Bellew before this, although, as her information had been acquired through Alice, she knew little further than that he was engaged. And of how the news had affected her, no one was aware; for, strange to say, the fact of the engagement had never been discussed between herself and her father. Mr. Stuart had after a while told the circumstances of his journey to London to his wife, begging her at the same time to keep it from Henrietta's ears. Afterwards, he had become aware from the mention of it in her ordinary conversation, that his daughter had heard the fact from some of the Wardlaws, but further than this, nothing had transpired between them.

Henrietta had lost much of her bloom of late, but that was attributed by her to the summer weather, or anything rather than to secret anxiety—English girls generally inherit a good portion of the national reserve, and are not used to make their illegitimate griefs patent for the discussion of the world. And whilst there is a large amount of pride mixed up in this British characteristic, it is a pride to be proud of, and long may it flourish. It is doubtful which is to be admired most, or ranked highest in the annals of heroism: the courage which enables us to bear without a sign of shrinking, whilst every nerve, mental or physical, is exposed and quivering, either great pain, or great bad news. And yet it is what Britons do every day, and what has become from constant doing a second nature to them.

Henrietta Stuart, although scarcely cognisant of her own feelings, had received what was to her bad news, and had made no sign. She had drooped under it, and had never even questioned herself as to why she drooped. She had been conscious of feeling very low-spirited at times, and very indifferent to schemes of pleasure, but she had never sat down deliberately and told herself that her depression was owing to the fact that she loved John Wardlaw. But as she now stood listening to Ally's description of his pride in Miss Bellew's beauty, and remembered that he and the woman in whom he was so wrapt up, were to be there to-morrow; there, in that very place; liable to meet her at any moment; to speak to her; to expect to be congratulated by her; she felt that she could not bear it, that she must run away somewhere and hide herself where there was no possibility of coming face to face with him again. But Ally's pertinacity as to her not looking well, and her entreaties that she would come in and rest, instead of going on with her walk, roused her to a sense of the propriety of saying something in return.

"No, I thank you, Ally; I can't come in—I shall have to go home now. I have been longer coming here than I thought I was. I suppose I must have walked very slowly. Good-bye, dear; give my love to Mrs. Wardlaw; and if there is anything you want from Castlemaine, mind you send for it;" and then she turned and went down the village street again far faster than she had traversed it before, regardless of the information Ally screamed after her from the open window, that the party were expected to arrive by the five o'clock train from London to-morrow, and a request that Henrietta would walk up in the evening and see the far-famed beauty for herself.

"Because I don't suppose Jack reckons you amongst the villagers," said Ally, as a parting comment, but her words remained unheeded and unanswered.

"I'm sure Netta is not well, mamma," she remarked to Mrs. Wardlaw, when she saw her again. "She walks too much in the sun. She was as white as a ghost this afternoon." And Mrs. Wardlaw, puffing more than usual, to intimate the amount of trouble she had been taking, said, as she sank into a chair, that "the weather was enough to upset anyone, and that she really did'nt think that she could muster up strength to attend the prayer-meeting to be held in the schoolroom that evening." And it was a curious fact that weather, or health, or unavoidable business invariably did come between Mrs. Wardlaw and the prayer-meetings held by the Reverend Samuel Jellicoe, the dissenting minister of Sutton Valence.

I once heard it said sarcastically of a man, who, professing to be a devout Chrtstian, was yet never known to attend church or to read the Bible like ordinary sinners, that he had "got *beyond all that.*" In like manner, Mrs. Wardlaw was too apt to consider that she had attained to such an eminence of grace that the common ordinances of religion had become unnecessary for her salvation. Talking and weeping were unattended with much exertion, and therefore she talked and wept a great deal and did very little. "She was beyond all that." But she would certainly have been more indignant than became a Christian if she had been taxed with the fact; and as far as condemning every one who did not do it went, she did her duty perfectly.

But while Mrs. Wardlaw puffed in her arm-chair, Henrietta Stuart was hurrying homewards. Walking fast, trembling much, but with brave, dry eyes, and only a dull leaden weight at her heart to tell her that she had received a wound that might not easily be cured. At every step she took, her mind appeared to become clearer on the subject. She had been blind hitherto, but she saw it now; and the anticipated return of John Wardlaw to Sutton Valence had told her, what years of intimate association, what even his departure had failed to do—that she loved him. Not as a playmate, or a brother, or a friend, but as women ought to love the men they marry, as she in her innocence thought they always loved them. And the knowledge of it afflicted her first with a burning shame, which sent the blood from her heart, until she fancied everyone she met must read the humiliating truth in her face; and next with an arrant fear, born of modesty, lest her unlawful love should be discovered, which drove it all back again, and left the poor child white and trembling with her dread. Filled wlth confusion and painful thought, Henrietta Stewart reached the gates of Castlemaine at last, and hurriedly attempted to gain the privacy of her own room. Two or three favourite dogs came bounding from the lawn to meet her, and gambolled round and round her as she walked; bnt she never noticed them by name or caress, and after a while they stood still, awed from taking further liberties by the unusual manner of their young mistress, and looking at one another in mute inquiry for the reason of such a change. Her father was in his little study, with the glass doors thrown open to the garden, and seeing her as she passed, he called her by her nickname "Pussy," more than once, but as she hurried by him also, he concluded that she had not heard his voice.

Nothing was powerful enough to stay her footsteps, or arrest her attention, until she found herself in her own bedroom. Then she locked the door, threw her hat and cloak upon the bed, and clasping both hands tightly above her heated forehead, as if to shut out memory, leant upon the dressing-table, a very picture of youthful despair. She knew what ailed her now; what had ailed her all along, but she knew it was irremediable, and her whole object was how to prevent other people from knowing it also,

"If he were to guess it! If anyone was to dream of it!" she thought wildly to herself, "oh! what should I do, what should I do? And I shall have to meet them, to speak to them; to look him in the face and answer his questions, and never let him see that his engagement, or his marriage, are anything to me. But he *will* see it, he *must* guess it! O God! what shall I do?" And the poor girl abandoned herself to a flood of miserable conjectures and shivering fears.

She did not weep; only once, as a thought of the woman who had usurped the place she would have been so glad to fill, struck her, and she recalled the looks and features of John Wardlaw, and pictured them beaming with love upon her rival, a mighty sob of jealousy rose up in her throat, and the tender hands which shaded her eyes clenched themselves together. But only for a moment; the next, with a spirit of a true woman, she was blaming herself and making mental excuses for the conduct of her old playmate.

"I am the usurper, or would be," she thought, mournfully. "I have no right to feel annoyed or jealous. He never spoke to me but as a friend. He never loved me. She has had it all. She only has a claim upon him. I have no right. I have no claim. I have, I have—*nothing!*" she exclaimed aloud; and with the sound of her own broken voice the tears rushed into her eyes, and in a few moments she sobbed violently. Then she remembered that she must shortly appear before her parents again, and she dried her eyes, and permitted herself only the indulgence of thought. It was a long counsel that she took with herself before her maid appeared to dress her for dinner; it lasted an hour or more. During that time many a change of expression flitted over her countenance, all of them sad, but mostly determined; and when she rose at last to attend to her arrangements for dinner, there was a look of fixed purpose on her face, which seemed strangely at variance with its youthful features. But she had been considering, with all her mind, how best to hide from the curiosity of the world those feelings which she dared not show; and she had settled what plan of action to pursue. It was a bitter alternative, but she felt as if she had no other.

She would engage herself to marry her cousin, Martin Stuart. If she were engaged to be married herself, no one would dare to say that she was fretting for the loss of a man who had never told her that he loved her. He himself, in that case, when they met, if they met (ah! could she ever meet him again?), could not reasonably attribute any little emotion on her part to nervousness at the sight of himself, and since *he* did not care—would never care for her (so eighteen years old reasoned), what signified it to whom she became engaged, or thought of marrying?

Added to which, she knew that the proposed arrangement would be the means of giving keen pleasure to three people whom she loved. Her parents wished for the match, of that she was assured; and whom else had she to live for, or to please, but her father and mother? and Martin would be made happy by her acceptance of him, she was sure. And even in the prospect of becoming a martyr, it was satisfactory to know that she was about to confer her favours where they would be properly appreciated.

There was a great deal to support her in her resolution in that thought. John Wardlaw had never looked for her love, had never even tried to win it. Martin Stuart had asked it more than once; had been miserable at the refusal of his offer; had entreated her to try and think of him with something more than friendship. All her pride enlisted itself on one side, all her pity on the other; and Henrietta Stuart's heart wavered no longer. By the time she joined her parents at the dinner-table her mind was made up.

The absence of her cousin Martin (Mr. Martin Stuart had been out since the morning, the servant said, and had not left word when he might be expected home again), and her own tell-tale eyes, were both circumstances of suspicion to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, which they refrained from noticing, however, during the family meal; but Henrietta having decided on her course of action, had become careless whether her parents observed the traces of her recent emotion or not. On leaving the dining-room, her mother made some remark upon the subject, which the girl skilfully evaded, and prevented the recurrence of, by slipping out into the garden, whilst Mrs. Stuart, always a very easy-going woman, soon sunk into her after-dinner nap. The simple white dress with its knots of green ribbons went flitting about the shrubberies and pleasure-grounds until Henrietta thought that her mother had left off thinking about her, and then she peeped into the half-opened French windows which led to the dining-room, and nodded to her father, who was half asleep over his fruit and wine.

"May I come in, papa?" she said, softly.

"Of course, my darling," replied the rector, rousing himself. "I have been thinking of you, Pussy, ever since you left me."

"Have you?" she said, as she settled herself on a footstool at his feet. "And what have you been thinking, father?"

"That you have been fretting lately, Pussy, about something or other, and that fretting gave you a couple of red eyes this evening."

It was well for her secret that Mr. Stuart could not see his daughter's face—for the expression called into into it by his haphazard words was one of the greatest pain. But she conquered her desire to weep, and said, seriously, and almost cheerfully—

"Well! I *have* been fretting, father, but I don't intend to fret any more. I have been undecided about something lately, but I think I have made up my mind now. Do you remember what you said to me about Martin, papa, last May?"

"About your marrying him, my child? Yes, I remember it perfectly."

"Well, papa, he asked me again last night, and I—"

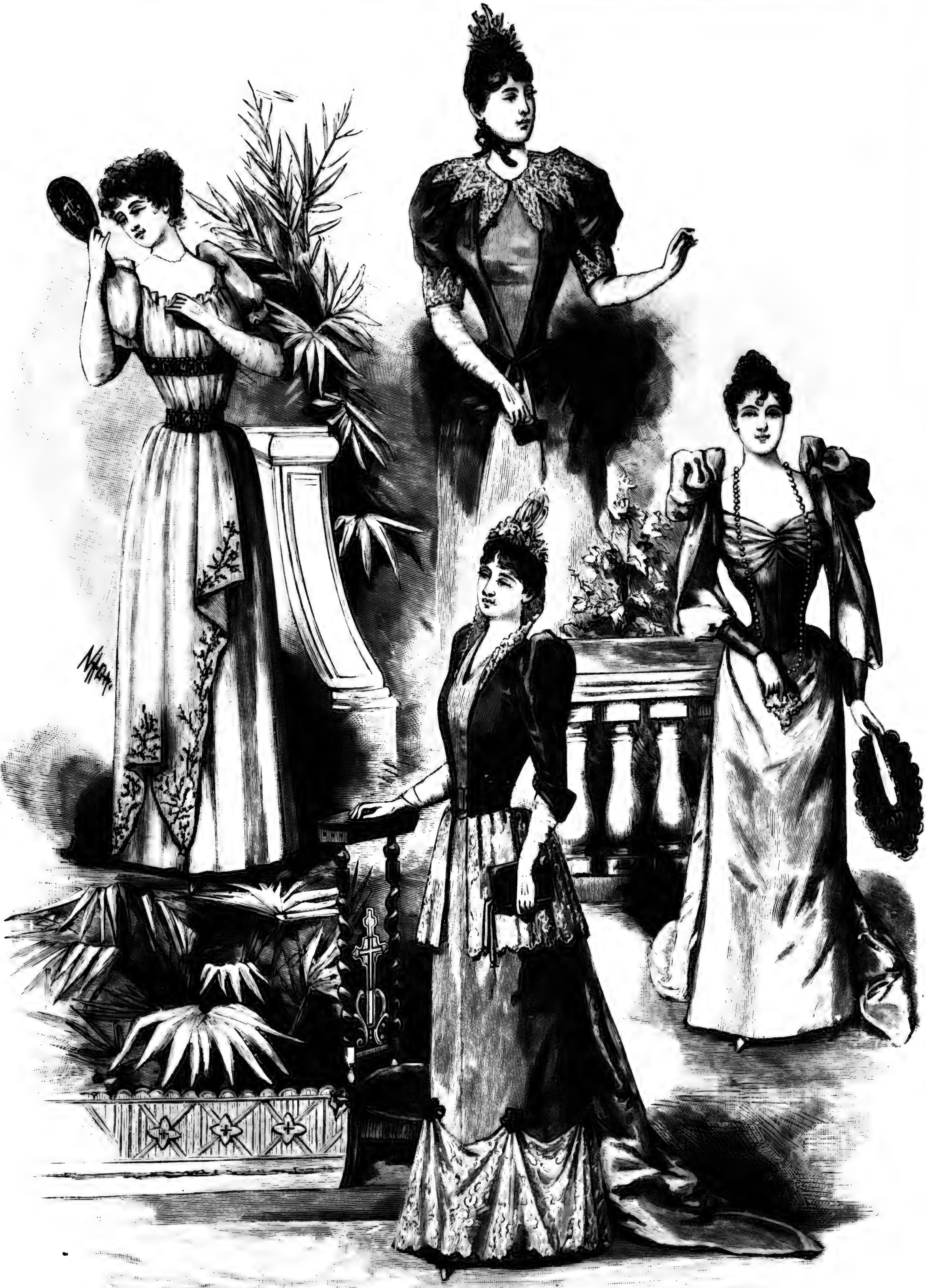
"I won't have you worried in this manner," exclaimed the rector, angrily. "What on earth does the boy mean by it? I forebore to speak to him before on the subject, for fear of hurting his feelings, but I—"

"Stop, dear papa," said Henrietta, quietly;" it is all right now. I came to tell you to-night, that if you still wish it I am ready to marry him. That is to say," she added, correcting herself, "I am willing to become engaged to Martin, for I should not like to marry at all just yet."

The rector laid down a glass of wine that he was just carrying to his lips, untasted, and stared at his daughter in surprise.

"Pussy, my darling, do you know what you are talking about? You say that you wish to engage yourself to marry your cousin Martin?"

(To be continued.)



DINNER AND RECEPTION DRESSES.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Current * Fashions * for * Children.

THERE are many pretty, but no particularly novel, styles for little girls' dresses up to twelve or thirteen years of age; after that time their costumes are often mere copies of the styles worn by their elders, plain skirts, with equally plain bodices finished off with deep added basques; crenelated skirts with bodices of which the basque is crenelated to correspond, both being cut at the edge in long, straight tabs; flounces, Greek draperies, plain and draped bretelles, and simplified forms of all the styles in vogue.

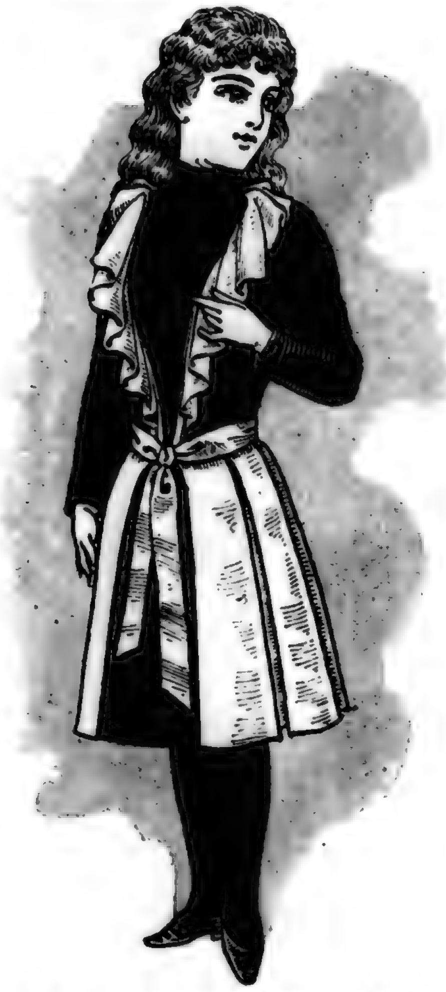


Fig. 1. Frock for Girl of Six

Summer dresses, made of thin light woollens, or of zephyr and other washing materials, are simply made, without the help of expensive trimmings or elaborate details of any kind. Blouse bodices fastened down one side, and with the front arranged in Greek draperies falling in folds to the waist, are pretty and new for washing dresses; a band is worn round the waist and the fastening is continued to the edge of the plain skirt and marked by a little embroidery or a row of buttons and button holes. Draped bodices crossed over a plastron of embroidery are adopted with woollen and washing materials, and many dresses of fine woollen materials have the skirt trimmed with rows of ribbon or galon, and the bodice ornamented with a flounce falling over the shoulder and ending in a point at the waist, like a revers.

This pretty style is illustrated at fig. 1, which shows a frock with the front of the skirt, the plain bodice and sleeves of velvet, velveteen, or bengaline, and the pleated skirt and frilled revers of fine woollen in a much lighter colour. If preferred, the two materials may be in the same colour, or in two shades of one colour. The ribbon sash matches the woollen material.

Fig. 2 is a pleated princess dress, the four pleats in front being ornamented with a little silk embroidery; at the edge the pleats spread out, at the top they are cut in corselet shape, and covered by a band of embroidered cashmere or fancy galon. The full chemisette and sleeves are of pongee silk, in white or a light contrasting colour, the cuffs of cashmere.

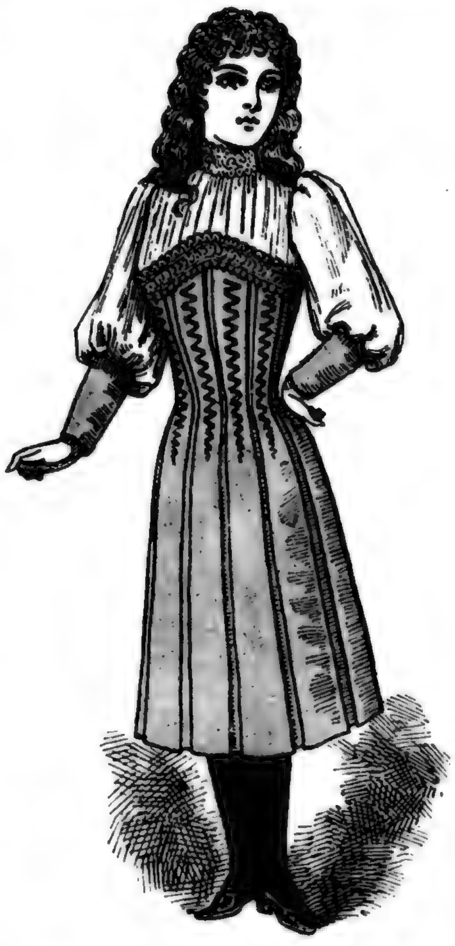
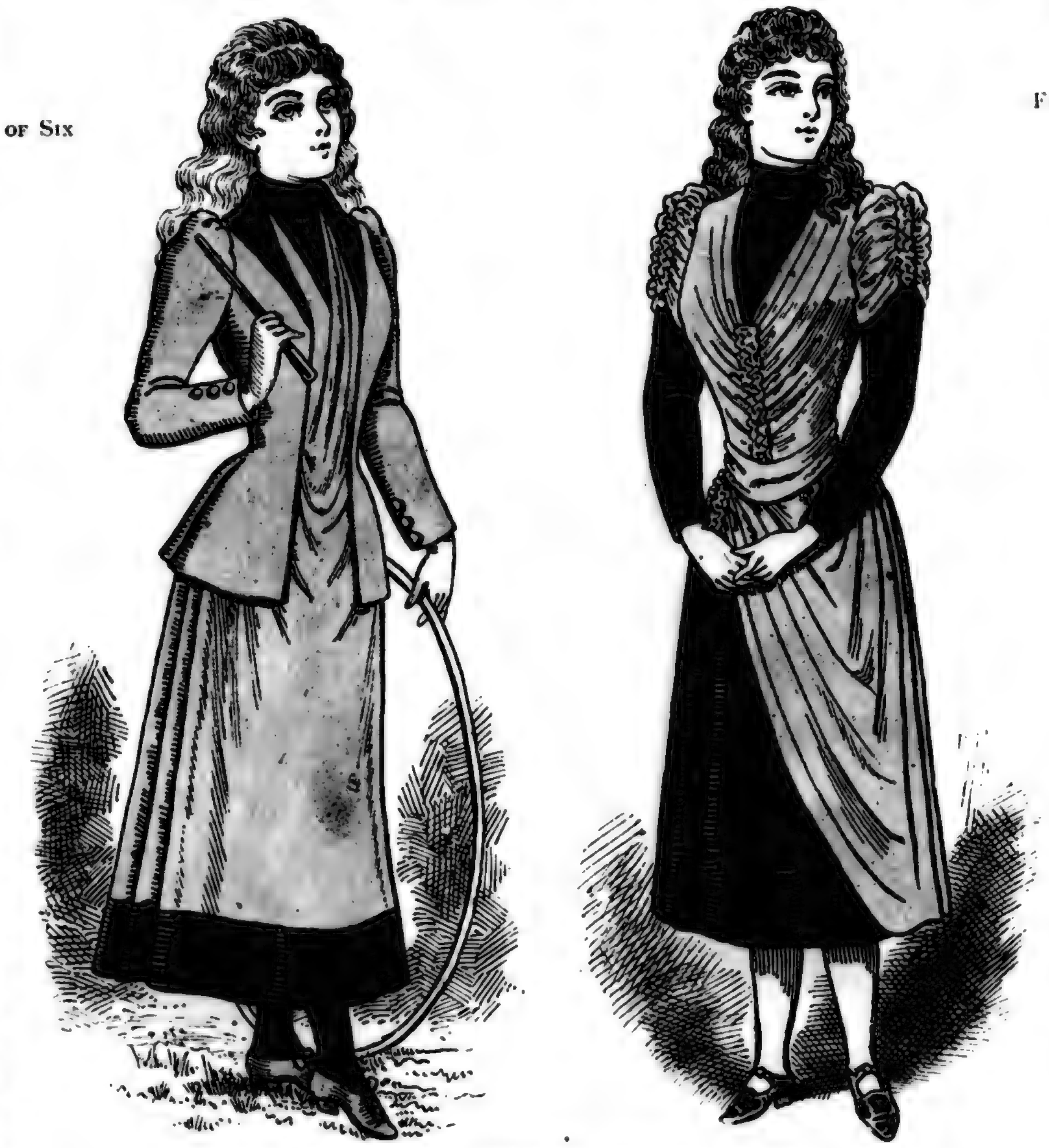


Fig. 2. Cashmere Dress.

Two costumes for girls of thirteen or fourteen are shown at figs. 3 and 4; fig. 3 is a costume of tweed, diagonal, or serge; the front of the skirt and draped plastron are cut in one, the plastron opening over a V and collar of velvet, the skirt being bordered with the same material; the open jacket is finished off with a velvet revers collar. Fig. 4 is an indoor dress of fine woollen over velvet or silk, the draped bodice is gauged from the chest to the waist in front, the tunic is draped with gauging on the right side, and the short over-sleeves are gauged to correspond.



Figs. 3 and 4. Costumes for Girls of Thirteen.

A good model for a young girl's washing dress is given at fig. 7; the front of the skirt is bordered with narrow gathered flounces; the bodice is finished off with a deep full basque, and the rounded yoke collar and cuffs are of embroidery.

Fig. 5 is a dress of réséda cashmere with silk embroidery to match on the skirt, basque, bodice, bretelles, collar, and sleeves. The pleated chemisette and the sleeves are made of silk to match.

Fig. 6 is a very pretty dress in cornflower blue poplin and embroidery, with bows and straps of black ribbon velvet. The embroidery forms a plastron all down the front, the dress is draped and gauged on the right side, covering the heading of the embroidery, but in plain folds on the left. The velvet band ends on each side of the front under a rosette. The sleeves are in pleats down the outside of the arm, and the skirt is also pleated.

Another very simple dress for a child of six or seven is that shown at fig. 8; the skirt is plain and full; the bodice is pleated in three pleats, back and front; these pleats are framed by folded bretelles of velvet, which are pleated up in the centre forming a double ruche over the shoulder, rather larger than in the illustration. The bretelles are continued down the back. The little washing dress, fig. 9, is quite plain; the low bodice is edged with a little embroidery; the chemisette may be made of puffed cambric, of embroidery, or of one of the pretty white fancy materials of which there are so many varieties this season.

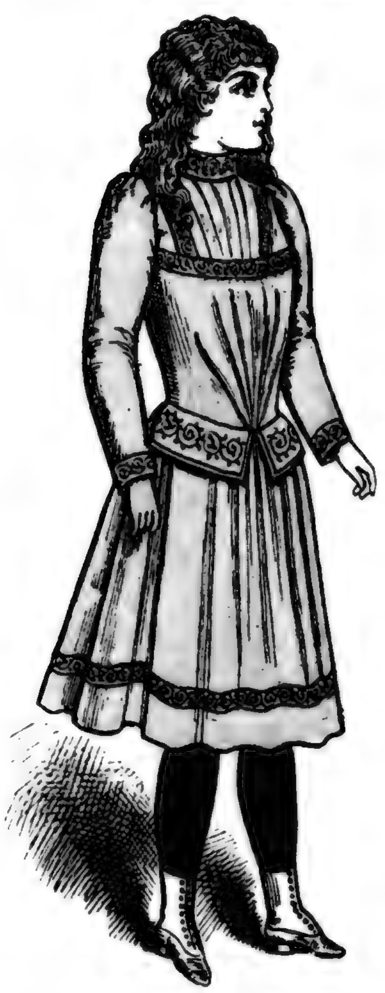


Fig. 5. Dress for Girl of Seven.

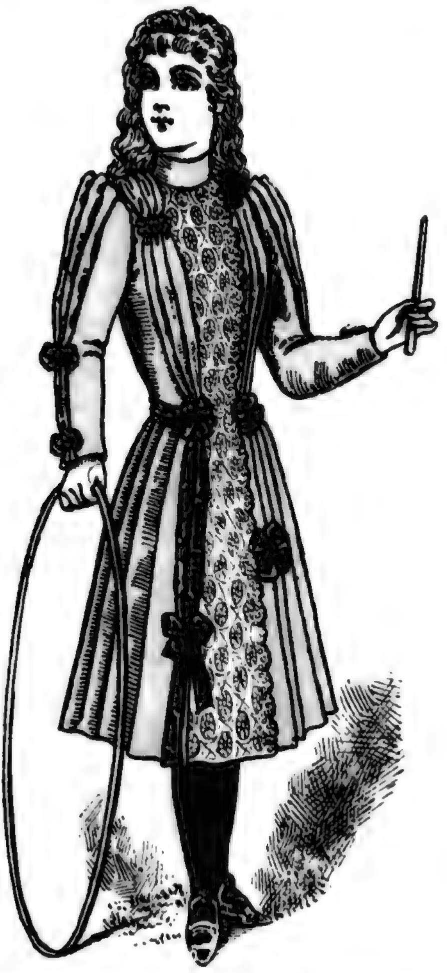


Fig. 6. Dress in Poplin and Embroidery.

A rather dressy outdoor costume for a girl of thirteen is of fine electric blue cloth and sicilienne to match, studded with black velvet spots. The cloth skirt is mounted in fine pleats, except at the sides, where there is a plain panel, and the front opens over a straight tablier of the spotted sicilienne. The cloth bodice is arranged in close folds on each side of the sicilienne plastron; the sleeves are of the sicilienne, but with deep pleated epaulets of cloth falling over the arms to the elbow like a full cape, but joined to the dress only over the shoulder. The hat to be worn with this is of white straw, with a lace edge to the brim, and is trimmed with bows of very wide electric blue satin ribbon.

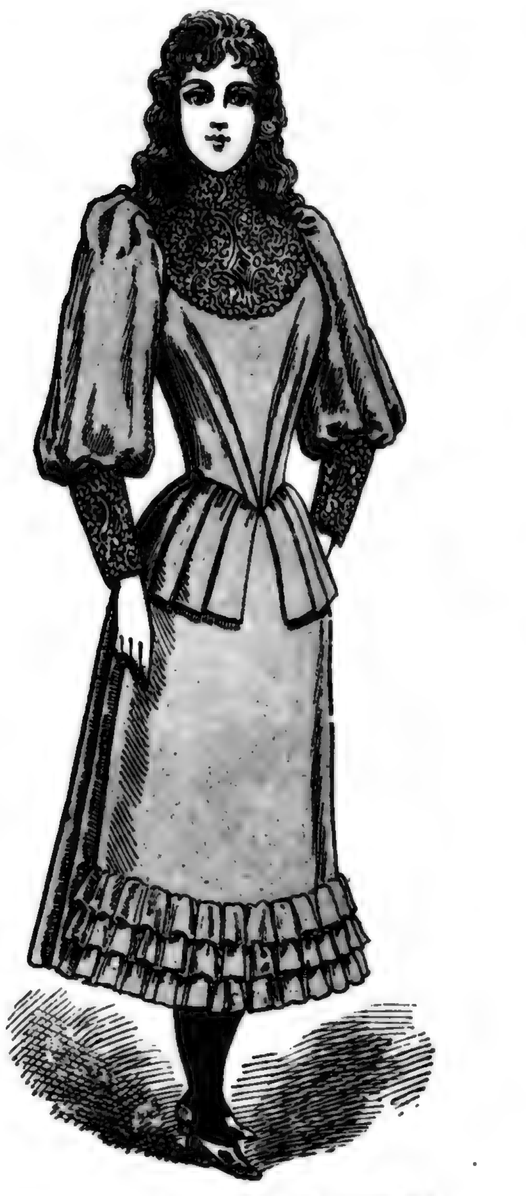


Fig. 7. Zephyr Dress for Young Girls.

Another pretty dress is made of shot or coloured silk and white voile. The underskirt is in the silk, and is bordered with a narrow pleating, and trimmed up the left side with a series of bouillonnés of the silk, put on a few inches apart and reaching to the hips. The white over-skirt is quite plain, but open on the left side to within 8 inches of the waist; the front part is caught up with a few small pleats at the top of the opening under a rosette of black velvet, long velvet straps from this are caught down under another rosette at the edge of the skirt and keep the plain folds of the back part of the over-skirt in place. The bodice, of the white voile, is made with Greek draperies in front, and double bands of velvet, one round the waist the other starting close under the arm, meeting at the waist in front, with long ends falling from the right side.

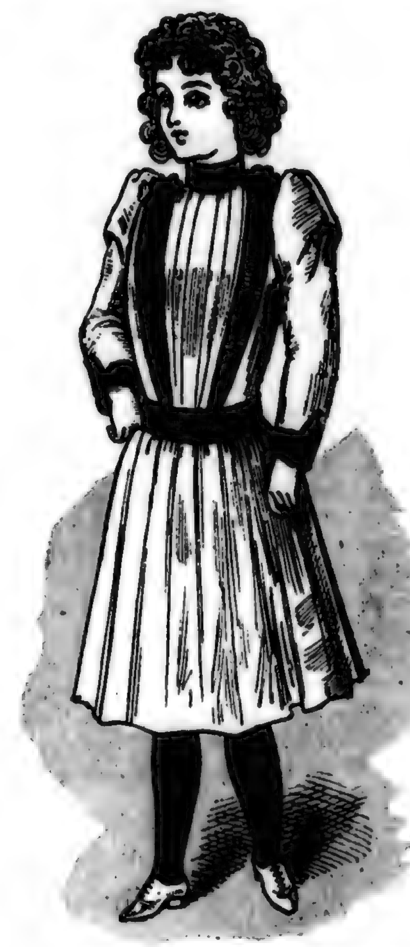


Fig. 8. Frock for Girl of Six.

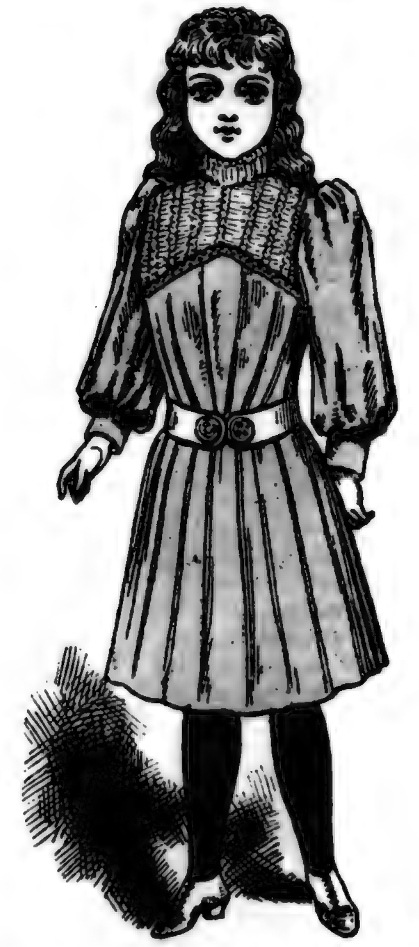


Fig. 9. Little Girl's Washing Dress.

Myra's ✻ Hints ✻ to ✻ Correspondents.

THE authorities who give twenty years as the time that must elapse before a fashion can be revived, are more than ever convinced of the correctness of their theory, because one of the modes that is now coming into vogue was all the rage just twenty years ago.

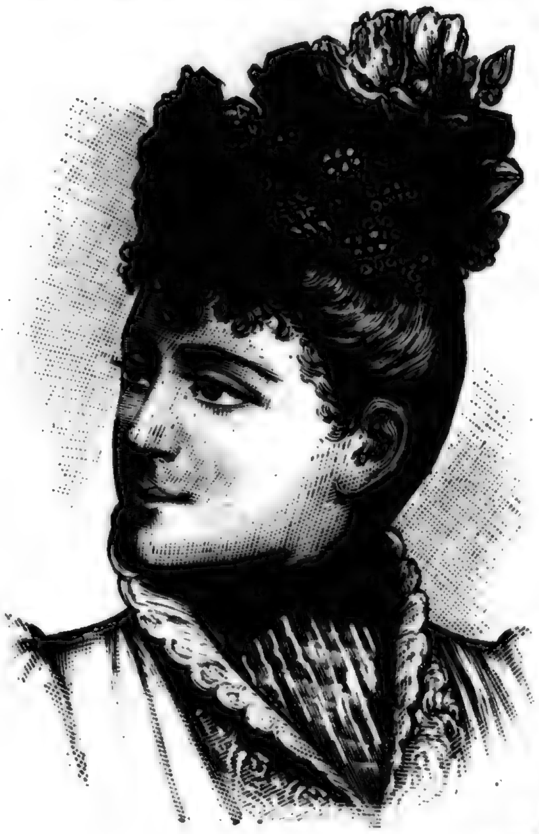
The mode is that of Princess dresses cut on the cross, and moulding the figure like a glove, certainly not a fashion that can be adopted by all. Princess dresses of all kinds, will, however, be very much worn, and those who would hesitate to venture on the clinging cross-cut dress, will find many other less trying styles, especially amongst the dresses which are in Princess shape only at the back, and have the front made with the skirt and corsage separate.

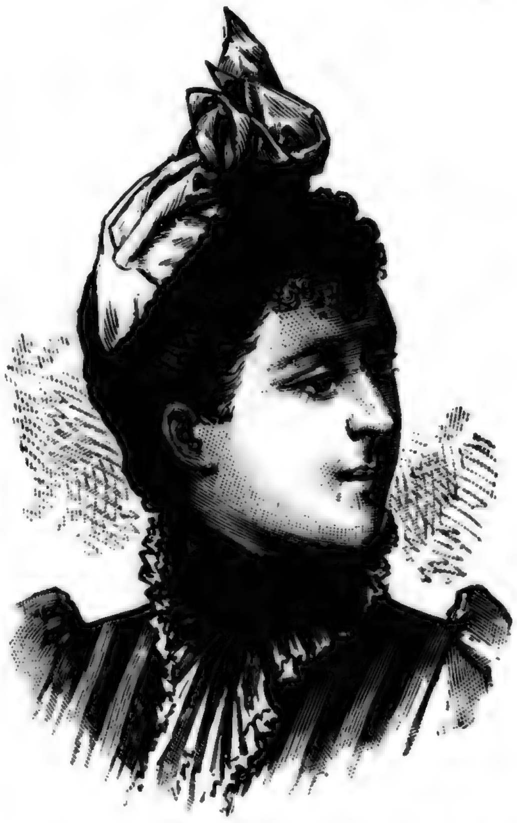
Another fashion that is growing, and that is very much the result of the long skirts that have been lately worn, is that of draping the dress, over-skirt, or tunic over an under-skirt of another material. The draperies are very slight, but they are enough to raise the skirt a little, to show the under-skirt on which the trimmings are lavished. These trimmings consist largely of flounces of all widths, and mounted in all kinds of ways. For light summer dresses, lace, gauze, silk, or the dress material will be used for the flounces. Lace flounces are generally put on in the valance draperies now so well known, the pleats being held up by a bow of ribbon or velvet or a passementerie ornament. With these flounces, lace trimmings are also used for the bodice, such as a lace basque, lace collarette ending in a jabot, and crossing the bodice to one side.

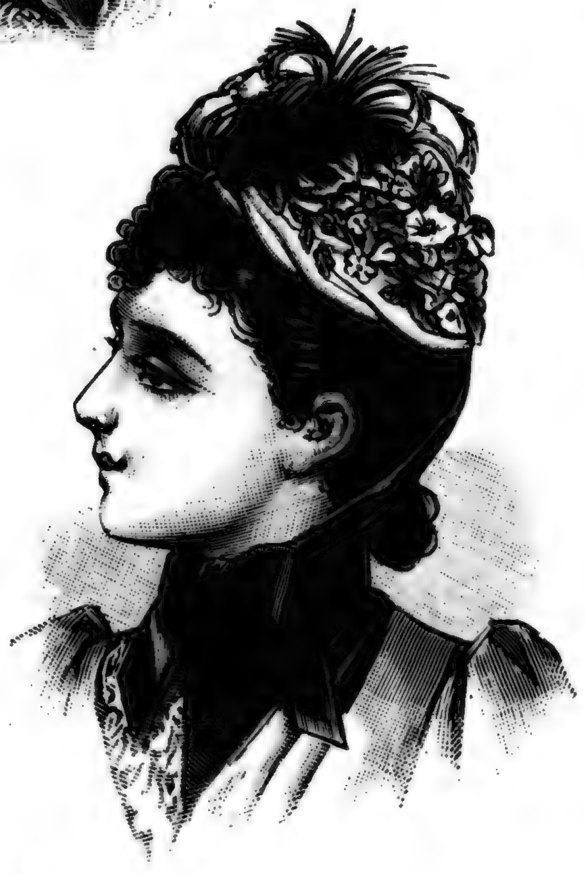
Flounces with gathered headings, or sewn on under a band of galon or embroidery, are also very popular, and light materials are often made up in pleated flounces, but not pressed, which would flatten them too much. Sometimes these pleated flounces are gathered at the top, and the basque, collar, and cuffs, are pleated and gathered in the same way. This, of course, is only possible for very light fabrics, such as chiffon or mousseline de soie.

For heavier fabrics, embroidery takes the place of flounces, the designs varying with the manner in which the skirt is made; if open at the side, there is a narrow band of embroidery down the side of the opening, spreading out into a large design on the tablier, if open in the centre the embroidery is on the redingote panels on either side of the tablier, but if the skirt is draped in the fashionable manner already referred to, the embroidery forms a band round the edge, finished off with rounded or pointed scallops. Only one side is draped, and the folds are held up by a rosette or passementerie motif, rather high on the hip; the over-skirt falls in easy folds, showing a portion of the under-skirt.

Bows and rosettes of ribbon will be largely employed for holding up the draperies of skirts and bodices, for ornamenting sleeves at the shoulder and wrist, and for fastening waist and collar bands. An aumonière generally accompanies skirts draped on one side, and is suspended from the waist by ribbon, bands of embroidered galon, or metal chains studded with jewels, depending on the trimming of the dress, for passementerie and embroidery are quite as much in vogue for dress trimmings as ribbons, and are used in the form of corselets, epaulets, bands, yokes, parements, revers and collars.







Fashionable Bonnets.

Fig. 1. White cloth capote, bordered with pheasants' feathers. Bow of pale green ribbon and rosette of red velvet in front.

Fig. 2. Black lace capote, two rows of jet galon forming the brim. Lace bow with jet pins in front; large velvet roses at the back.

Fig. 3. Capote of cream velvet, with fancy bird and velvet bow in front, and mixed flowers at the side.

Some new styles of bodices are worth recording, as they are specially adapted for the new materials and summer modes. For a thin material, a pretty style is a low cut seamless bodice, draped across the chest over an under-bodice of figured material. Velvet shoulder straps start on each side from the pleats forming this drapery; the under-sleeves are of the figured material with a little velvet cuff, the upper part is covered by a puff of the plain material; the collar is of velvet, and this as well as the shoulder straps and cuffs are fastened with buttons.

For a thicker material the following may be adopted; a flat plain waistcoat of white cloth fastened with small gold buttons and open at the neck over a small plastron of dark material, is cut like a Spanish jacket, but sloping off to a point at the waist, and embroidered on the edges with gold; the waistcoat ends under a wide folded sash of white cloth embroidered with gold, with no visible fastening. Puffed sleeves of dark material above the elbow, and below it tight fitting white cloth sleeves fastened with gold buttons.

Here is another style for foulard or mousseline de soie; one side is draped in bias folds across the bust, showing a plain bodice on the other side; the folds wrapping round the figure end below the chest on the opposite side, and are fastened with a series of butterfly bows. The upper part of the sleeve is a full puff drawn in by a band, and falling in a frill over the tight lower part. With a light foulard skirt trimmed with black lace an open jacket of black lace may be worn; the jacket is made with basques and fastens with a few gathers on the chest.

New varieties of the extremely fine and soft woollens that are to be worn this season are daily making their appearance. In texture, many of these woollens have all the suppleness of silk, and very light colours predominate, even amongst the neutral tints that often form the background. In patterns, stripes carry the day, and they are arranged in an infinite variety of ways. Some stripes consist of groups of fine straight lines in a number of colours on a white, cream, ivory, pale blue, pale green, or lilac ground; these rainbow hued fabrics are very pretty for young ladies' dresses, and the colours are so soft and delicate that there is nothing in them to offend a refined taste. Zigzag and waved stripes in a dark shade of grey on a light grey ground are also novel; wide hairy stripes made up of a number of fine stripes in different colours and producing a very pleasing shaded effect, and vermicelli patterns in all shades, are amongst the latest novelties in fine woollen dress fabrics. "Pistole" is the characteristic name given to a material figured with large coin-like spots brocaded in relief and scattered over a plain ground. Many colours are introduced into these brocaded spots, green, red, blue, brown, violet, and others, all mingled together in complete harmony.

As trimmings for these materials, besides the ribbons and passementerie ornaments already mentioned, white and écru embroideries are much employed, especially for added basques of moderate depth only, and for pockets, pointed bands, yokes, collars, bretelles, and sleeve ornaments.

Passementeries, feathers, bead embroideries, deep bead fringes, lace and bows, are the trimmings adopted chiefly for silk dresses and mantles of all descriptions. Light coloured silk linings are a great feature in the new jackets and mantles, but plaid surah in light colours is also used for the same purpose. Deep bead fringes and drop fringes in passementerie and jet are in great favour for trimming small summer vêtements, such as visites, fichus, and pèlerines, many of which are a mass of bead ornamentation and fringe.

The three-quarter length cape is already being copied in cheap materials, but made of good material and handsomely trimmed it will retain its elegance for some time to come. Capes are also made of the dress material, and a plain but stylishly made pèlerine matching a tweed dress forms a ladylike and useful costume; everything, however, depends on the style of the material and the cut and make of the cape

Myra's * Answers * to * Correspondents.

GENERAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.*

2. *Letters requiring answers in next month's* JOURNAL *should reach* MYRA *by the 4th of the month. Letters received after this date can only be answered in the following Number.*

3. *Letters will be answered in the* JOURNAL *in the order in which they arrive.*

4. *In cases where immediate advice is necessary upon any particular Toilette or Dress, on Furniture and Furnishing, on Needlework, Household Management, Etiquette, Employments for Women, upon Health and Personal Attention, or other subjects,* MYRA *will reply to enquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending inquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring such answers by post, 12 postage stamps should be enclosed.*

All letters to be addressed to MYRA, *204, Regent Street, London, W.*

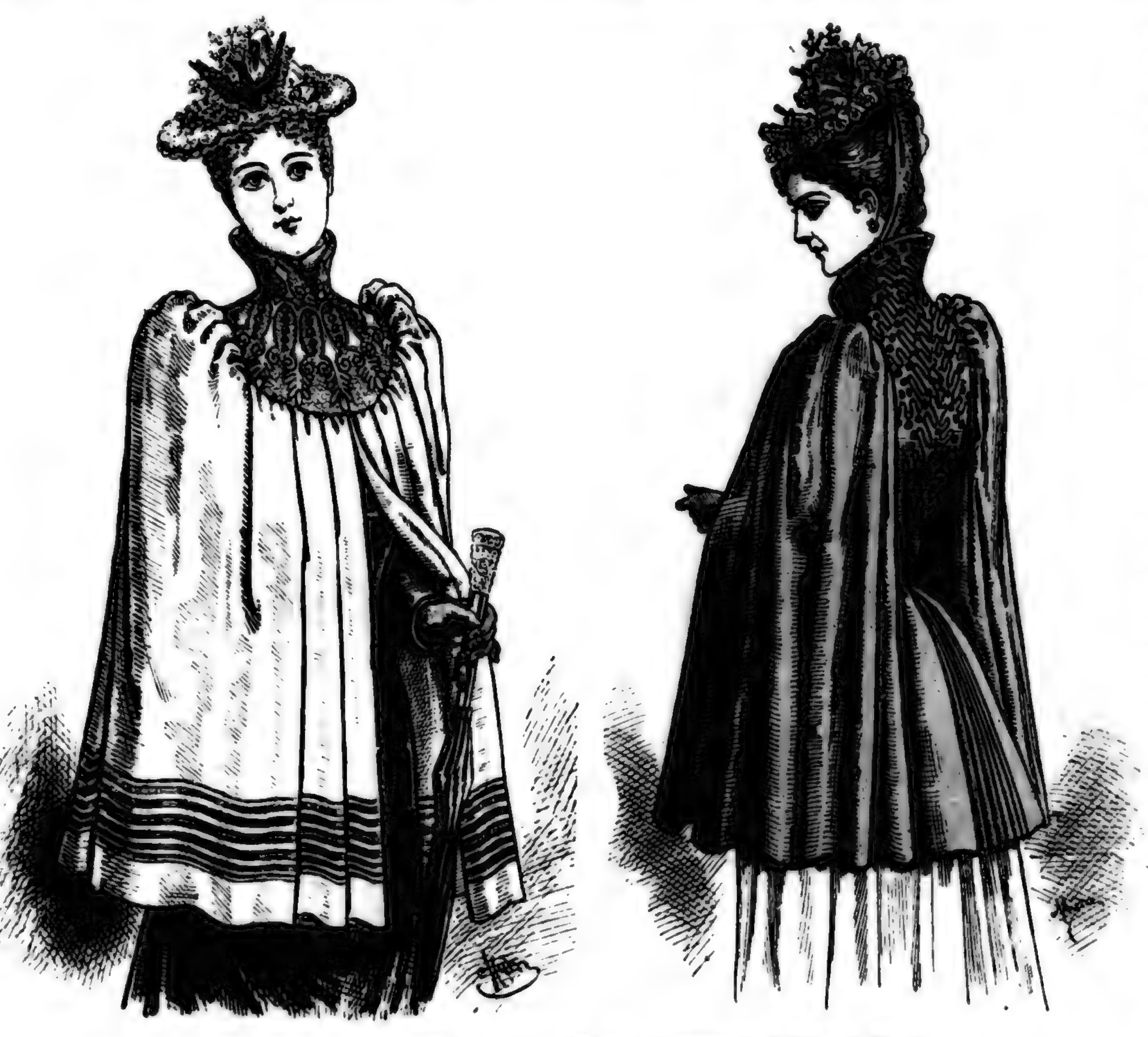
MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

SPECIAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters regarding the purchase, making-up, and alteration of dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.*

2. *Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned to the owners, but should always be accompanied by a stamped envelope.*

ZENOBIA.—Plain black satin is not much worn, but you could make stylish ornaments for the dress of the black satin striped zebra fashion, with gold or steel braid. You could take fig. 2 of the illustration on page 40 as your model, making the tablier and waistcoat of satin striped with gold braid, as in the illustration; but a more fashionable style is to have a side panel of black satin, striped with gold braid about a quarter of an inch wide at inch wide intervals all the way up, a pointed plastron on the bodice, striped across in the same way, and the lower tight part of the sleeves of satin, with gold braid stripes round the arm. This style of trimming, in black and gold, is a little wasp-like, but it is novel and effective, and will look very well with your heliotrope material, or with black material.



FASHIONABLE CAPES: MODELS FROM MESSRS. GARROULD, EDGWARE ROAD.

Fig. 1. Cape of pale fawn cloth, bordered with woven stripes in a darker shade, and mounted on a deep round yoke and Medici collar, ornamented with passementerie; a fine braided pattern worked in cord round the lower part of yoke. Hat of fine straw lace, trimmed with flowers and a bird.

Fig. 2. Cape of fine black material, ornamented with gold braiding and jet cabochons. Pleats let in at the back, below the waist, and full sleeves. Lace hat, with narrow velvet brim, and trimming of lace, flowers, and daggers.

HEPHZIBAH.—Infants' cloaks are frequently made of other woollen materials than cashmere; many kinds of striped, broché, and figured soft white woollens are used for the purpose, and no doubt the material you have seen would be perfectly appropriate. If you use lace as a trimming it should be a fine, white guipure lace; a nice white pompon or ball fringe would, however, be more suitable.

BESS.—The black silk skirt and pleated flounce can easily be utilised and made up with fancy black grenadine, of which Mr. Egerton Burnett will send you some very pretty patterns. Use the skirt for the foundation, and edge the front and sides with the pleated flounce. Over this put a rather long but straight skirt of grenadine, and stripe the skirt down with the bands of jet trimming, putting three stripes on each side, but none in the centre. Where each stripe ends just above the pleating, catch up the grenadine with a few pleats, so that it falls in draped festoons between the stripes, and finish off each band of the trimming with a fringed ornament. Plain breadths at the back. Drape the bodice on each side of a jet plastron, and edge it with deep fringe forming a basque, or else make it like fig. 1 of the toilettes on page 40, making the under-bodice and sleeves of plain silk, and adding the fringed band in the illustration.

DEBUTANTE.—1. The dress should be white, not coloured, there are very few exceptions to this rule. 2. No; go to a good court dressmaker who understands how to make and mount court trains. The dress will cost you rather more, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is the right thing and well made. Home dressmaking does not answer for court dresses. 3. Not less than £20 for a very simple dress, from £30 to £40 if you have rich materials or elaborate trimmings. 4. Trains are very little trimmed this season, as you will see if you look at Our Artist's Sketches of Court Dresses; the majority are of rich material, but untrimmed.

CATHERINE.—It is not in the least necessary that added basques should be of the same material, or even in the same colour, as the dress bodice, but whatever you use for the basque should be repeated in some other part of the dress, otherwise it will have a patchy, made up appearance. Added basques are made of plain or broché silk, velvet, lace, passementerie, embroidery, etc. For your fawn cloth you could have brown velvet basques, with pocket flaps of the cloth, and a small plastron, collar, and cuffs of the velvet to match.

SCOTCH THISTLE.—We will endeavour to give some models for washing dresses in our next number, but morning dresses, consisting of plain skirts and plain blouse bodices, scarcely need illustrating; No. 7 of the Children's dresses, on page 27, will give you an idea for one of the dresses. In the meantime you can send to Mr. Noble for patterns of some of the fancy beiges mentioned in Spinnings in Town, and make yourself a pretty summer toilette of one of them; you will find suitable illustrations in this number and the last.

AMATEUR.—1. There is a good example of a gored skirt in the bridal toilette on page 12; the gores are not much sloped, if they were the skirt would stand out too much at the foot. This style of skirt looks best with paniers and long pointed bodice, as in the illustration. 2. We could cut you a tea gown with fronts similar to those of the evening dress, fig. 5, page 13, which seems to be the kind of thing you require. This would look extremely well with the open fronts from the neck, finished off with a Medici collar; the under part of the dress of crepe de Chine draped over the bust, and draped hanging sleeves of crêpe over the long under-sleeves.

DEBORAH.—There is already a feeling for a return to draped skirts; in some very pretty new dresses the over-skirt of woollen is draped at the back over a silk under-skirt, showing almost the whole length of this; the draperies are in coquillé folds, quite short at the top. A good many over-skirts are also draped at the side in similar coquillé folds; the selvedge forms the edge of the folds, and neither hem nor trimming is needed. Draped tunics are also caught up with a gauging on one side, like the child's dress No. 4, but not quite so close to the waist, so that the under-skirt shows above the gauging which is finished off with a heading.

MISCELLANEA.

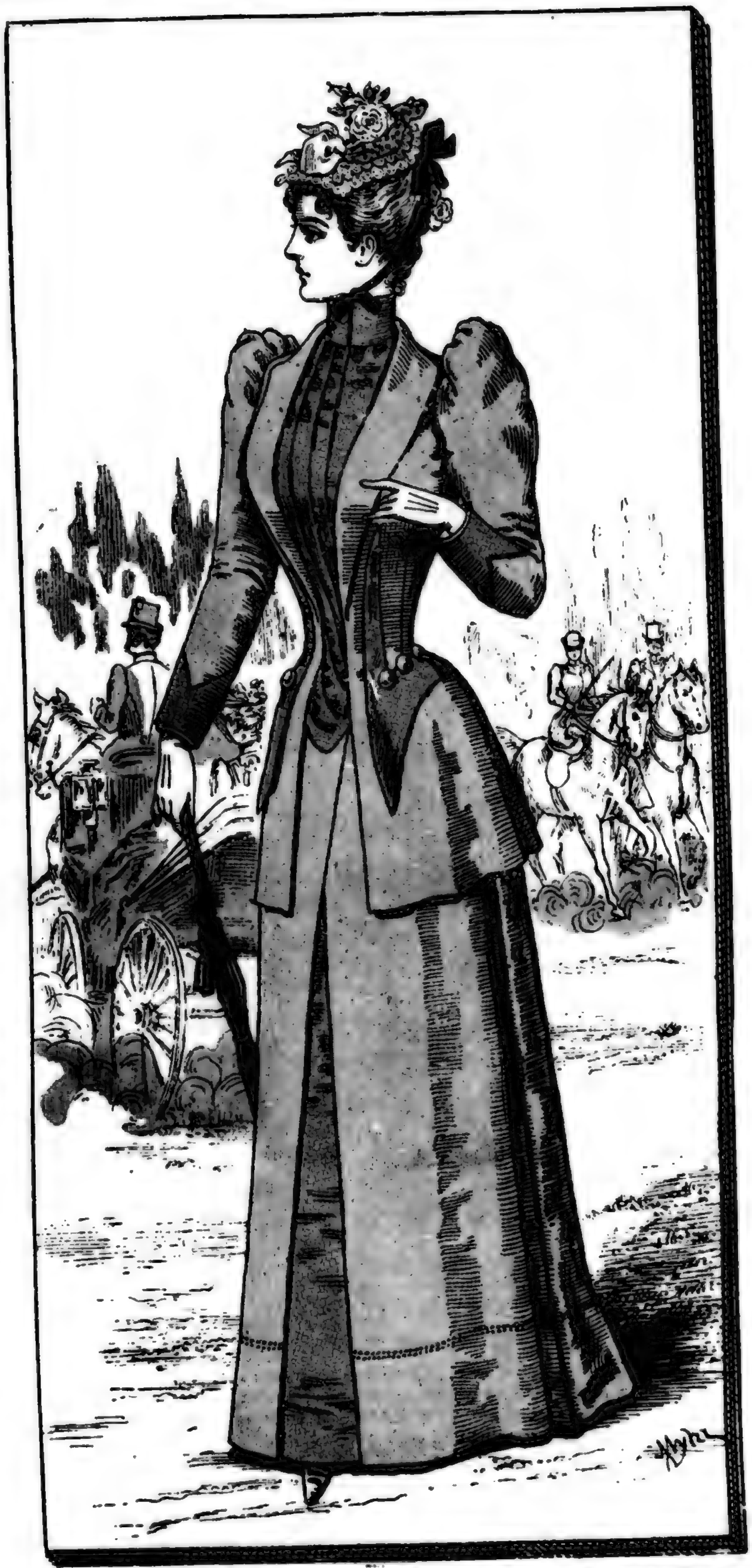
MRS. B. (Hastings).—The needles for your gauging machine can be procured from the Bishop's Cluster Co., of 47, Aldersgate Street, E.C., at the rate of 1s. per doz. The firm supplies all kinds of attachments for sewing and other machines.

LITERATURE.—1. About the best guides to Devon are Stanford's Tourists' Guides, published at 2s. each, and written by R. N. Worth, F.G.S. There is one on North Devon and another on South Devon, with maps, or you can have the two volumes bound together for 3s. 6d. Murray's Handbook on Devon is very good, but more expensive, 7s. 6d.; but Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, publishes at 2s., or 2s. 3d., post free, a useful little book, called, Seaside Watering Places, giving the names and short descriptions of sea-side resorts on the coasts of England and Wales. 2. The best and cheapest book we know of is the "Religious Houses of the United Kingdom," compiled from official sources by the Rev. Fr. Hawes, containing a short history of every Order and House. This is published at 2s. 6d., by Burns and Oates. There is a Religious Census of London, published by Hodder and Stoughton, at 3s. 6d., but this is less likely to contain the particular information you want. Any bookseller will procure the books for you, or you can send direct to the publishers.

No Name (Southend).—1. The young lady must study drawing, especially figure drawing, for a time. If she can come to town we should recommend her to apply to the Sec. of the Artists' Guild, 1, Berkeley Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington, who will tell her where she can have instruction in designing, figure drawing, and the different methods of drawing in black and white, for illustration, now practised. 2. Of course, the length of time that must elapse before she can earn anything will depend chiefly on her capacity and industry, but if she is clever and hard-working, she might find remunerative employment after a few months' training. This would not, however, probably be as a designer of costumes, for which there is not very much demand, but to copy, for illustration in fashion papers or catalogues, the models of dresses, etc., shown in different houses. A great deal of this kind of work is done, and clever artists can always find something to do, especially when they are not too ambitious at starting. The expense of lessons recommended by the Artists' Guild would not be very great, and particulars of the classes and terms will be sent you.

M. G.—1. Nothing will altogether prevent the colour of flannel from running into the band; why do you not mount the red petticoats on red bands? Vorwerk's Patent bands are made in scarlet, and answers extremely well for flannel and other petticoats. Of course, in drying they must be hung up by the band. All coloured articles, as well as flannels, must be washed and dried as quickly as possible; for cotton dresses make a warm, but not hot, lather, wash the dress through quickly, and when the lather looks dirty, squeeze the dress and put it in fresh lather; when clean rinse it in cold water, with a little vinegar in it; squeeze the water out, but do not wring the dress, and then dry quickly in the shade or near the fire. 2. Wash the chintzes first in lather, or in plain water, or in rice water; squeeze and put them into clean, warm rice water, from which the rice has been strained. Wash them in this till clean, rinse again in rice water, dry, and, instead of ironing, rub them with a smooth stone. If you use the rice water you will not require starch. 3. The Pampas grass may be cleaned by shaking it about in a warm lather, made of soft water and white curd soap; rinse in cold water, and shake the grass frequently while it is drying.

Doris.—You do not state exactly what kind of feather screen you wish to make, but the first processes are generally as follows:—Mould a piece of wire into the shape you wish the screen to be, and cover it with dark coloured tarlatane or gauze, stretching it well and securing it to the wire frame with a needle and thread. Put the first row of feathers round the edge of the frame, by putting a little gum under the quills, choosing them of equal size, and letting them, of course, pass beyond the wire. Put weights on the quills to make them adhere. The second row of feathers must come between those of the first row. Proceed in this way until the screen is covered, working from the outer edge to the centre. If you wish to make the screen in a pattern, using feathers of different colours for the different parts, you must either prepare a second frame for the pattern, or trace the design you intend to follow on the gauze with white paint or tacking threads. Peacocks' feathers should be cut to a length of from 6 to 8 inches for the outside rows; as you come nearer the centre of the screen they must be cut in shorter lengths.



Promenade Costume: Model from Messrs. Garrould, Edgware Road.

Skirt of heliotrope diagonal woollen, open in front over a narrow tablier of helitorope faille, the skirt edged with a wide stitched hem. Jacket of woollen, with deep basques open over a draped waistcoat of faille, and with points and added basques of faille, fastened down with buttons. Revers of woollen. Collar and cuffs of faille. Straw lace chapeau, trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

NEW MUSIC.

J. and J. Hopkinson, 95, New Bond Street. Two songs by George A. Lovell are "The Spinning Wheel," words by George Barlow, and the old nursery rhyme "Oranges and Lemons;" the first is a rather original and effective song for soprano, the second is for mezzo-soprano, and the music is well suited to the words. "In thy Dear Eyes" is a pretty drawing-room song by Adrian Cirillo to words by Edmund Lee; a really fine song is a setting of Adelaide Proctor's "The Golden Gate," by Oliver King, with organ obbligato *ad lib*; it can be had in three keys. Three songs by H. F. Birch Reynoldson to words by W. E. Henley, "The Sea is full of Wandering Foam," "Bring Her Again, O Western Wind," and "The Full Sea Roars and Thunders," are of more than average merit; the three songs are published together and form a pleasing triplet. Mr. Arthur Somervell's setting of Lord Tennyson's "O Swallow, Swallow" is an agreeable song for mezzo-soprano, and by the same composer are three Eighteenth Century Studies for Violin and Piano, consisting of an Air, Andante, a Sarabande, and an Allemande; young students of the violin will find them useful and pleasing.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

THE competition for a set of dress ornaments, in gold and jewelled embroidery, has proved very interesting, for some of the competitors have carried out the design in ways which were not at all contemplated, and have produced work, which, although differing in many respects from what was intended and expected, is novel, and, in more than one instance, tasteful and good.

For instance, the winner of the first prize, Miss Prichard, of Upper Norwood, has worked the design chiefly in silks, in the most delicate mother-o'-pearl tints, outlined with gold thread, on white silk, with a mixture of silver tinsel and white crystal gems. The effect is most charming, and Miss Prichard may congratulate herself on having a lovely and beautifully worked set of dress ornaments.

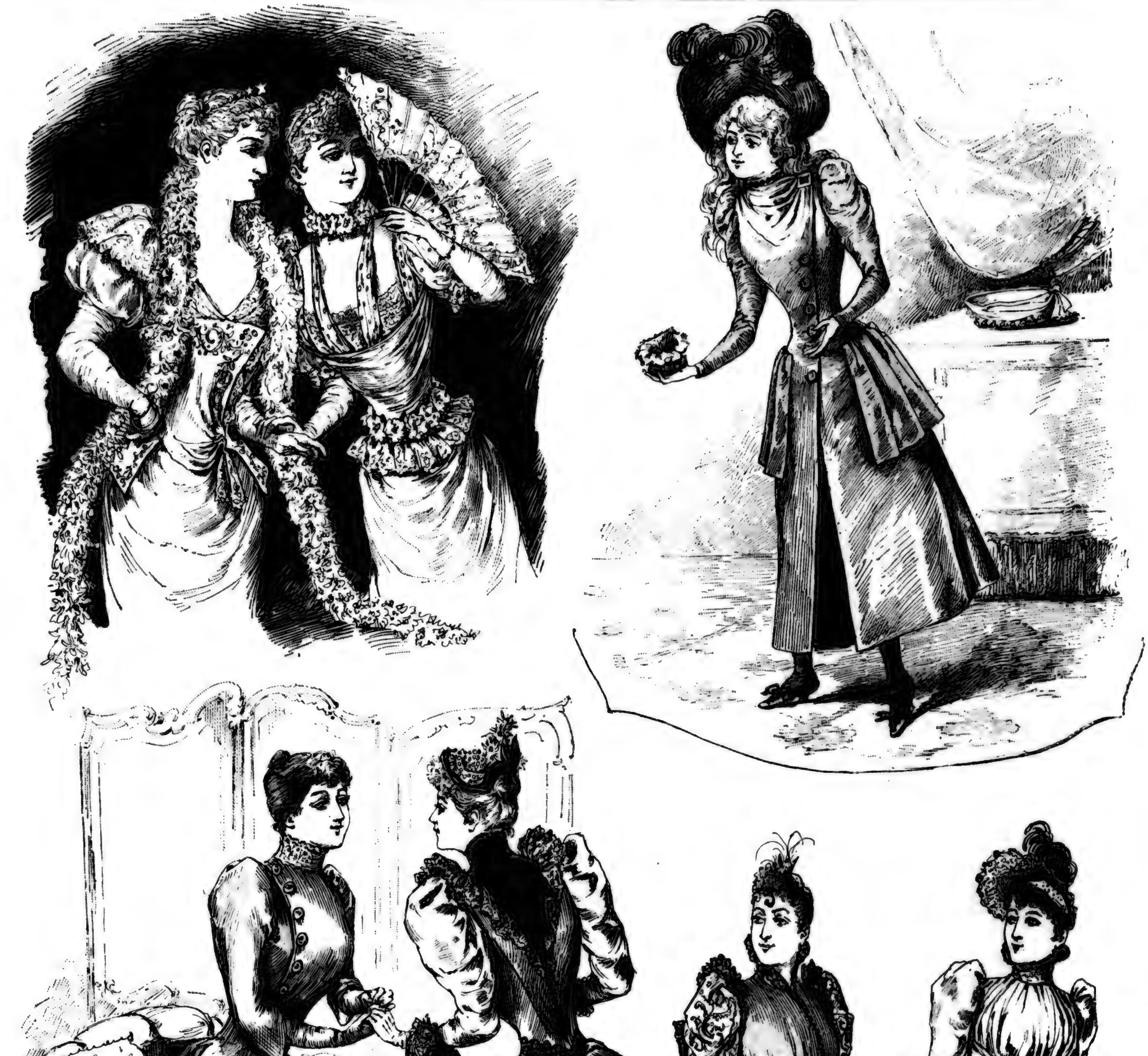
The work of Miss A. Rolfe, of Fulbourn, to whom the second prize is awarded, is altogether different; the material is white cashmere, the design is outlined with gold thread, and studded with turquoise blue beads; similar beads on gold spangles being added at intervals.

Miss Gregson, the winner of the third prize, has chosen more serviceable colours and materials for her work, which is executed with brown chenille, outlined with gold thread, on brown beaver cloth, turquoise cabochons, of various shapes and sizes, sewn on wherever necessary to complete the design, being employed with very good effect.

Miss Ramsay, of Richmond, sends a piece of work which is quite equal to the last, but as this competitor took a prize so recently it has been awarded, as already stated, to Miss Gregson. Miss Ramsay has worked the ornaments with gold fancy cord, gold thread, and emeralds on pale fawn cloth; the result is excellent.

Good specimens of work are also sent by Miss Brazier, of Aberdeen, who has worked the designs in yellow silk, outlined with gold and studded with small blue beads, and by Mrs. Rust, of Kew, whose dress ornaments are of pale grey cloth, with the design closely worked in white beads, outlined with gold thread and studded with turquoise beads. Miss Jessie Rambant's work is well executed, but braiding, however good, cannot be accepted as a substitute for embroidery.

One of the competitors asks for a design for a Joan of Arc girdle to match the ornaments, but we hardly think this would be feasible. The girdles are made of open work passementerie, in silk or metal cord studded with jewels, and would be heavy and clumsy made of embroidered material. A corselet, made like the dress ornaments, would be handsome and appropriate, and we may give the designs for an embroidered corselet as the subject of a future competition.



Visiting, Reception and Evening Dresses.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Myra's Answers on Health and Personal Attention.

Miss Mary C.—1. Not more than twice a week. 2. For golden, chestnut and hazel brown shades of hair, perhaps the best stain to use for obliterating greyness is the combined Extract of Walnut and Nutgalls, perfectly harmless and vegetable in composition, and much more effective than walnut juice alone. It is prepared by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, who will send it, post free, on receipt of 3s. 6d.

Lottie.—For a very delicate skin there is no better soap than Vinolia, but you should avoid the use of any soap as much as possible, employing it only when absolutely necessary. At other times wash your face with oatmeal water, prepared by soaking a bag filled with oatmeal in hot water. You should always use soft water, and if you cannot procure rain water, soften the water with oatmeal, as already described. To prevent and cure the freckles, use Rowland's Kalydor freely, morning and night, before and after going out, and whenever you wash your face; you need not be afraid of applying it too plentifully or too often, it will keep your skin smooth and soft, and cure and keep off sunburn and freckles. You must, of course, wear a veil when you go out, especially in windy weather or in the sun, but avoid black veils of all kinds.

Hebe.—If the superfluous hair is not very noticeable, let it alone. If it is a disfigurement, it should without delay be removed by a good depilatory. That made by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, is the best we know, as it always does its work, is quite harmless, and very economical. He will send you a supply, post free, on receipt of 2s.

An Irish Subscriber.—Undoubtedly the foods mentioned would have a tendency to increase the size; your food should consist mainly of brown bread or toast, meat, fish, green vegetables, and fresh fruit. Root vegetables, sweets, milk and farinaceous foods should all be avoided. There should be plenty of exercise, both walking and gymnastic exercises; these last, especially skipping, are invaluable. Never more than eight hours sleep, and cold or tepid baths followed by friction. As beverages, take a little tea or coffee and claret, but always in small quantities.

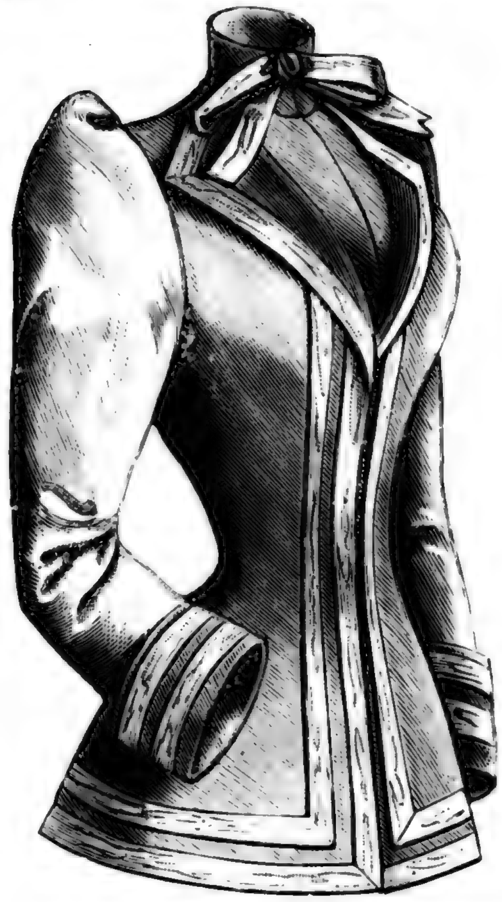
Atalanta.—The Fleur de Pêche is a rice powder, which, being in the natural colour, agrees admirably with skins that—like yours—have been injured by exposure to the weather. Write to the Parfumerie Exotique (E. Senet), 35, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris, for a box, at 3f. 50c. or 6f., or post free, 4f. or 6f. 50c. Your complexion will be greatly improved, and the powder will be imperceptible.

Naomi.—For dark hair like yours we know no dye equal to Garrison Hair Dye. It is easy of application, and almost instantaneous in its effects. It will produce a rich dark brown shade, which will effectually remove all the grey streaks of which you naturally complain. It is permanent and will bear washing freely. It is prepared by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, who sends it post free to any address for 3s. 6d.

Mercedes.—There is, as we have already stated on many occasions, no permanent means of curling the hair that is not at the same time injurious. Try the lotion described—any chemist will make it up for you—or else use the following method, which is said to be very good. Put a piece of beeswax, the size of a walnut, in a pint of olive oil, and put them into the oven to melt the wax. When cold add a little perfume, and use a little of this mixture for damping the hair when you dress it. The paper you describe was either oiled or waxed. Waxed cloth is often used for tracing plans, and would not be in the least affected by a little water spilt on it. The beeswax and oil lotion would, to a great extent, have the same damp-resisting property.

Mrs. W.—1. Lemon juice will whiten the hands and nails, but it should only be used occasionally. When the skin becomes very dry or chapped use Vinolia Cream in preference to anything else, as it is particularly healing. 2. The nails should be polished with beeswax and a little scented oil, rubbed in with a chamois leather nail-brush. 3. Push the skin back with the towel when drying the hands after washing but do not cut it.

Vashti.—To give the creamy appearance you mention, and to render the skin white and soft, use Cream of Stephanotis. It is a white liquid, free from grease, and delicately refreshing and cooling in use. Its use will obviate the unpleasantness of flushing and undue perspiration in the heat of crowded assemblies. It is absolutely pure and harmless in composition, and may be used for the most delicate skin. For particulars see Mr. Mason's advertisement in this Journal.



The Milena Jacket.

White cloth jacket for indoor wear, trimmed with two rows of white moiré ribbon. Sleeves and revers trimmed to match.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Bess.—The best corrective against a habit of stooping would be to learn fencing. You should also use a chest expander every day for about fifteen minutes, before dressing.

A Mother.—In nine cases out of ten, we think, a very little oil or pomade is needed by children's hair. Expressed Oil of Almonds is excellent. Not more than five or six drops of it should be well rubbed into the hair every morning with the hand, followed by ten minutes' brushing with a soft brush. No appearance of grease results from this method of use. Rowland's Macassar Oil, in the light colour, may also be used with advantage for young children's hair.

Redcap.—You need a restorer which will act quickly to replenish your rapidly thinning hair. Petroleum Pomade will be the best; its effect upon the growth and vigour of hair is surprisingly rapid and powerful. Many instances of its success—success even to an extent unhoped for—have come under our personal notice. It is prepared by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, from whom you can obtain it, carefully packed and post free, for 1s. 6d.

Alsace.—Try the effect of the following lotion: Sulphate of zinc and alum, of each four grains, wine of opium forty drops, rose water half a pint. Sponge the red eyelids well with this twice or thrice daily, letting it get freely into the eyes.

Discraciee.—1. Electrolysis is by no means so painful as you have been led to suppose—there is, in fact, very little pain about it. 2. In London, only at the Medical Battery Co.'s, 52, Oxford Street. Write there for terms.

Marcia.—With regard to a cure for freckles, we repeat a former answer for your benefit. The celebrated skin doctor, Erasmus Wilson, had a very favourite and famous prescription which, till now, has been perhaps the best application known for freckles; but it was difficult for the skin to absorb this. Now, however, a new substance—the actual fat or gloss of the hair and skin—has been prepared from sheeps' wool, and introduced into toilet chemistry. This the skin naturally absorbs. Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, has combined the famous prescription with this fat, to give it a most powerful and direct action upon the freckles. Two preparations are necessary, the one to be used at night, the other in the morning. For 4s. 6d. he will send these, post free, with directions.

Mariner.—The reason your liver gets out of order during a sea passage is probably not the sea air but the want of exercise. The luxurious table service of our mail lines is very often too much appreciated by the lazy passenger, who, at home, gets plenty of exercise. Drink very little alcohol, and make a free use of saline aperients during the voyage.

Ventnor.—1. Try the effect of Scott's Emulsion taken frequently in small doses, you will find it very beneficial; it will stop the cough and strengthen you wonderfully. It is a very valuable medicine. 2. Yes, for the Sunlight Soap; many people use it as a bath and toilet soap, and prefer it to any other.

Mrs. de B.—Fight with your increasing stoutness. Plenty of exercise, as little sleep as possible, light clothing, and a course of the best remedy for obesity, Sea Wrack—the sea-weed cure—an extract of *Fucus Vesiculosus*. It is absolutely safe, even for the most delicate, and involves no great hardships in the way of diet. See Mr. Mason's advertisement in this Journal for particulars of Sea Wrack.

Bath.—Dissolve one pound of pure carbonate of ammonia in half a gallon of boiling water. When cold, add to the solution a pint of the strongest liquid ammonia and bottle it. A large wineglassful is to be well stirred into five or six gallons of water for a sponge-bath, either hot or cold.

Rosa.—Perfumes should be very sparingly used; the best way is to sew small sachets inside the dress bodice, and to perfume the underclothing; no scent should be used on the handkerchief.

Margaret.—The golden tints in the hair, which you covet, can be readily and safely obtained by the use of Peroxide of Hydrogen, which acts by oxidising the colouring matter of the hair. This is, in all respects, far superior to a dye; but, to avoid disappointment, you must be sure that the peroxide is pure. Mr. Mason supplies a peroxide which is perfectly pure and of full strength. You will find particulars of it in his advertisement.

Home-bird.—The intolerable burning experienced after exposure to the sun can at once be removed by Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber. This lotion is most refreshing and agreeable to use, and is deliciously perfumed. Its regular use prevents and removes sunburn and all other inconveniences caused by exposure to weather. Messrs. Beetham & Sons, Cheltenham, will send you a supply of it at 1s. or 2s. 6d. per bottle.

Cornflower.—1. Do not use soda or any alkaline washes for the hair, they impoverish it and render it brittle. 2. Not more than once a week in London, or once a fortnight in the country.

Iris.—A good face powder is what you want, and you will find just the right thing in Vinolia Powder. It is perfectly pure and innocent in its composition, and in your case it will be distinctly beneficial.

No Toilet Preparation is more subject to fraudulent imitation than the Veritable Eau de Ninon, of the Parfumerie Ninon, 31, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris. This exquisite Lotion, which effaces wrinkles and restores whiteness to the skin and bloom to the complexion, is sent post-free on receipt of a Post Office Order for 6 francs, or 10 francs, according to the size of the bottle, and 50 centimes extra for postage.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for Females quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. of all chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the Maker, E. T. Towle, Chemist, Nottingham.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ENGRAVINGS,

Giving Details of the Latest Styles, Colours, and Materials.

Walking Costumes and Bridal Toilettes.
Page 12.

Fig. 1. Dress of livrée cloth, the skirt open over a panel of the same, and trimmed with narrow gold braid and jewelled buttons. Open corsage and sloped band, collar and sleeves trimmed to match. Draped waistcoat of white silk. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

Fig. 2. Costume of écru bengaline, the tablier and redingote panels ornamented with gold embroidery. Open bodice, with low-cut crossed waistcoat ending under a broad waistband, and showing a white batiste chemisette and velvet tie. Collar and sleeves of bengaline. Quantity of material required—16 yards.

Fig. 3. Watteau mantle of black lace over coloured silk. Redingote fronts, the lace at the back mounted with gathers on a silk yoke and forming a Watteau demi train. Silk sleeve with lace puff and ruffle; coquillé of lace down the front and wired lace collar tipped with beads. Quantity of material required—silk 14 yards, lace 7 yards.

Fig. 4. Toilette of Ophelia faille; the skirt draped in puffs on the hips; and ornamented at the edge with a gold trellis work on cream net, and silk embroidery imitating garlands and bows. Pointed bodice, the fronts cut in pointed corselet shape over an under-bodice draped on the chest. Embroidery on the corselet and collar. Plain sieeves. Quantity of material required—18 yards.

Fig. 5. Bridal dress of white satin, the skirt edged with a narrow flounce of point d'Angleterre, headed by a fine wreath of orange blossom. Paniers of lace; princess back with long plain train. The front of bodice pointed and open over a plastron of lace pleated at the waist. Flowers down the left side and fringing the collar and sleeves. Fan pleating of lace at the wrist. Quantity of material required—22 yards.

Dresses for Morning and Evening Wear.
Page 13.

Fig. 1. Infants' pelisse in pleated embroidered net, over white bengaline. Princess frock fastened in front, and long pèlerine sleeves puffed on the shoulder. Embroidered bib. White silk bonnet. Quantity of material required—bengaline 4 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress of green bengaline bordered with a flounce and embroidery; full bodice and plain long sleeves. The bodice is mounted on a puffed yoke with double frill of pale pink chiffon. Ribbon waistband fastened on the right, and coquillé of chiffon down the skirt. Quantity of material required—10 yards.

Fig. 3. Princess dress of leather coloured faille ornamented with black silk embroidery on the bodice, collar, sleeves, and skirt. Puffed paniers added at the sides. Medici collar. Sleeves with puff at the shoulder. Quantity of material required—17 yards.

Fig 4. Dress of bleu de France bengaline trimmed with black and steel embroidery. Princess back; on the right side, in front, a redingote panel, the left side draped in a puffed panier. Plain bodice, the right side fastening over the left; a wide draped band starting from the side seams with a long steel and black buckle on the right side. Puffed sleeve with deep embroidered cuff. Quantity of material required—17 yards.

Fig. 5. Princess dress with rounded train of emerald green velvet, the fronts open over a draped corsage and tablier of pale pink embroidered gauze. The fronts of the princess dress fall in coquillé folds below the waist. Band of green passementerie studded with emeralds. Long sleeves of velvet. Quantity of material required—velvet 18 yards.

Fig. 6. Skirt of white crèpe de Chine embroidered with orange silk and bordered with orange feathers. Corselet of orange velvet with deep added basque, and trained princess back of velvet trimmed with feather bordering. Fichu draperies of plain white crèpe. Quantity of material required—velvet 15 yards.

Figs. 7 and 8. Skirt of pale blue crèpe de Chine with pompadour bouquets, cut in scallops bordered with steel galon over a full flounce of the crèpe. Low bodice pleated at the waist and fastened on the left. The top ornamented with deep scallops of the steel galon; waistband and trimming on the long draped sleeves to match. Quantity of material required—16 yards.

To the Fair Sex.—Ladies' Hair Combings forwarded by post, thoroughly disentangled by New Process, made up and returned in three days, for 2s. per oz. Tails of Pure Long Hair, 10s. 6d., suitable for New Style.—T. S. Brown, Ladies' Hair Merchant, 3, Leece Street, Liverpool.

Spring Walking Costumes. Page 16.

Fig. 1. Hat of embroidered crèpon, the brim of satin in a darker shade. Plume of feathers at the back.

Fig. 2. Pèlerine of grey cloth, edged with black feather and *clouté* with large blocks of cut jet surrounded by small beads. The material is draped in a puff on the shoulders. Turned down collar with jet blocks. Toque of grey silk, with black velvet brim. Quantity of material required—cloth 1½ yards.

Fig. 3. Skirt of pansy diagonal woollen, with embroidered border in pansy, black, and white. Pansy waistcoat, with embroidered yoke, collar, and belt. Open jacket, with long basques. Full sleeves, with long embroidered parements. Straw hat, trimmed with ribbon. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

Fig. 4. Long mantle for a girl of five, of cream cloth, laced in front with gold braid and buttons. Double pèlerine of cream cloth, with ruched collar. Full sleeve with wristband. Cream silk hat. Quantity of material required—2½ yards.

Dinner and Reception Dresses. Page 25.

Fig. 1. Greek dress of pink crèpe de Chine, with Greek drapery on the right side of the plain skirt, embroidered with gold and jewels. Full low corsage, crossed with bands of metal and jewels. Greek coiffure. Short sleeves. Quantity of material required—18 yards.

Fig. 2. Redingote of dahlia faille, with flat plastron and tablier of cream satin. Girdle of gold cord. Collar of Venetian guipure. Short dahlia sleeves, with lace sabots. Jet capote. Quantity of material required—faille 14 yards.

Fig. 3. Dinner dress for a married lady, made of brown bengaline, with festooned flounce in front of biscuit lace, draped with velvet bows. Plain train at the back. Brown corsage, with added lace basques and biscuit plastron. Lace Medici collar. Draped sleeves with draped parements. Lace and flower cap. Quantity of material required—18 yards.

Fig. 4. Moyen-âge dinner toilette of white silk. The skirt slightly draped in front and trained at the back. Low corsage, with drapery across the bust, drawn in on the chest. Long open sleeves, draped in large puffs on the shoulder, and drawn in at the wrist, and mounted on long tight cuffs. Chaplet of pearls round the neck. Quantity of material required—18 yards.

Visiting, Reception, and Evening Dresses.
Page 31.

Fig. 1. Ball dress in pink crèpe; low bodice with basques embroidered with gold; added corselet on the left side, draped at the waist and trimmed with embroidery and lace. Lace fichu falling in a full flounce over the short puffed sleeve. Lace and feather boa.

Fig. 2. White crèpe ball dress. Draped corselet of crèpe with marguerites round the waist, and lace basque. Lace drawn in above the corselet and double bretelles and short puffed sleeves of white tulle with silver spots. Marguerites round the sleeves, and collarette of marguerites.

Fig. 3. Girl's princess dress of beige bengaline fastened from the left shoulder and showing a dark green velvet panel. The front draped at the top. Added pleated basques and sleeves of light green cloth. Dark green hat and feathers. Quantity of material required—6 yards.

Fig. 4. Princess dress of brown cloth fastened down the right side and embroidered with blue silk and gold. The sides of the bodice and skirt of blue faille, the back of cloth; the open upper-sleeves of cloth, the under ones of faille. Embroidered collar. Quantity of material required—17 yards.

Fig. 5. Dress of steel grey bengaline, the back demi-trained and edged with black lace, the front trimmed with a deep flounce with pleated heading. Pointed bodice with full basque edged with lace; the front pleated and mounted on a square yoke of black velvet, the back cut in a long point over velvet; lace trimming and lace and velvet on the sleeves. Quantity of material required—18 yards.

To Amateur Dressmakers.—The Patent Shapely Skirt Association, 85, Cromwell Road, S.W., opposite Gloucester Road Station, supplies Foundation Skirts, complete, well made in latest Parisian style. Lining, 5s. 6d. Linen, Sateen, or Black Alpaca, 6s. 6d. Col. Alpaca or Poplin Cord, 7s. 6d. Silk, from 18s. 6d. Extra muslin stiffening, 6d. Carriage to Country, 6d. Send front length and size of waist.

Fig. 6. Skirt and bodice with full fronts of amethyst faille, and corselet band, collar, epaulettes, and skirt trimming of gold and black passementerie, with silk and gold bead fringe to match. Sleeves of passementerie. Quantity of material required—14 yards.

Fig. 7. Skirt of rose-leaf cashmere, the skirt, short round basque, collar, and sleeves, ornamented with black and silver braid. The bodice cut low in front, and finished off with a full chemisette, and draped corselet of silk to match. Long silver buckle on the left side; silver lace round the neck. Quantity of material required—7 yards.

Toilettes for the Park. Page 40.

Fig. 1. Skirt of grey blue woollen, the front draped and open on each side over narrow panels of blue velvet. Pointed bodice with group of pleats at the waist, the front cut low and draped over a deep yoke of velvet. Collar and sleeves of velvet. Band with deep fringe of jet. Straw hat trimmed with black feathers and gold and jet galon. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

Fig. 2. Skirt of dust grey woollen, the front draped and trimmed with nineteen rows of narrow black velvet. The back in princess shape. Short rounded jacket fronts fastened from the left shoulder with passementerie brandenburghs, and showing the point of a waistcoat striped with velvet, and fastened on the left side. Sleeves trimmed with velvet. Embroidered capote trimmed with sweet peas and black feathers. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

Fig. 1. Applique Lace.—The lace is an application of muslin on lace, and is much used for trimming underlinen. The outlines are overcast, and the muslin is cut away leaving the net ground.

Figs. 2 and 3. Sprays for Sachets.—These may be used for the corners of glove and handkerchief sachets made of plain or broché silk. They are embroidered with silk in pale shades of the natural colours.

Fig. 4. Design for Pocket for Eggs or Chestnuts.—The pocket is a square of perforated or plain cloth with pinked-out edges. The design is worked in all four corners, which are folded up to meet in the centre; the pocket is lined with flannel. The work is executed with rather coarse silk in various shades, and outlined with fancy cord or gold thread.

Fig. 5. Border in Richelieu Guipure. — The design is traced on linen, and is suitable for decorating bed and table linen. The outlines and bars are worked in button hole-stitch with white flax thread, and the linen is cut away under the bars and in the centre of the leaves.

Fig. 6. Corner for Handkerchief.—The spray is worked in one corner under the monogram or initials; the small flowers and spots are in satin-stitch, the leaves half in satin-stitch and the other half in back-stitching. The embroidery should be worked with very fine embroidery cotton or flax thread.

Fig. 7. Design for Fire-screen.—The illustration gives one quarter of the design for a Louis XIV. screen; the material used is almond green *grain de poudre* silk; the trellis work in the scroll is in wool crossed by stitches in silk or gold thread. The flowers and leaves are in antiquated shades of pink, violet, brown and green, several shades of each being used. The powderings are in three shades of salmon pink.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

No. 723. Evening dress of bengaline with plain trained skirt bordered with a band of velvet headed by embroidery; a panel of velvet and embroidery up the side. Bodice of bengaline with plastron of velvet framed by embroidery. Princess back; girdle of passementerie starting from the sides with a long fringed end falling in front. Short draped sleeves caught up with jewelled clasps.

TO INVENTORS.—If you have an idea for a Patent, write to the Patent Editor, Patent Department, 38, Chancery Lane, London, who will supply full particulars and advice free.

NOVELTIES + IN + NEEDLEWORK.

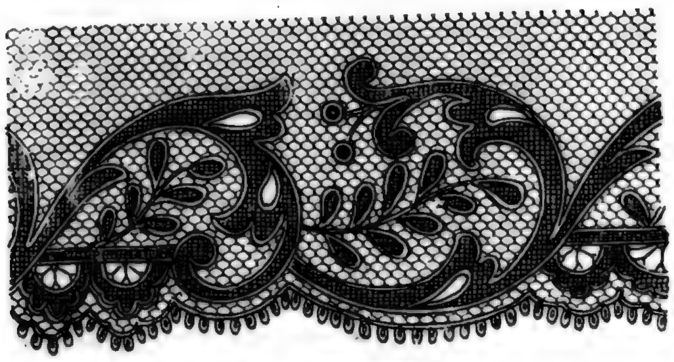


Fig. 1. Applique Lace

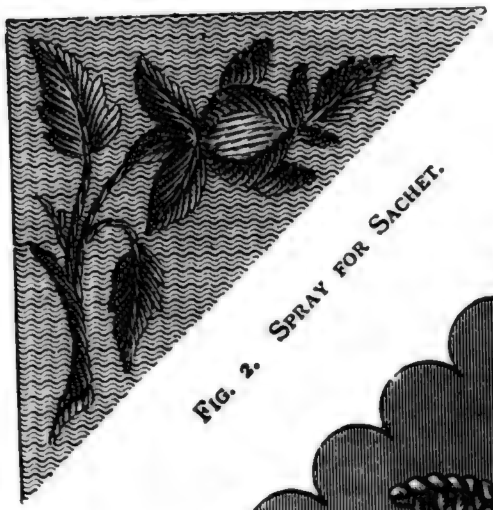


Fig. 2. Spray for Sachet.

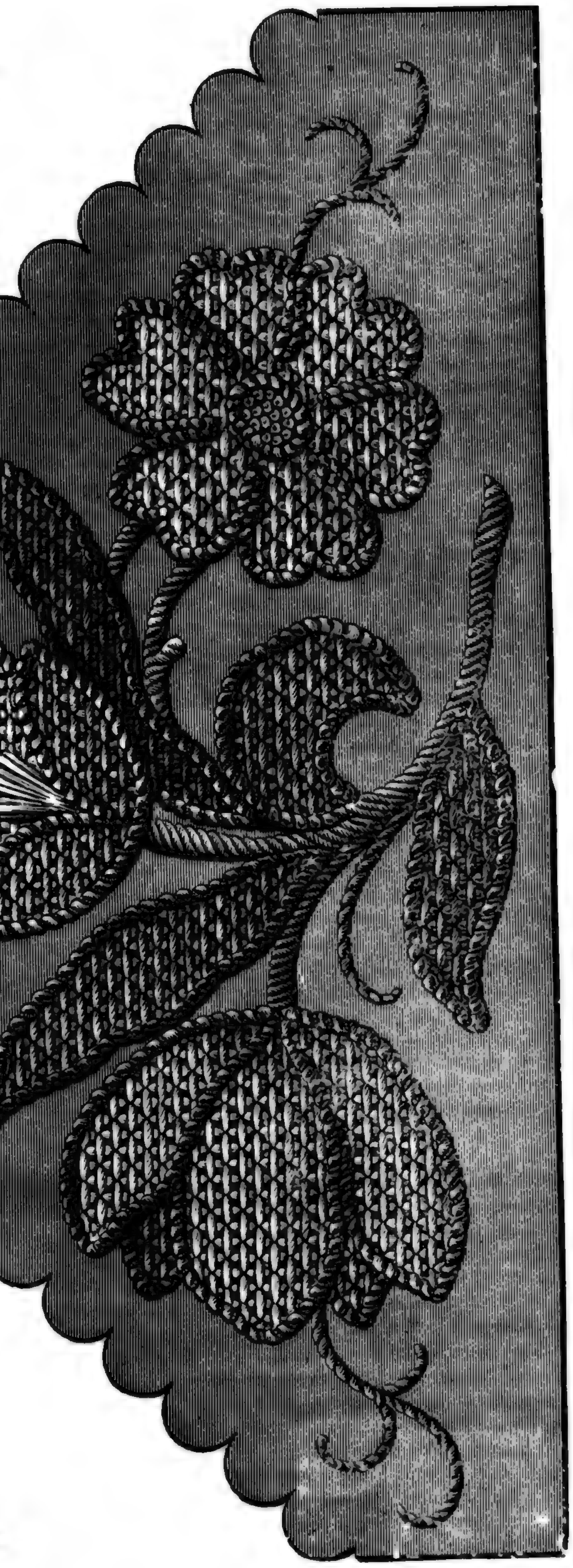


Fig. 4. Design for Pocket for Eggs.

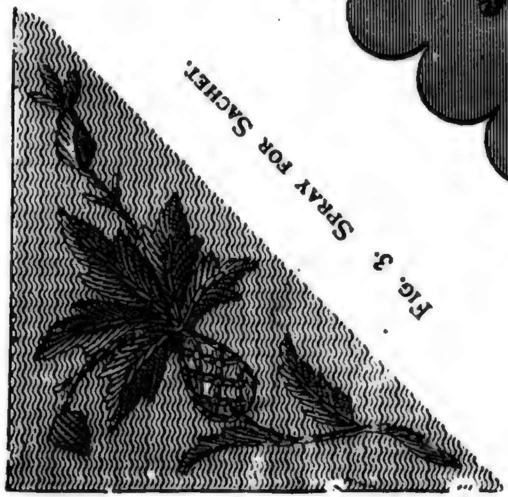


Fig. 3. Spray for Sachet.

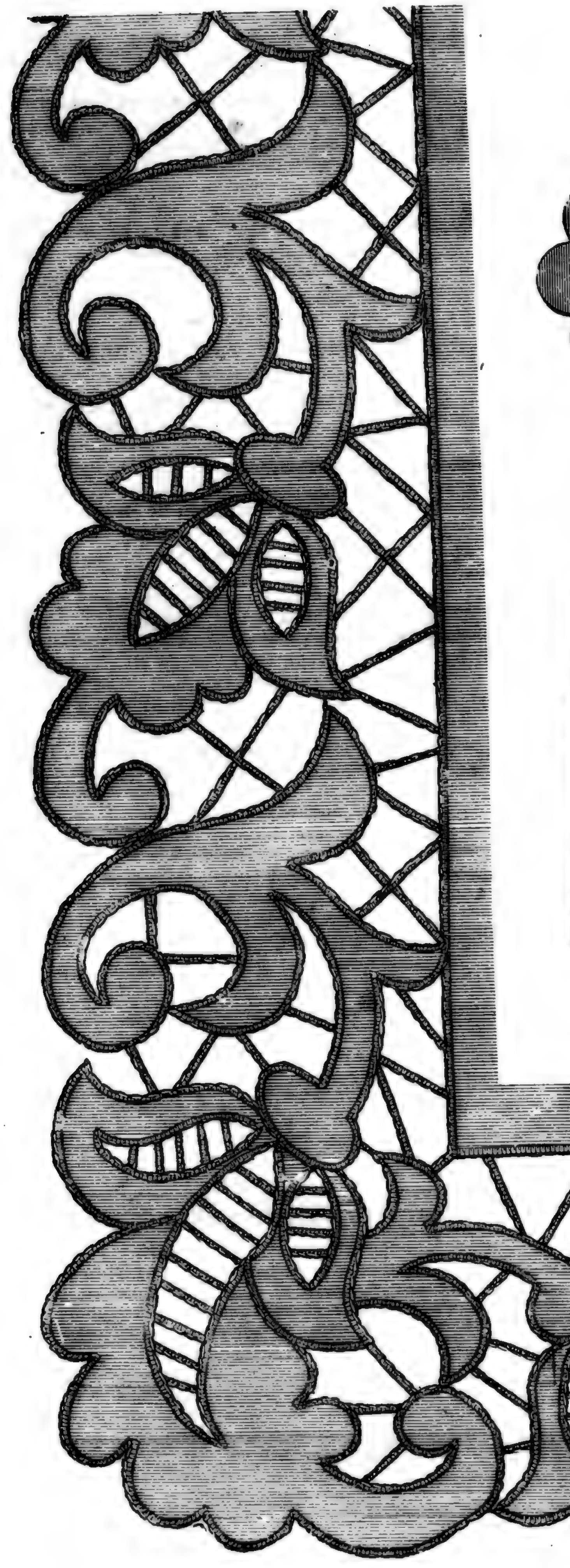


Fig. 5. Border in Richelieu Guipure.

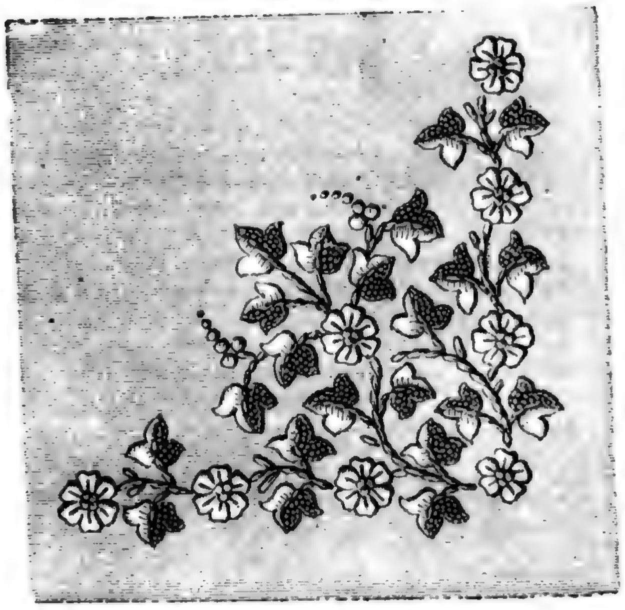


Fig. 6. Corner for Handkerchief.

We beg to recommend Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co., Derby, for every

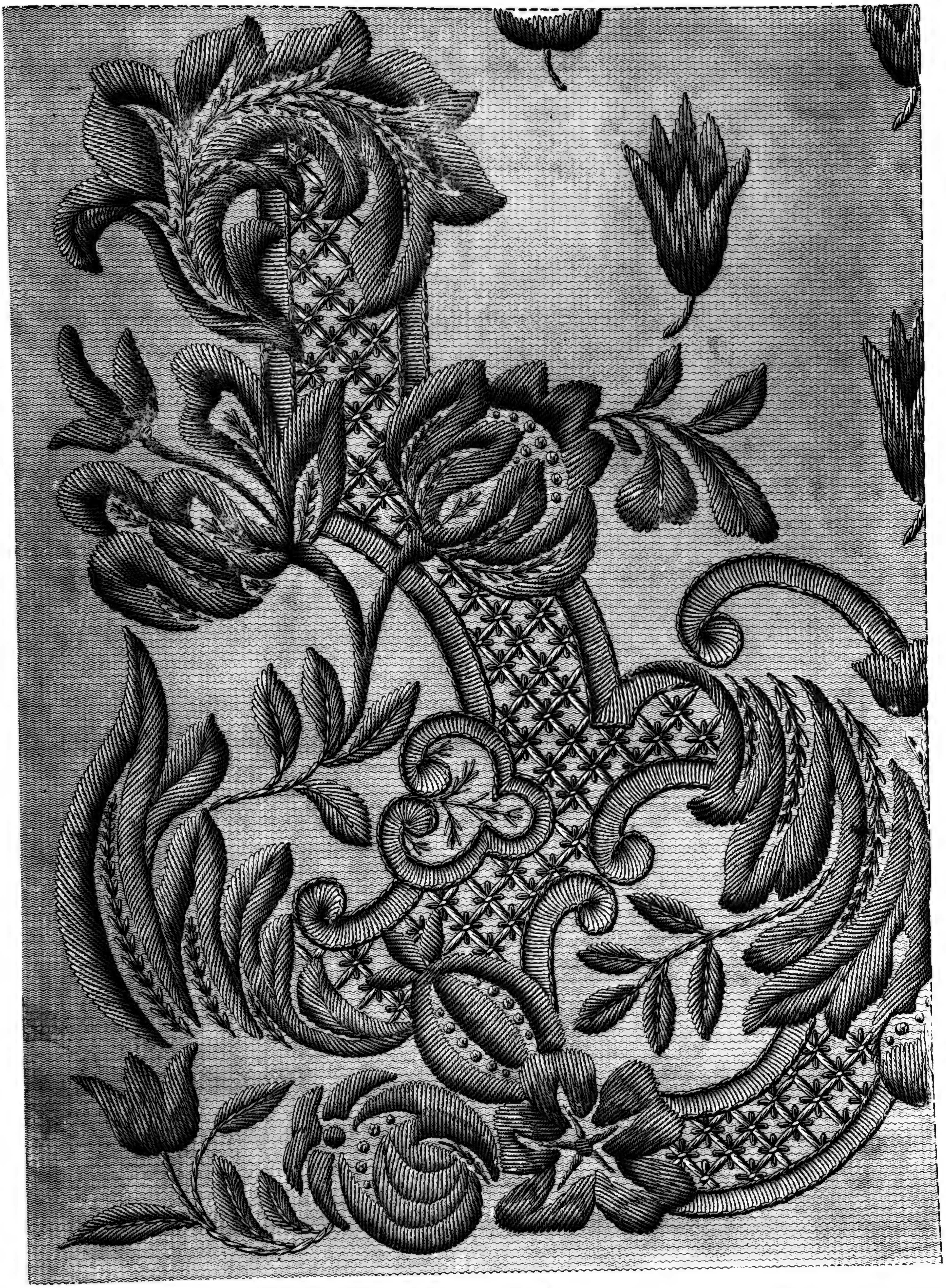


Fig. 7. Design for Louis XIV. Fire Screen.

kind of Crochet and Knitting Cotton, Embroidery and Maltese Thread.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERNS.

No. 1. BODICE OF DINNER DRESS.—The dress, of which the bodice pattern is given, is illustrated at No. 2 of the Lesson in Dressmaking. The linings of the two sides of the front are cut alike and fastened in the centre, and the right side of the dress material is cut in the same way as the lining. The left side crosses over at the waist, and is pleated up from A to B to form the draped, rounded point; the pleat D corresponds with the pleat in the full front, and the two points C meet on the chest. The side pieces are cut in the usual way, the back is in a low point, like the front.

No. 2. LADY'S FLANNEL PETTICOAT.—The pattern consists of four pieces, half of the sloped front breadth, one side gore, half the straight back breadth, and the round band; the corresponding notches show how the breadths are joined together; the notch in the band corresponds with that in the front breadth of the petticoat. Quantity of material required—3 yards.

* * *

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES.

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Fig. 1. Bride's presentation dress. Petticoat of white chiffon over silk drawn in at the edge with white ribbon and flowers; cascade of ribbon and flowers down the left side. Corselet and train of white brocade; flowers edging the corselet and puffing of chiffon round the train. Draped corsage and short sleeves of chiffon.

Fig. 2. Petticoat of pale mauve chiffon trimmed with orchids and peach coloured ribbon velvet. Corsage to correspond. Train of peach coloured velvet.

Fig. 3. Dress and train of pink and silver brocade, the petticoat trimmed with draperies of pink crêpe de Chine edged with silver fringe. Similar trimming on the corsage. White feathers.

Fig. 4. Petticoat of bead embroidered tulle over white silk; corsage, train and paniers of pale vieux rose satin; plastron of embroidered tulle.

Fig. 5. Petticoat of white broché trimmed with flowers laced with ribbon. Train of orange velvet draped from the shoulders.

Fig. 6. Petticoat of white brocade trimmed with a lace flounce, and lace paniers ending in coquillés at the side. Train and corsage of green brocade.

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Trimmed		5/6
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Untrimmed		2/3
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OUT OF TOWN.

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Orange and lemon pincushions, 1s. each; crochet edging, 2s. 6d. per dozen. Free. Fuller, Aston Farm, Wallingford, Berkshire.

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Addresses of Dressmakers who go out by the day or month:—

Miss Liversage, 92, St. Paul's Street, Islington, N.; Miss L. M. Norman, 2, Pownall Road, Lillie Road, West Kensington, S.W.; Miss de Belin, 50, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.; Miss Howard, 71, Listner Park, Stamford Hill, Stoke Newington; Miss L. Andrews, 31, Conewood Street, Avenel Road, Highbury, N.; Miss Francis, 22, Canterbury Terrace, Maida Vale; Mrs. Casey, 3, Western Terrace, Notting Hill, W.; Miss Evans, 484, Caledonian Road, Holloway, N.; Mrs. Casey, 19, Western Terrace, Notting Hill; Madame Constance, 12, Pembroke Square, High Street, Kensington; M. D., 11, Armadale Rd., Walham Green, S.W.; Miss Wilcocks, 42, Fortess Road, Kentish Town, N.W.; Miss Baker, 23, Epirus Road, North End Rd., Fulham; Mrs. T. Atkinson, 21, Giesbach Rd., Upper Holloway; Madame Buridant, 180, Brompton Rd., S.W.; Miss Stevens, 26, Homer St., Marylebone Rd.; Mrs. Smith, 28, Limerston St., Fulham Rd., S.W.; Miss Barnard, 64, High St., Notting Hill Gate; Mrs. Morris, 112, Northwold Rd., Upper Clapton, N.E.; Miss Berry, Knaresbro, Thorpes Road, Kingston-on-Thames; Miss Hayward, 4, Hindon St., Victoria Station; Mrs. Morris, 49, Clarance Rd., Lower Clapton; Miss A. Groom, 15, King St., E.C.; Miss Snook, 87, Hemingford Road, Barnsbury, N.; B. P., 7, Tredegar Road, Bow, E.

Ladies who will go out by the day to make or mend Children's clothing:—

Mrs. Edward Trodd, 84, Walton St., Brompton Rd., S.W.

Ladies who undertake all kinds of fancy work, crochet, knitting, &c.:—

Miss Brooks, 74, High Street, Ramsgate.

PROFESSIONAL PACKER—Miss Jane H. Kerr, 10, Selby Rd., Anerley, S.E.

ANSWERS ON FURNISHING (*Continued*).

MARY, No. 2.—I have such a perfect horror of a rubbishy carpet (and you say "must be *very* cheap") laid over the shabby middle of a good one, especially as you hope to do the room up thoroughly next year, that I would far rather advise you to try a change about the furniture, so as to hide shabby places, with the aid of one or two of Maples' useful "Jeypore" rugs, from 7s. 6d. each (the prayer rug pattern is far the best); these rugs would always come in about the house afterwards. If not too expensive (it will wear for years) I would cover the couch and chair with Graham & Biddles'—Graham House, Oxford Street—Beauvais tapestry, 6s. 3d. the yard, double width. I find it looks best with all the back and sides of the chair, etc., covered with chestnut plushette—also an economy, as this material (Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, W.) is only 2s. 11d., 50 inches wide. If this tapestry *is* too expensive, and you write directly you see this, I will send you something else. You cannot improve on the table with shelf below; all upholsterers sell these. I fear a "really comfortable, large easy chair" can never be inexpensive; you will have to give at least £4. Could you not get a really cosy *well made* old chair "second hand" in your own town—it is so nice to choose a chair—and have it re-covered and done up? Send for Emerson's (224, Regent Street) illustrated list of palm stands, they are cheap and pretty. Shoolbred lately had some wonderfully effective black satin Japanese screens with raised gold embroidery, birds, etc., for 21s. or so. Yes! I have found some delightfully light-looking yet strong lace curtains—Shoolbred's (Tottenham Court Road, W.) cream "Thistledown," 10s. 6d. the pair. It is impossible to quote names and prices of "little ornaments," they vary so day by day; it is best to pick up such things gradually, as they take your fancy. For cheap *little* table covers nothing is prettier than Shoolbred's embossed Victoria cord, 2s. 9d. the yard, edged with ball fringe; art serge is cheaper still, and double width

NORA D.—I advise you on no account to have cretonne covers for your schoolroom; if light they get dirty very quickly, and, to my mind, look cold and cheerless, and if *dark* you may as well have something more fitted to stand the wear and tear of the "tribe of children." I should cover the big chair and couch with Holroyd Barker's—488, Oxford Street—effective red, green and gold Indian Tapestry, 50 inches, 2s. 6½d the yard; this is a large pattern, but I see will cut up very well for seats of the "lesson chairs" also. If Burnet—42, King Street, Covent Garden—has one of his red and gold reversible (and *waterproof*) bordered table cloths left—he is not making them now, I hear—you will find it invaluable for such a table; though, indeed, those cheap "well" inkstands from which you *can't* upset the ink are the best safeguard! all stationers keep them. I do not know any *coloured* cork carpet. Plain brown linoleum (Bartholomew & Fletcher, Tottenham Court Road), and a few of Maples' nice "Jeypore" rugs (prayer rug pattern, and in the 15s. 9d. size) placed near the sofa, in front of the governess's writing table, and a small 7s. 6d. one before the piano, is my advice. I don't at all dislike the buff paper, and if you "Aspinall" the drab paint Indian red—bookcase and all—(of course make the painter run a coat of ordinary red paint over it before he begins the enamel), you will find the room looks very cosy instead of dull and cheerless. I would have Indian red serge curtains, and thin ones—Shoolbred's pretty "Thistledown" lace, 10s. 6d. the pair.

MRS. M. (Bath).—You give no pseudonym. The "Golden Wheatear" is, alas, sold out, and, indeed, it would have made rather a heavy evening gown for India; but (if you are fairly tall and slight) the *lovely* boldly striped "Woffington" brocade, 50 inches wide—just sent me by Graham & Biddle, Graham House, Oxford Street—8s. the yard, is simply perfect for a gown, to my mind. Do not let your dressmaker fritter it up; it should be a plain skirt, with long train (tabbed out in front over chiffon pleating), if you like, fanciful chiffon sleeves, and falling frill of chiffon all round the low body; if that sort of thing suits your figure, have a broad folded scarf across the front of waist, from side-seams only. If *your* dressmaker scorns "upholstery" materials, mine—Madame Morley, 49, South Molton Street—would make it beautifully for you. I don't know the part of India you are going to, but as the *principal* bungalows at Umballa (not so very far off) had very high rooms, yours will probably be quite high enough for a frieze; and several were papered, so I conclude the rains do *not* "strip off wall paper." I was not there long enough to find out! Ideal colouring for an Indian bungalow would be Knowles's "Eau de nil Brocade," 2s. 6d. the piece, with frieze of his *lovely* blue and green Iris on a cream ground—about 7s. 6d. the piece; have ivory paint and ivory and gold panelling. "The Queen" published a series of capital articles on an Indian outfit, some years ago, which you could get from the office still, and I wrote "Travelling in India," in "Queen," some time last summer, which might be useful too. Your adviser was quite right as to what to wear on board ship. Very smart gowns are thoroughly bad style, and chiefly affected by those *not* "to the manner born." You will like India, I feel sure.

MARGOTTIME.—Of all the cretonnes I have, the one I like best with Mushrabeyah and Eastern things is Shoolbred's gold ground Mecca, 1s. 6½d. Don't be frightened at the peculiar pattern, you will "learn to love it." In my opinion, however, a fixture, like a corner seat, should never be upholstered in cretonne, and in your case would have it done with the quaint striped "Jejims" (often used for curtains). Holroyd Barker—488, Oxford Street—knows exactly what I mean. I saw a lovely Jejim corner there which was to be sent to New Zealand! So content yourself with covering the old sofa and big arm chairs with the cretonne, with frill to the ground, of course, and have the corner seat with a red, blue and gold Jejim. Nothing would be more appropriate for the Mushrabeyah stools than Shoolbred's velvet "Saddle bag" (dark blue ground), 13s. 9d. the yard; if too costly, have his ever useful chestnut embossed Victoria cord, 2s. 9d. An ideal cretonne for your green and yellow bedroom is Holroyd Barker's green and yellow poppy, 1s. 9½d. I have nothing cheaper in this peculiar mixture. I wish I could *see* the room!

PAUL.—I should not care for an arras dado for your little dining room; in so *small* a room the dado would be so much seen. Have Burnet's—42, King Street, Covent Garden—new "Havannah Canvas," the tawny gold one, 1s. 9d. the yard, 50 inches wide, with heading of split bamboo, and the red paper you propose (I see I have *nearly* the same thing at 1s. a piece less!) above it. I like the ceiling paper. Before you decide on the chairs do go to Bartholomew & Fletcher, 219, Tottenham Court Road, and see how free even their 25s. carved oak, high-backed Flemish chairs are from the horrors of the so-called "*modern* old oak" one sees outside Wardour Street shops, and which I dislike as much as you do. Still, I can't agree that an "honest mahogany ordinary chair" can ever tend to beauty, and as to principles! I have ever been a "Free Lance" in decoration. As I write, I receive a *lovely* turquoise plushette—from Burnet, 42, King Street, Covent Garden—50 inches, 3s. 11d., which removes your objection to the blue plushette I sent you being too greeny, so I *hope* you have not ordered the drawing room curtains! I seldom keep addresses, or should have sent you a card.

SPINNINGS IN TOWN—*Continued.*

Mr. Noble's Homespuns are made in plain colours, in checks, and with broché patterns; the Rothsay, a single width Homespun, is 9¾d. per yard, the Glenmore is only 7½d.; other plain Homespuns, in double width, are the Dunkirk at 1s. 4½d., the Broxmouth at 1s. 3½d., the Dhoon Glen at 2s., the Mannamead at 2s. 2d., the Glen Allan at 2s. 9d. per yard. This is also the price of the Castlemaine, 50 inches wide, which is a washable and extremely light but durable material for dresses or mantles. The Jacquard or broché Homespuns and tweeds are of many kinds and in excellent colours and patterns; I note especially the Rosslyn with broché pattern on a check ground at 2s. 2d., the Dunoon, a stylish material, at 2s. 4d., the Ruano and the Buchanan, both costing 2s. 11½d. per yard, and differing in pattern although of equally good quality as to texture; both these materials are made of the best wools and are peculiarly soft and well finished. In check homespuns and tweeds I find also some capital materials at various prices; the colours are, as a rule, dark and serviceable, but there are many exceptions, and in all the patterns taste is shown in the blending of colours. The Rutland is only 1s. 3½d. per yard, the Teesdale 1s. 6d.; the Wolverton and the Brackenbury, this last, with loop lines dividing the squares, cost 1s. 7½d.; the Glencorse, 1s. 8½d.; the Folkestone, very soft with vicuna finish, 1s. 9d.; the Ellesmere, 2s. 4½d., and the Loch Lomond, a very quiet lady-like material, 2s. 9d. per yard.

The tweeds bear a close resemblance to the Homespuns and are either broché like the Inverary at 1s. 8½d., and the finer Hirondelle at 1s. 9d., or else in checks like the Calderwood at 1s. 7½d., or the single width Caledonian Tweed at 8½ per yard.

Three excellent plaid woollens for travelling or walking costumes are the Thirlby at 2s. 2d., the Dudley, with mohair curl stripes, at 2s. 4½d., and the Berkeley at 2s. 3d. per yard. A decided contrast to these in texture are the fine supple check woollens, the Zanetta at 2s. 4½d. and the Kennoway at 1s. 6½d. per yard; both of these are very pretty, the first named especially.

Mr. Noble has a capital selection of merinos and cashmeres; these last include the admirable sterling cashmeres in all the new colours, at 2s. per yard, a very low price. The Indiana Serge at 2s. 3d., the St. Leonards at 1s. 11½d., the Verna, a fine foulé, at 1s. 3d., the Haslemere Diagonal, and the extremely nice Corana Serge in lovely colours, at 1s. 6½d., the Mirzapore Serge at 1s. 11d., and a very cheap single width foulé serge costing only 8½d. per yard. There is also a good selection of patterns of black figured woollens, at from 1s. 9d. to 2s. 11d. per yard in a great variety of designs and textures; these materials are now so much worn that the patterns will be found very useful.

I must remind my readers that Mr. Noble still continues his useful and unique Dress Parcel System, and that this is applied to all the novelties just introduced, as well as to standard materials. The system is especially useful to ladies living in the country, who receive with the dress material they have chosen, all the linings, haberdashashery, buttons, etc., etc., necessary to complete the costume, besides other articles for which ladies can always find a use. I have many friends who have availed themselves of Mr. Noble's Dress Parcel System, and who have invariably been pleased with the result.

The selection of a good material for the foundation skirt of a dress is of so much importance, and there are so few materials suitable for the purpose, with the exception of silk, that the introduction of a really good foundation fabric is one of the greatest boons to amateur and professional dressmakers. The Linen Dress Foundations supplied by Messrs. J. N. Richardson, Sons & Owden, of Belfast, appear to meet every requirement that could be desired in this particular class of fabric. They have sufficient weight to make them fall well without being burdensome, they have the smooth, glossy surface that is essential in a foundation skirt material, they are firm and durable, and, lastly, they are made in all the leading colours—and even shades of fashionable colours—in light and dark tints. The long range of nearly a hundred shades in which the linens are to be had include white and cream, straw colour, pale blue, rose and salmon pink, green, grey, mauve, vieux rose, etc., besides all the fashionable shades of these colours in medium and dark tints. The linens will, I am convinced, be very much appreciated, and meet a want that has hitherto only been partially supplied.

The Dressmakers' Supply Stores, 146, Aldersgate Street, who, it will be remembered, supply the trade and dressmakers only, have a large stock of new linings for dresses, and materials for foundation skirts, besides everything in the way of buckrams, stiff muslins, bindings, beltings, whalebones, hooks and eyes, haberdashery, etc., that dressmakers require for their business. All these goods are supplied in the best quality, and at prices that make it decidedly economical to deal with the firm. The linings are of every possible description, and many of the new patterns are remarkably novel and pretty, and amongst the specialities of the firm are the Nautilus Belting Hook, a very useful invention, and the Bifurcated Beltings, made in black, white, and colours.

An admirable quality of gros-grain foundation silk is made in a great variety of light, dark, and medium shades, the light colours for evening dresses being remarkably pretty and varied. Crêpe de Chine, surah, and bengaline in good qualities, are all obtainable in all the fashionable colours, and these three materials are likely to continue in vogue for a considerable time. The Dressmakers Supply Stores is a most useful house to dressmakers, especially to those who live in the provinces and have few opportunities for seeing novelties until they have lost their novelty, and whether in town or country, they will know how to value the capital goods offered to them by the firm, and the very moderate prices charged.

Want of space prevented me last month from mentioning two specialities at Messrs. Garrould's, in the Edgware Road, which are, however, likely to be of more than ordinary use to my readers. One of these is an extremely pretty selection of French caps for servants in different styles. There are the ordinary caps covering the hair entirely, except in front, with full ruched borders and white strings falling down the back. These are made of plain and fancy muslin with lace trimmings, and are the caps usually worn by French bonnes.

But, besides these, there are some smaller and very pretty and becoming caps in coronet shape meeting at the back, where they are fastened by means of long muslin strings edged with lace. The cap is a mere graduated ruche, leaving the top of the head uncovered, but is so very neat and pretty that I feel sure all ladies who see it will choose it for their maids in preference to the kind of semi-mob cap that servants affect when left to themselves.

Another speciality of Messrs. Garrould's is the Academy Apron, intended for lady art students, but also much appreciated by the damsels whose talents and taste lead them to the kitchen rather than the studio. The apron covers the whole of the front of the dress, and is very prettily made in coloured zephyr, in holland, and other materials. The full bodice is mounted on a pointed yoke, the long full sleeves reach to the wrist, and there is a sensible pocket on each side of the skirt which is mounted on a pointed band. The aprons cost from 7s. 6d. and are made in two sizes. Ladies living in the country may easily send for these and for the pretty French servants' caps of which I have already spoken. The house has a large Country Order Department which keeps a whole staff of clerks engaged, and ladies writing here may feel assured that their wishes and requests will meet with prompt and careful attention.

A new magazine, of which the first number has recently been sent me, is "The Popular Medical Monthly," a medical journal for lay readers, published at 24, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, at the popular price of 3d. per number. I think this little medical paper meets a real want, and that it is likely to supply it. The desire to know something about ourselves, our ailments, the proper treatment of ourselves in health so as to avoid sickness, and in sickness in such a way that we may recover our health as speedily as possible, is daily growing greater. But we are no longer content with half knowledge, and we laugh at hearsay and prejudice; genuine scientific knowledge, not overburdened with technicalities, is what is now required and what this magazine seems likely to supply us with.

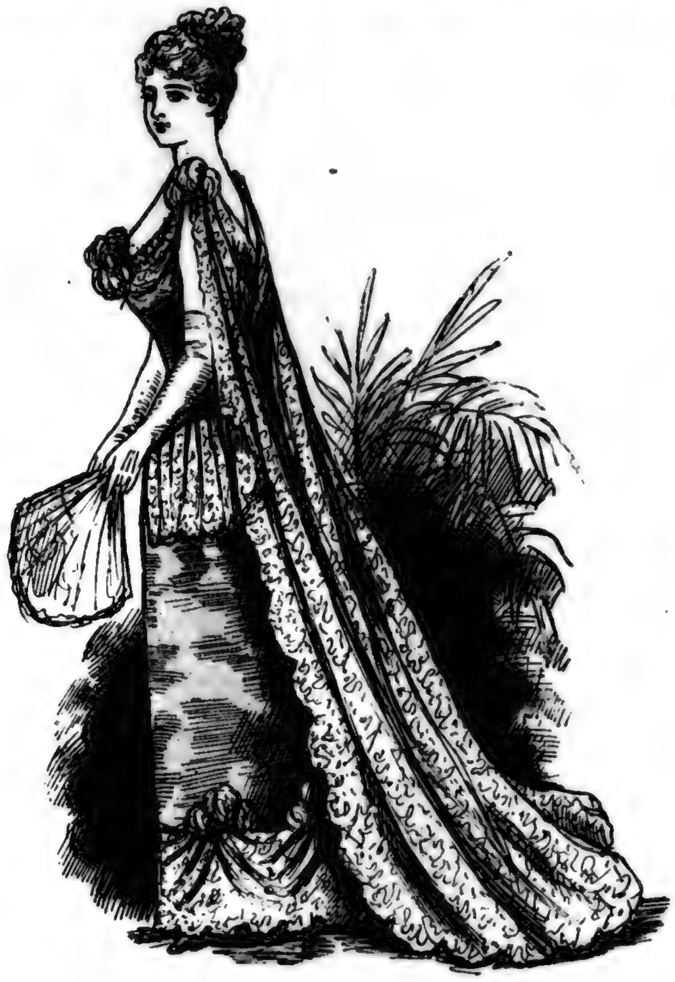
The first number contains the introductory article to a series of Ambulance lectures, which will be illustrated, and in connection with which examinations will be held and prizes awarded. Articles are also begun on Healthy Homes, Things we suffer from, Catarrh being the subject of the first article, What ails the Children, What we eat and drink, Seasonable Diet, and an interesting paper on Hypnotism, besides much other information of a like kind, all written in pleasant and readable manner and well within the comprehension of any intelligent woman. Practical advice and recipes of easily made remedies for minor complaints are given, together with the authorities, English, American, French, and German, which supply them. Altogether, the new Medical Monthly bids fair to deserve its self-assumed title of Popular.

The Silkworm.

Our * Lesson * in * Dressmaking: * No. * 57.

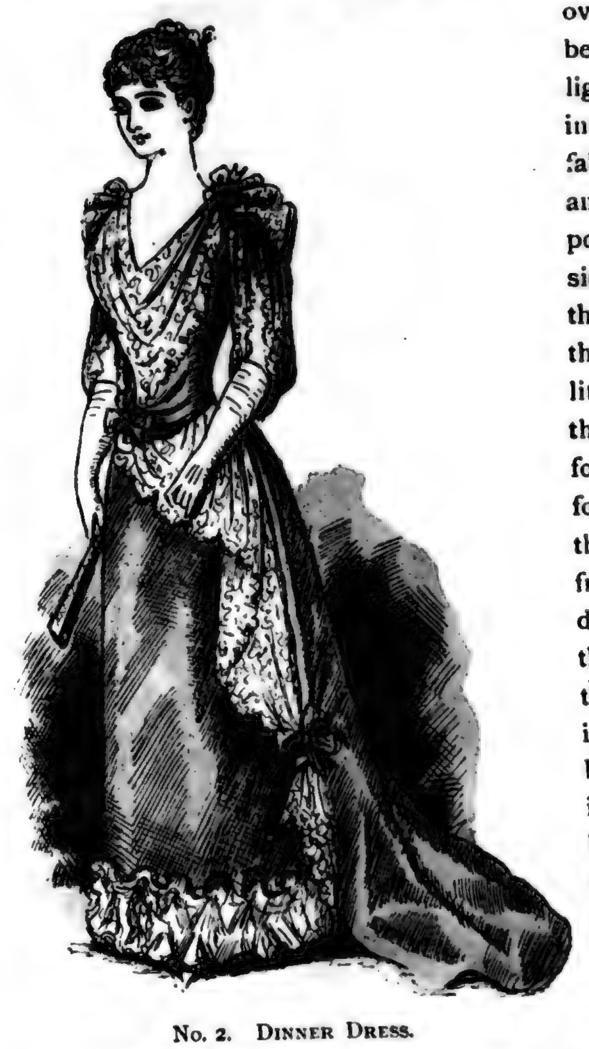
LACE FLOUNCES AND SHAWLS.

NEARLY all ladies have stores of lace which they would be glad to utilise for evening dresses, if they could only find fashionable styles for making up the precious fabrics. The illustrations on this page are specially designed with a view to the utilisation of black or white lace in flounces or shawls.



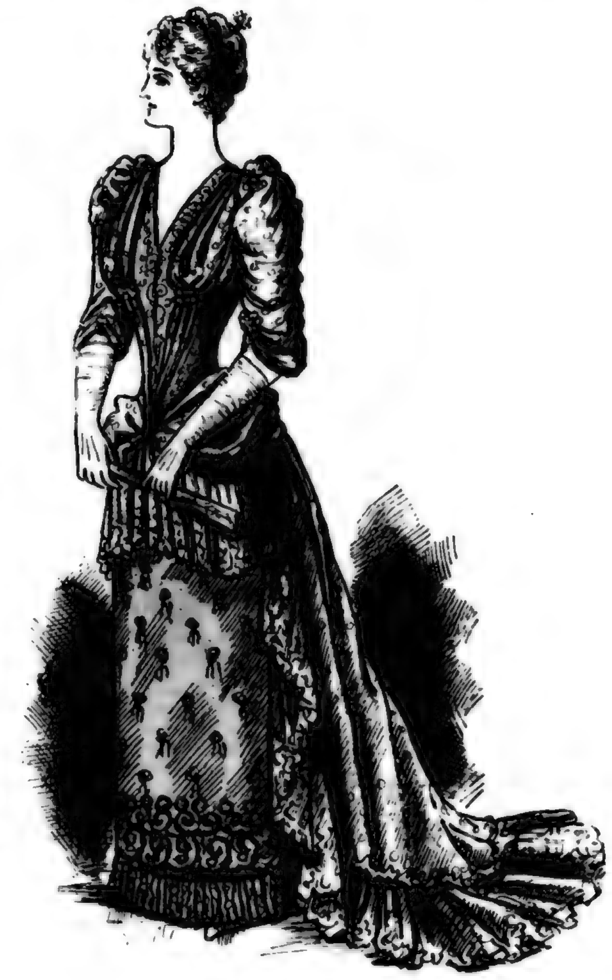
No. 1. Dress with Shawl Train.

No. 1 is a dress of plain bengaline, the skirt trimmed with a festooned flounce of lace, caught up with bunches of feathers, and the bodice edged with a deep basque of lace and draped in front with lace. The train is composed of a lace shawl, 2 yards square, falling over the demi-trained bengaline skirt, and lightly tacked to it at intervals to ensure its falling in correct folds and to save it from possible damage. One side is pleated up on the shoulder, allowing the corner to fall a little below the elbow, the three or four pleats forming easy coquillé folds down the side of the train. The side from the folds is then draped to the centre of the back and caught there, about 6 or 8 inches in the centre being folded together in a kind of burnouse hood and tucked inside the draperies. The other side is arranged in the same way; the top folds only are secured to the back of the corsage, the rest of the shawl falling freely from the shoulders. If the side is too long it can be caught up a little and tacked to the skirt just behind the elbow. This arrangement can be far more easily carried out than described and is very graceful and becoming Feathers are placed in front and on the shoulder, covering the draping of the train.



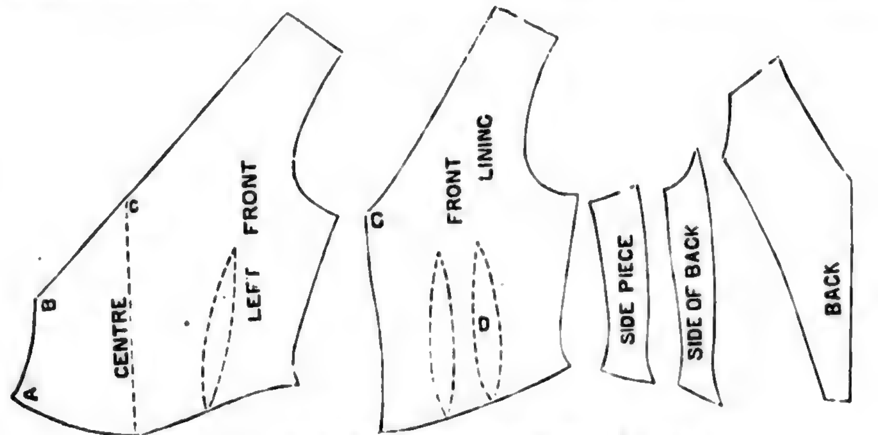
No. 2. Dinner Dress.

Another way of draping a shawl train is to gather up the opposite corners of one end, about 18 inches from the extreme corner on either side of it, and to allow this draped corner to fall over the arm from the shoulder. The corner is drawn up precisely like the hood of a baby's head flannel, omitting of course the running round the edge; the back is arranged in the same way as in the illustration.



No. 3. Evening Toilette.

No. 2 is also a silk dress with a thick ruche or bouillonné of chiffon round the edge in front. A lace flounce is draped across the figure below the bodice, and falls in coquillés down the side of the train, to which it is joined low down by a bow. The diagram of the bodice, of which we give the cut-out paper pattern, is illustrated at No. 4; the front is draped with a half square of lace, ending under a bow on the right side where the draped flounce begins. A piece of wide flouncing could also be used for this drapery, the whole of the right side of the bodice being covered with lace, the left side fastening over it at the waist. The sleeve is made of a length of flouncing, with the headings joined together up the back of the arm, forming a kind of bag under the elbow.

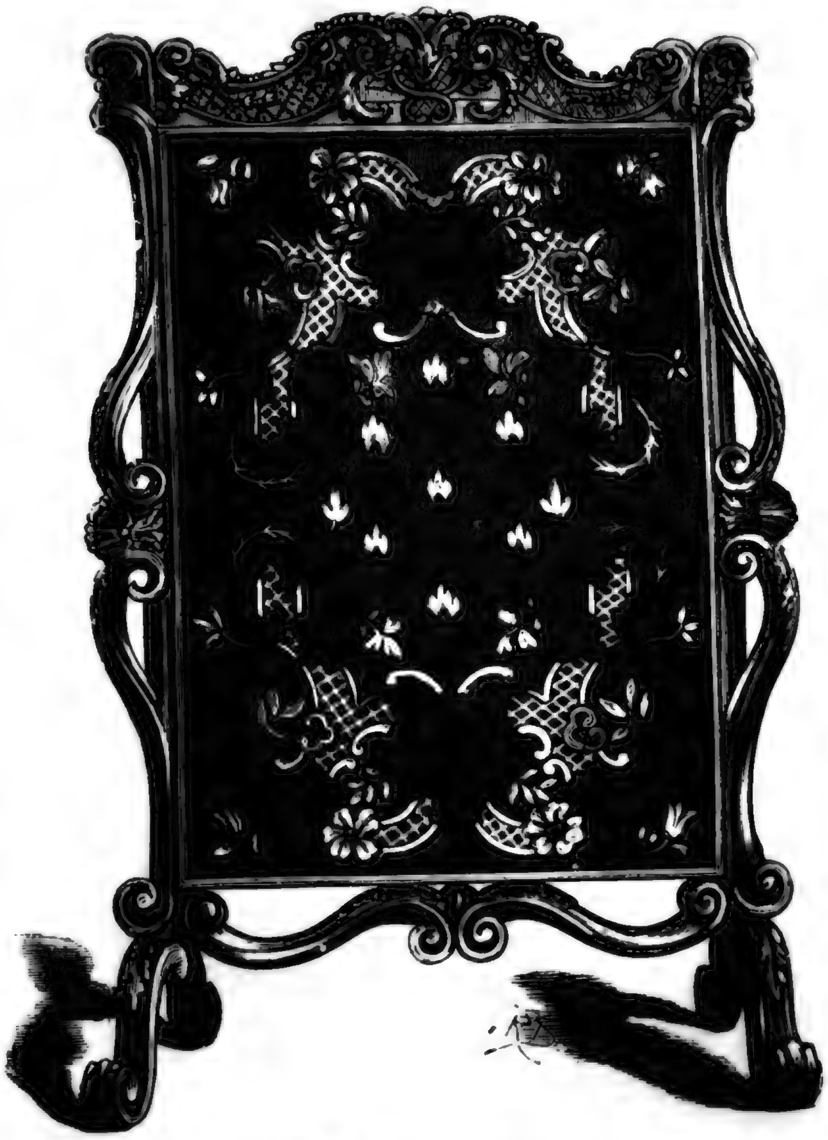


No. 4. Diagram of the Cut-Out Paper Pattern.

The Evening Toilette, No. 3, is composed of silk and spotted gauze. The silk skirt is ornamented with jet pendants and bordered with jet passementerie and fringe; the pointed front and back of the bodice to correspond are of jet embroidered silk; the remainder of the dress, draped corsage, paniers, and train are of spotted gauze lined with plain silk. The draped gauze sleeves are unlined and caught up at the bend of the arm with jet clasps. The corsage draperies are also drawn in with jet clasps, and the paniers and train are bordered with a lace flounce.

Notes * on * News.

GYMNASTICS are now a recognised branch of every child's education, and a large audience assembled recently at the Paddington Swimming Baths, to witness the fifth annual gymnastic display under the direction of Herr Stempel, his own premises at 75, Albany Street, Regent's Park, not being large enough for the occasion. The interesting exercises were gone through in excellent style, showing the careful manner in which the pupils had been trained. The storming board, combined with high jump, was most exciting, and the fearlessness with which the children cleared a height of over 6 feet was remarkable. The rope climbing, too, was excellent, some very small children climbing a rope 35 feet high. The accuracy and precision of the maze and ornamental marching spoke wonders for the control which Herr Stempel manages to keep over the 60 or 70 children who took part in it. The exercises with Indian clubs were very good, especially a solo by Master Ferdinand Stempel, who used the single and double clubs with equal dexterity. One of the attractions of the afternoon was the fencing of Fräulein Wilke and Miss Barber, both ladies proving that they could use the foils to good purpose. Fräulein Wilke won by several points, and was much admired for the skill and grace with which she used her weapon, no less than for her valuable aid in the musical part of the entertainment.



Louis XIV. Fire Screen.

The frame is of polished walnut; for the panel, see fig. 7 of Needlework Designs.

The sun is beginning to put out our fires, and before long we shall be enquiring for the very latest and prettiest novelties for hiding or decorating our fireplaces. Some extremely pretty ornaments, composed of pampas and African grasses and flowers, bulrushes, palm leaves, etc., arranged in fan shape, and mounted on an easel, are being shown by Mrs. Hastings, at the Soho Bazaar, in Oxford Street, and also at 27, Kempsford Gardens, South Kensington. The dried grasses and leaves are grouped with great taste, and may be had in natural colours or dyed to suit the colouring of the room, and in some specimens a bird is lightly poised on the grasses; the price is 10s. only, and smaller bunches may be had at much lower prices, and form charming decorations for walls and the corners of rooms and staircases. Another novelty in fire screens shown by Mrs. Hastings is a light square bamboo screen, to stand like an easel in front of the grate, draped with pongee silk in any colour, and decorated with graceful drooping sprays of sea-weed, dyed in various colours. These screens cost but 7s. 6d. each, and ladies in search of novel, artistic, and convenient ornaments for fireplaces should make a point of seeing these grass and sea-weed screens.

A capital addition to the Camelot Series, published by Walter Scott, is a recent volume containing the plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with a very interesting introduction by Rudolf Dircks, who gives a short, but comprehensive and readable biography of Sheridan. The "Trip to Scarborough," sometimes included amongst Sheridan's plays, is omitted, and rightly so, for there is scarcely anything of Sheridan's in it. The collection is therefore complete, and this cheap and well got up volume will be welcomed by all lovers and students of English literature.

Some pretty ornaments for the dress and hair have been lately introduced, made of fine silver wire fashioned into the shape of filigree flowers in sprays of various sizes. Rows of the small blossoms make most charming fillets for Grecian head-dresses, and look equally well on light and dark hair, and the sprays may be used for draping the skirts or ornamenting the bodices of ball toilettes. This dainty work is executed by Mrs. Handley, of 7, Great Percy Street, Kings Cross, who also undertakes to teach the art of making the filigree sprays, specimens of which may be seen at the Soho Bazaar.

A successful meeting in connection with the Crystal Palace Ladies' Needlework Society was recently held at Dulwich, and, what will possibly prove of still greater benefit to the Society, the stall formerly established in an out of the way gallery of the Crystal Palace, has been removed to a far better position in the Fabrics' Court, where articles in plain or fancy work, executed by the members, may be seen and purchased, and where orders may be given. Useful specialities are the smocked frocks and pinafores for children, of which there is always a variety in stock, or, if preferred, ladies may take their own material to be smocked. Orders for trousseaux, layettes, and work of all kinds may be given here, and lace is mended and cleaned.

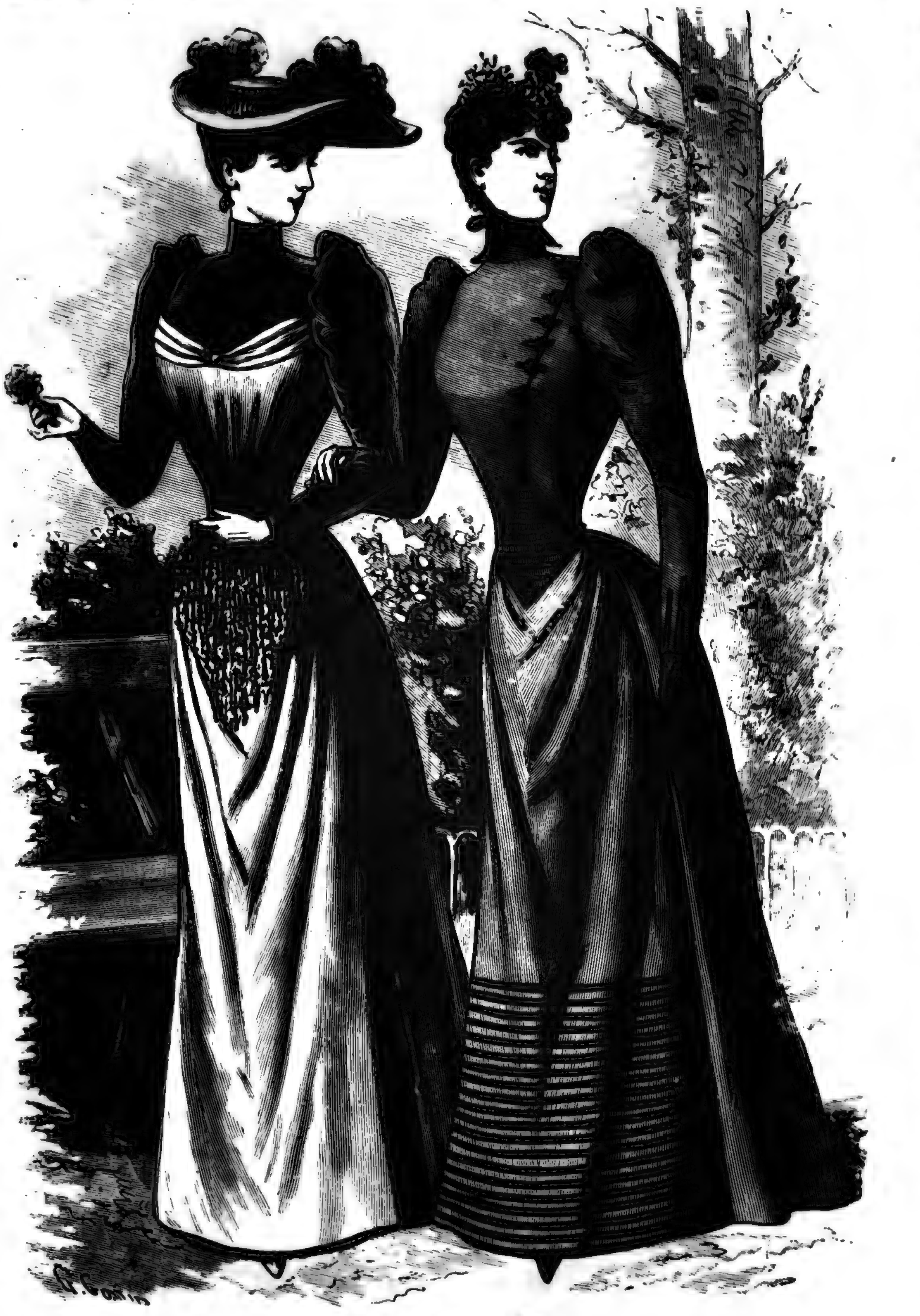
Some improvement in the instruction given in reading at elementary schools has long been a want; the children are allowed to read from the same book until they know every passage by rote, and simply use their memories instead of their eyes and brains. To remedy this state of affairs, Mr. John Heywood, of London and Manchester, is bringing out a halfpenny monthly magazine, entitled, "The Scholar's Magazine," each number of which contains a number of articles, most of them illustrated, on current topics of interest, stories, and other suitable matter for young readers and likely to be appreciated by them. The articles are taken from different magazines and newspapers, and are accompanied by a few brief explanatory notes where these are deemed necessary, and long words are divided into syllables to help the young people over difficult passages. It is a capital idea, and the magazine is a cheap and useful publication.

Current Fashions in London.

Now that the spring, if not the early summer, may be said to be fairly set in, the styles, which are fully settled, prove to be particularly effective and becoming. It seems as though the rulers of the destinies of Fashions have entered into a conspiracy to prevent anything tight being worn; loose flowing cloaks, hanging in graceful folds, and mantles which are guiltless of the slightest pretence to fit, are *de rigueur*, and, indeed, the looser these are, the more fashionable they may be considered. This style certainly has one great advantage, for there is not the slightest necessity to boast of a good figure, as is the case with the regulation tailor-built gown or coat, although, of course, it goes without saying, that a thin, graceful woman looks infinitely better than her sister, who is shorter and inclined to *embonpoint*, but if we cannot all be tall and straight, we can, at least, hide ourselves in part under one of the new cloaks, and still know that we are fashionable.

A very large choice of these mantles can be had at Mr. Peter Robinson's well-known establishment in Oxford Street. A beautiful carriage mantle seen here is of vieux rose bengaline almost entirely covered with fine chains of gold beads interspersed with jewels; round the edge is a ruching of vieux rose ostrich feathers, small tips of the same colour curling outwards lining the collar. A second is of cloth in the palest shade of heliotrope, with trimming of black and gold bead passementerie laid on in straight rows, the points being edged with ruffles of soft, black net thickly flecked with gold. Another of heliotrope cloth in rather a deeper shade is beaded closely all over with various sized stars in black jet beads, and has round the edge a wide fringe of heliotrope chenille and beads.

Quite a contrast to these is a three-quarter coat of *café au lait* silk trimmed with jet, and having added basques of flounced black lace.



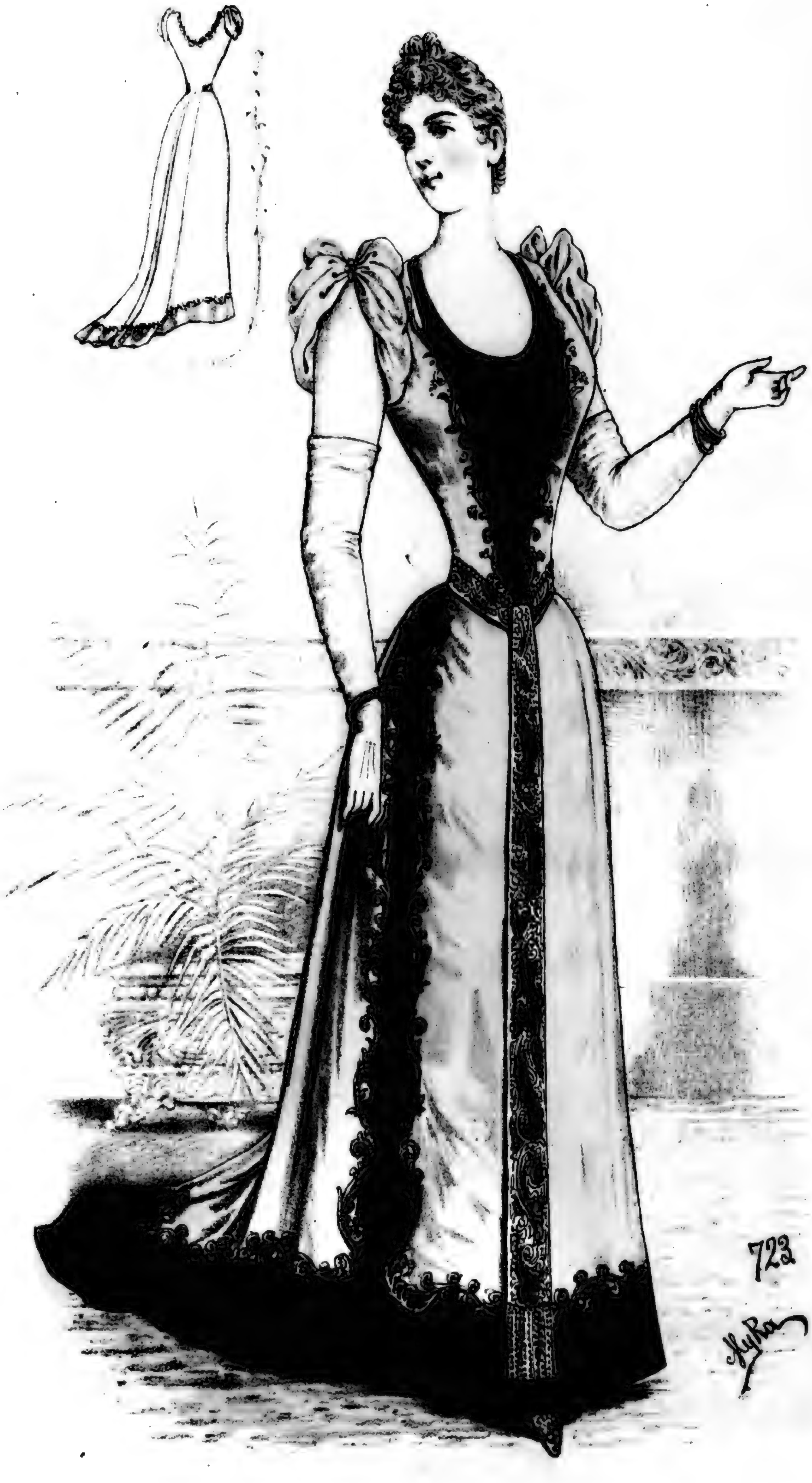
Toilettes for the Park.
For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Amongst the costumes may be seen some of the newest Parisian models, the skirts of the latest of these being made with plain straight fronts and backs cut on the cross, and so arranged that they are quite straight at the top and fall in pleats at the foot. A model in this style is of ficelle cloth with a large camels' hair check in turquoise and navy blue. The skirt in front is cut into deep vandykes to show pleats of navy blue velvet, these again parting over a flouncing of turquoise blue silk. The bodice, which fastens down the back, has two bands of velvet, one round the basque and the other just under the armholes, the cloth opening at the neck with revers of velvet over an inner vest of velvet and the paler blue silk in folds. The sleeves are of cloth, slashed at the shoulder with *poufs* of velvet and silk.

A toilette of grey camels' hair cloth and bengaline has one side of the skirt of the latter material edged with ostrich feather ruching, likewise in grey, headed by a narrow band of silver and gold passementerie, the cloth, which is also edged with the feathers down the side, is carried in a drapery across the top, and cut into deep vandykes, each one finished off with a bunch of chenille fringe and beads. The other side is opened three-quarters of the way up to show a panel of the bengaline.

Amongst the latest novelties in millinery is a small bonnet, something of the once popular princess shape, in creamy Tuscan straw, the brim covered with a fringe of green oats and a bunch of unopened rosebuds at the back. Above the oats is a large butterfly bow of bright pink ribbon covering the whole of the crown, and the strings are of similar ribbon. Another dainty bonnet consists of a fluting of fine black lace arranged over a rouleau of rose pink velvet, with a bunch of shaded pink roses and black ostrich tips at the back, a coronal of jet on top and strings of velvet.

Myra.



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28 inches wide.
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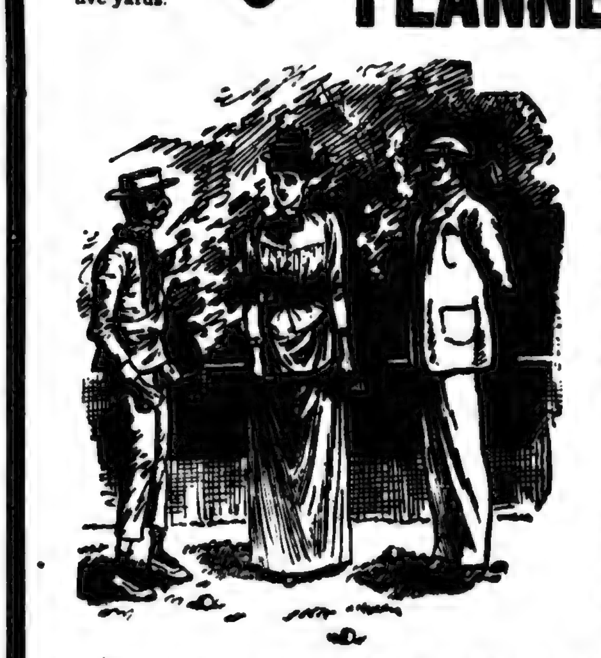

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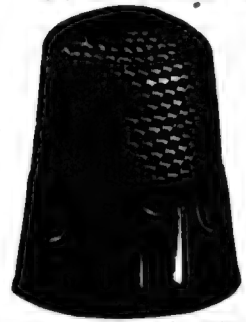

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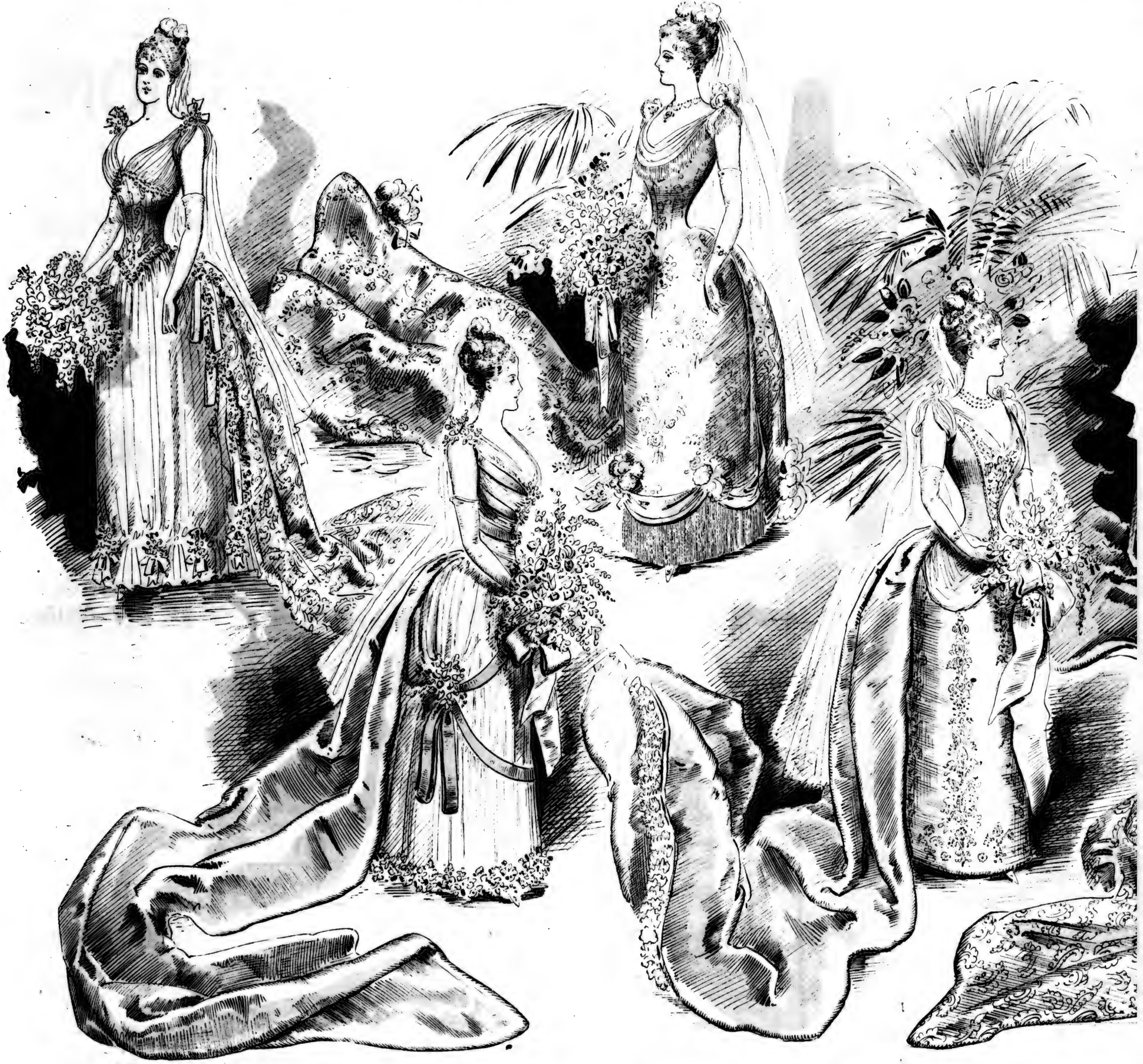
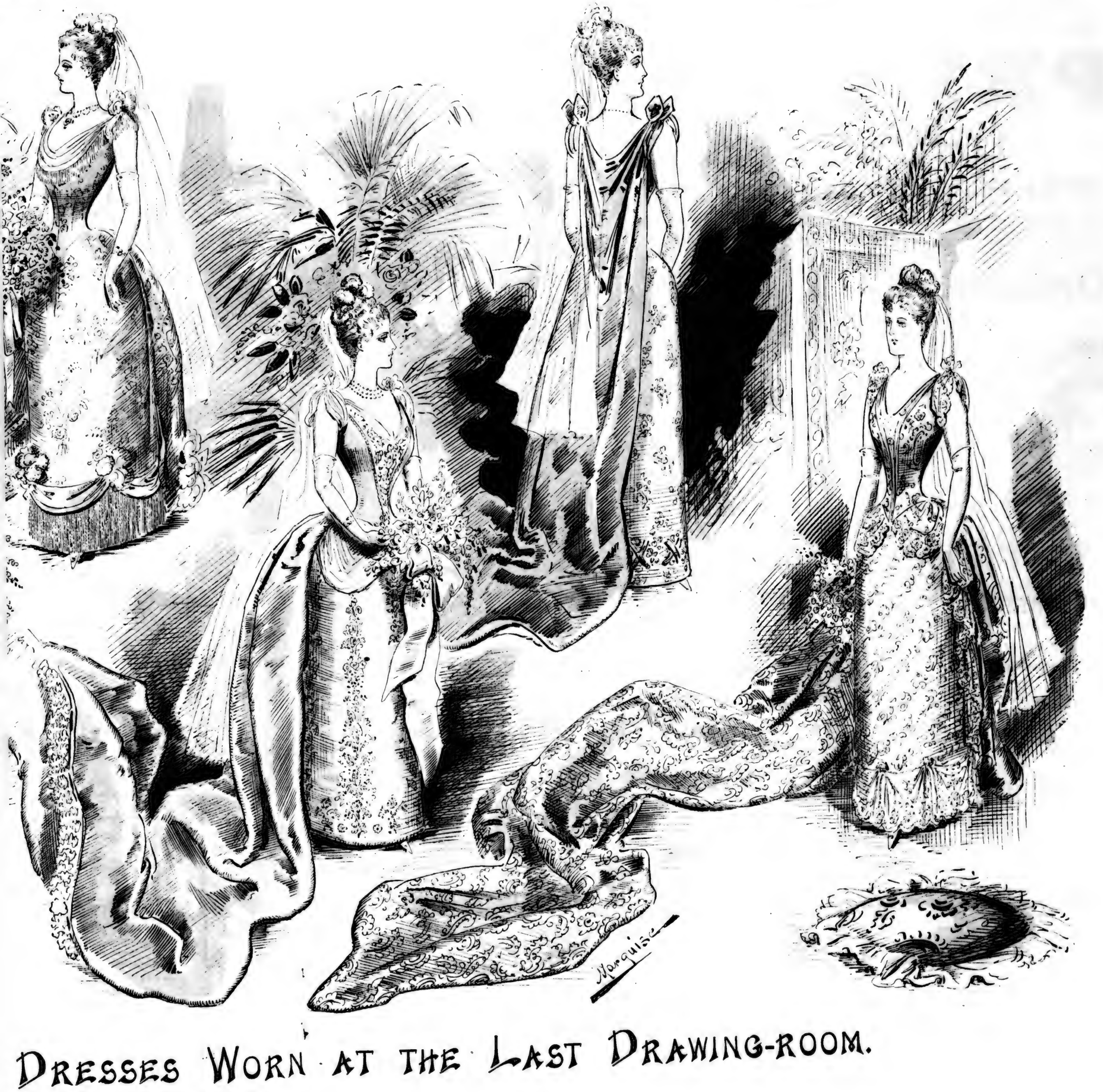


SKETCHES OF DRESSES WORN AT THE L



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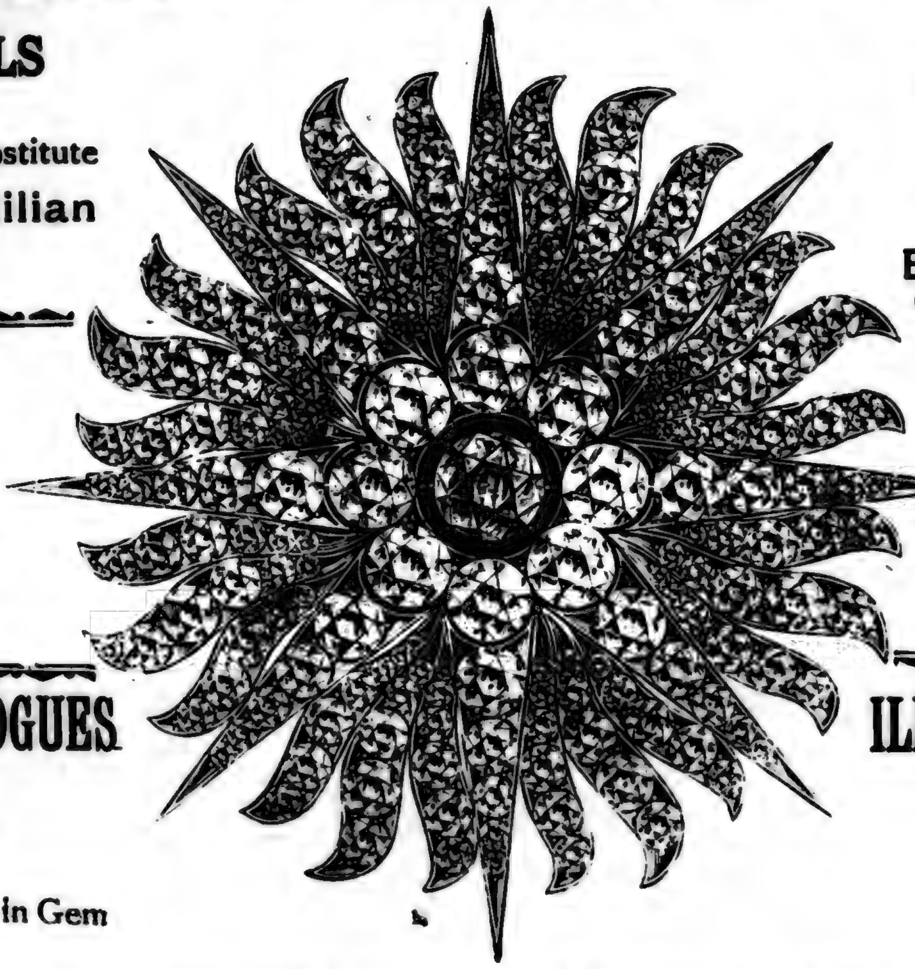

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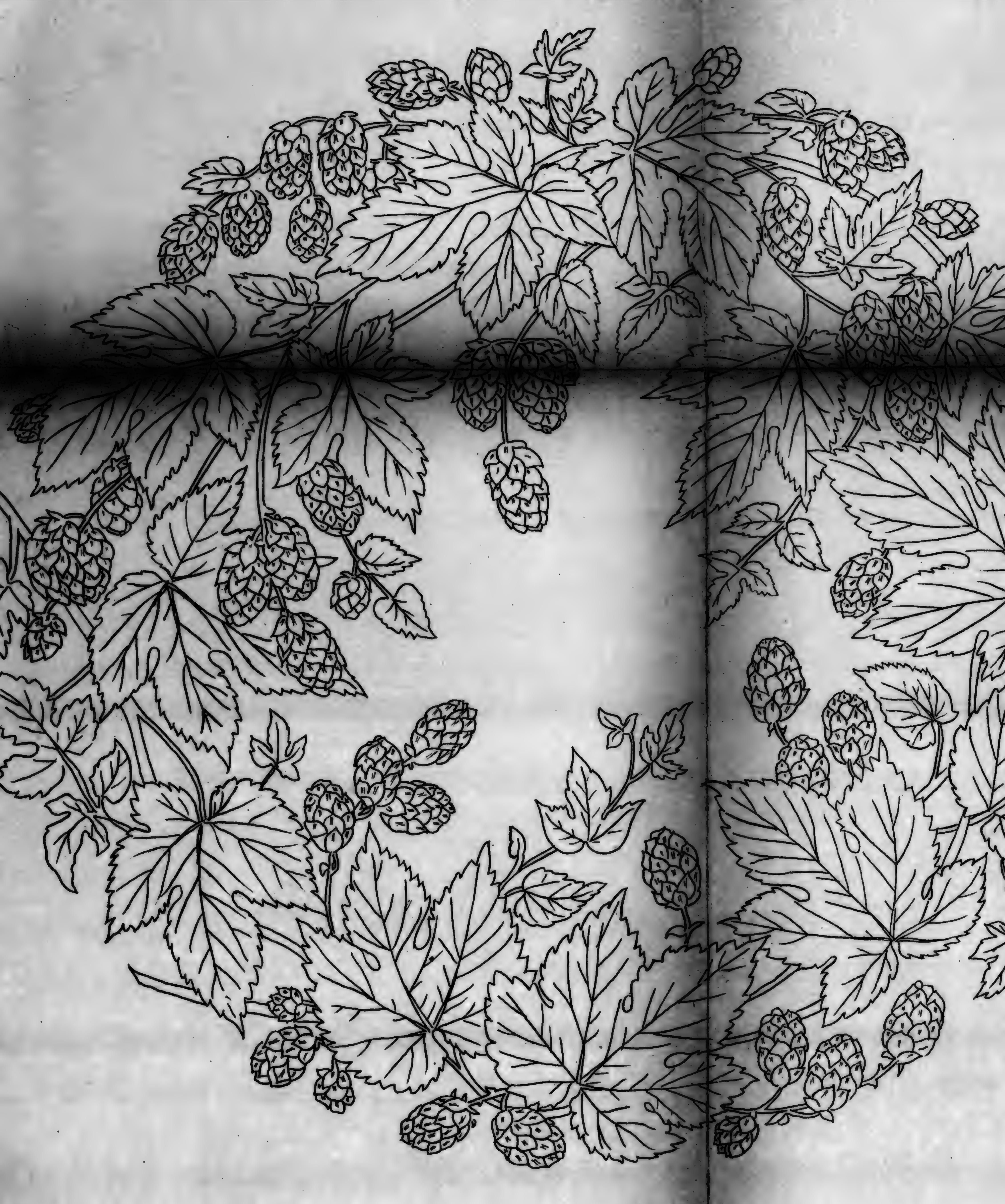

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BRIGHT CLEAR COMPLEXION,
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GENERAL MOURNING

WAREHOUSE,

256 to 262, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.

FUNERALS FURNISHED.

MOURNING ORDERS.

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LATEST CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES IN

MANTLES AND GOWNS.

Telegraphic Address, "Peter Robinson, London." Telephone No. 3557.

GRAHAM & BIDDLE.

Now on View, Furnished Dining-room and Table Fitted with Electric Lights (Patented), and completely laid out for Dessert, up to date, Admission by Visiting Cards.

"RAMSEY" Cretonne.
32 inches wide 1/-
"WOODCOTE" Cretonne.
32 inches wide 1/3

"KIMBERLEY" Cretonne.
32 inches wide 1/6
"CHILWORTH" Cretonne.
32 inches wide 1/9

"MARLBOROUGH" Tapestry.
50 inches wide 2/6
"INDIAN" Tapestry.
50 inches wide 5/6

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GOLD MEDAL—
PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.
DIPLOMA OF HONOR
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EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, 1890.

MACHINES FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SEWING.

Ten per cent. discount for Cash, or ON HIRE,
Per 2/6 Week.
WITH OPTION OF PURCHASE

INSTRUCTION FREE.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES

ANNUAL SALE—
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CAUTION.—To avoid deception, buy no Machine unless the Company's Trade Name "SINGER" is printed upon the Arm.

THE
Singer Manufacturing Co.
39, FOSTER LANE,
CHEAPSIDE,
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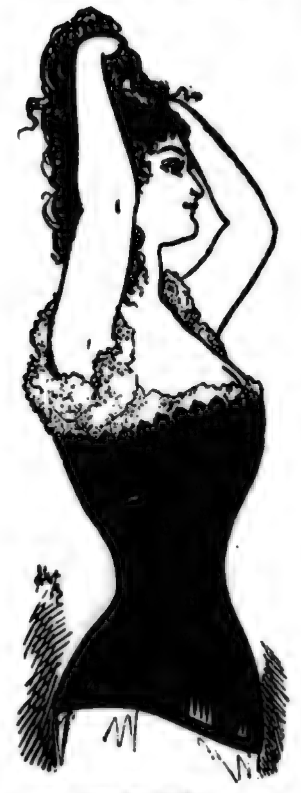
DICKINS & JONES'



[Reg. No. 10,432.]

The "SPÉCIALITÉ Corset" (Regd.)

TYPE 1.—Long waist, in Black Italian Cloth and Real Whalebone, 18/6 complete; in Black Satin, 27/6; in Cardinal Satin, 27/6; in White Satin, 27/6.

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The "Spécialité Corset" is made of best materials, and fitted throughout with REAL WHALEBONE (Busks and side Steels excepted), best sewing and perfect finish. The quality of the "Spécialité Corset" will be found 25 per cent. better, at the price, than any other Corset offered to the public.

The "Specialite Corset" is our own exclusive property, and cannot be procured elsewhere.

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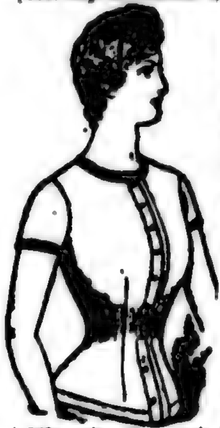
The "PRINCESS" SLIP BODICE
(REGD.)

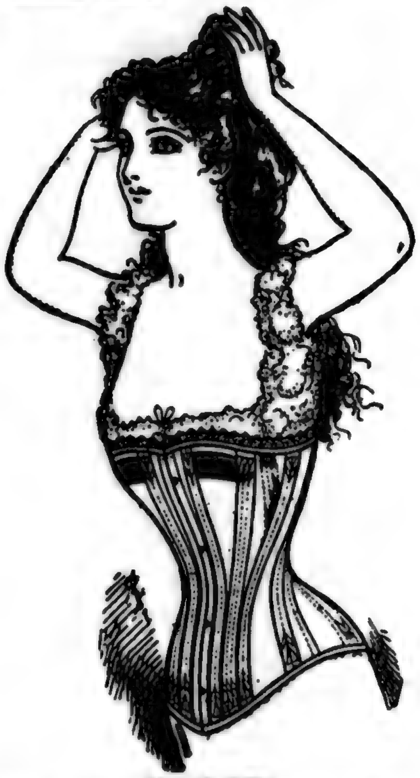
(Can only be obtained of Dickins and Jones.)



For a dress to fit perfectly, to a well-shaped Corset, what is so necessary as a good fitting Bodice? The Bodice, as illustration, meets this requirement, as being made of woven material, and therefore elastic, it fits the figure like a glove.

Prices in superior quality White Cotton material, 20in. waist, 3/-; 22in., 3/3; 24in. 3/6; 26in, 3/9; 28in., 4/-; 30in., 4/3. Also in fine Cashmere Wool. In cream, pink, sky, and natural wool, 20in., 5/6; 22in., 6/3; 24in., 7/-; 26in., 7/9; 28in., 8/6; 30in., 9/6; with high necks and short sleeves; and high necks and no sleeves; can also be had with high necks and long sleeves. In Silk, Cream, Pink, Sky, and Cardinal, trimmed fine real Torchon Lace, 20in., 11/-; 22in., 12/6; 24in., 14/-; 26in., 15/6; 28in., 17/-; 30in., 18/6.

Sample Bodices sent on approval.



[Regd. No. 10,433.]

The "SPÉCIALITÉ Corset" (Regd.)

TYPE 2.—Long Waist, in White Coutille and Real Whalebone, 18/6 complete.

TYPE 3.—Medium long waist, in White Coutille, with Real Whalebone, 16/6 complete; in Black Italian Cloth and Real Whalebone, 18/6 complete.

DICKINS & JONES, 232 to 236, Regent Street, London.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

PATTERNS OF

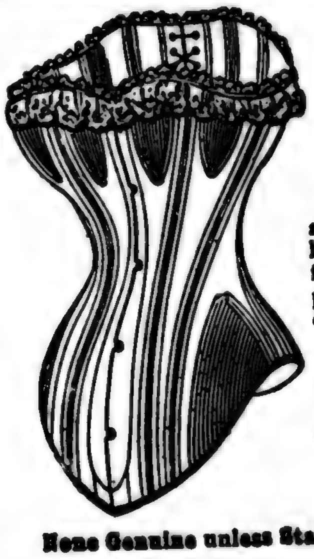
SPRING DRESS FABRICS

ARE NOW READY.

They comprise an enormous variety of the most exquisite TWEEDS, and FANCY MATERIALS, and are well worthy of inspection and comparison.

SAMPLES POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Manufacturers by Special Appointments to Her Majesty the Queen, and Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick of Germany. **BELFAST.**



THE CELEBRATED DOBLENO

This Corset is scientifically cut from an exquisite model and specially adapted for the present fashion Although long-waisted it gives to the figure a perfect and graceful freedom. The bones and busks are securely and neatly protected. It is beautifully made from the best and most durable materials.

Made in Black, White, Cardinal, Cream, Salmon, Drab and Fawn, **5/11** *each.*

Also in Special Quality Black with Best Greenland Whalebone; **12/6** *each.*

To be obtained of all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

None Genuine unless Stamped with the Registered Trade Mark "Dobleno."

SPRING AND SUMMER
DRESS FABRICS.

The Finest Collection in the Kingdom is now being shown at the

Midland Drapery Stores,

59 & 60, High Street, Birmingham,

KENNETH WILSON & Co., PROPRIETORS.

Ladies before purchasing their Dresses for the coming Season should write to the above address for Patterns, when they will receive by return post the finest collection in the Kingdom to select from.

PATTERNS OF ALL GOODS SENT POST FREE.

Patterns of all kinds of Drapery, Gent's Suitings, Tweeds, Serges, Shirtings, &c., sent Post Free to any address.

THE STORES' FASHION CATALOGUE

SENT POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE GLOBE.

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Lot C. 1.—Special Surah Silk Dress, 36s. 6d., contains 15 yards of beautiful Black Surah Silk, twilled both sides; 1 Lady's fine White Longcloth Skirt, beautifully trimmed with Swiss Needlework, and ½ dozen Ladies' Pure White Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, the whole contents sent carriage paid for £1 16s. 6d. Marvellous value.

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Lot C. 7.—Gent's Special Suiting Tweed Parcel, 14s. 11d., contains 7 yards splendid Scotch Tweed, in Greys, Fawns, Heathers, light or dark mixture; 3 Gents' White Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs, hemmed ready for use; 1 pair Gent's Wool, half-hose. The lot sent for 42s. 11d. Every gentleman sending for this parcel will be astonished at its value.

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ADMISSION BY VISITING CARDS.

"RAMSEY" Cretonne. 32 inches wide 1/-
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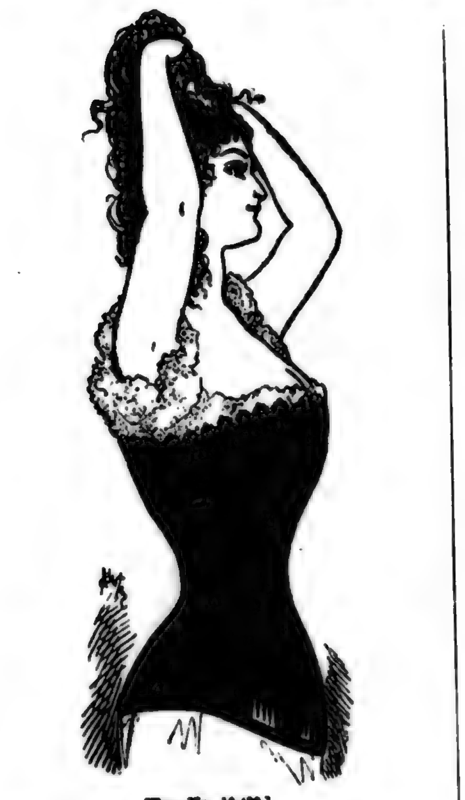

[Reg. No. 10,438.]

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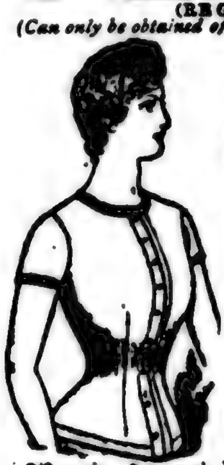

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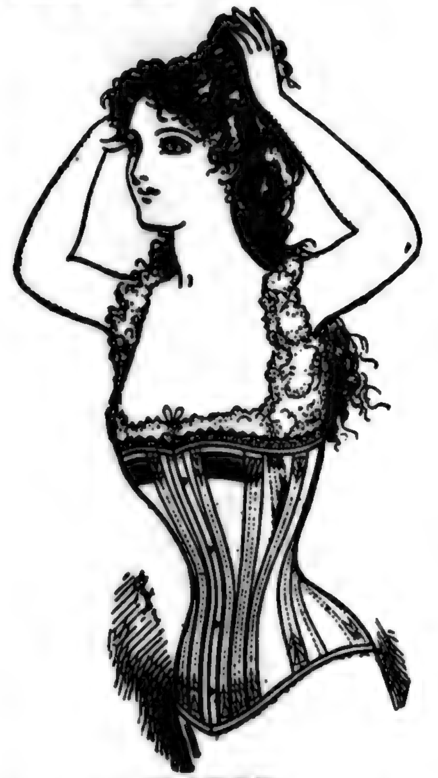

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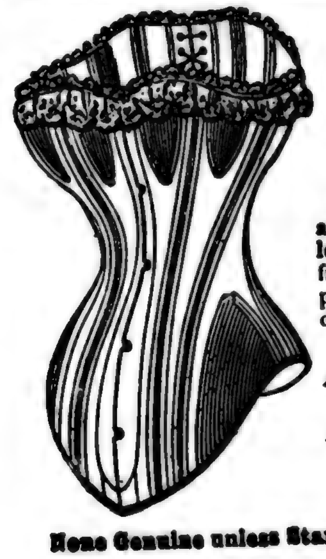

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NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK AND WOOLS.

Novelty Catalogue Price List Now Ready, "Free" on application to any part of the World.

"NOVELTIES" IN PLUSH EMBROIDERY.

Traced or Depressed—Commenced or Uncommenced.

New Designs—"HEARTSEASE," "BUTTERFLY," "PINES," "AUTUMN LEAF," and "CELESTIAL," all of our latest introductions.

In Mantel Borders, Table Covers, Table Centres, Sideboards, Antimacassars, Scarf Antimacassars, Curtain Loops, Bands, &c., &c.

NOVELTIES IN WIDE-HEMMED OR FRILLED PONGEE SILK EMBROIDERY.

In Table Covers, Toilet Covers, Table Runners, Toilet Sets, Table Centres, Cot Covers, Sideboards, Bed Spreads, Nightdress Sachets, Pillow Shams, Duchess Covers, Antimacassars, Duchess Sets, Brush Bags. Splash Screens.

NOVELTIES IN "HEMMED-STITCHED" LINEN EMBROIDERY.

Or with Wide Hems. Traced Mont Mellick, and many other new designs upon Fine, Medium, or Heavy Linen, and Soft Sateen Materials, in Bed Spreads, Toilet Sets, D'Oyleys, Pillow Cases, Duchess Covers, Antimacassars, Pillow Shams, Table Covers, Sideboards Covers, Toilet Covers, Tray Cloths, Table Runners, Nightdress Sachets, Serviettes, Tea Cosies, Comb Bags, Carving Cloths, Splash Screens.

Novelties in White Cotton Embroidery. Novelties in Felt and Art Serge Embroidery. Novelties in Satin de Luxe Embroidery.

Endless Novelties for Bazaars and Sales of Work,

IN SEVERAL HUNDRED TOTALLY DISTINCT & USEFUL ARTICLES, ALL MADE UP SO AS TO BE QUICKLY FINISHED.

All the Newest Designs in BED SPREADS, PILLOW CASES, and PILLOW SHAMS.

WOOLS AND KNITTING YARN AT THE REDUCED PRICES.

Every Requisite in Silks, Cords, Metal Threads, Spangles, Beads, &c., &c., for Art Work.

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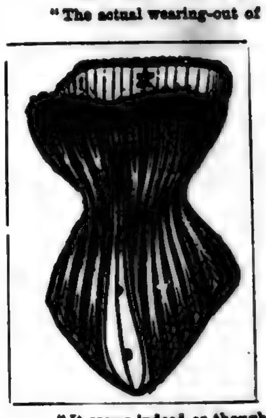
ART NEEDLEWORK, WOOL AND KNITTING YARN EMPORIUM,
102, 104, 106, King's Road, Sloane Square, London, S.W.

BROWN'S PATENT

"DERMATHISTIC" CORSET.

"The actual wearing-out of such a Corset as this becomes an absolute impossibility."—*Lady's Pictorial.*



ELEGANCE!
COMFORT!!
DURABILITY!!!

SPECIALITÉ:—

Bones, Busks and Steels, protected bY Leather.

Price 5/11 all Colors.

The Registered "Coach pring Busk" with which these Corsets are now fitted are WARRANTD UNBREAKABLE

"It seems indeed as though one pair would last a wearer the whole course of her natural life."—*Sylvia.*
"An ingenious method of ensuring durability."—MYRA.

Every Lady should try them. Order at once from your Draper.

CAUTION.—Do not take a substitute. Beware of worthless imitations.

Dressmakers

May increase their incomes and secure NEW CUSTOMERS without any extra outlay of capital or risk of bad stock by selling the

E. & S. Dress Fabrics

Messrs. EWEN & SON hold one of the largest and best assorted Stocks of Fashionable Dress Materials and Linings in the Kingdom, and will supply, **to the Trade only,** single dress lengths at *bonâ fide* WHOLESALE PRICES. Dressmakers and Drapers may thus offer their customers a constant succession of the latest novelties from the large Pattern Books supplied.

☛ *Full particulars sent on receipt of Trade Card or billhead address,*

EWEN & SON, Warehousemen, MANCHESTER.

GRABHAM'S "Unequalled" DRESS STANDS.

The Oldest Makers in the Trade. Established over Sixty Years.

GRABHAM'S "Unequalled"
PATENT and FOLDING
ADJUSTABLE DRESS STAND.

Is the Best Make, and the Cheapest.

Can be instantly adjusted to any size waist and hips.

Never gets out of order, and everyone is pleased with it.

No. 211.

Enclosed in Box.

3 inches wide, 33 inches long.

Sent per Parcels Post for 1s. extra on receipt of P.O. to—

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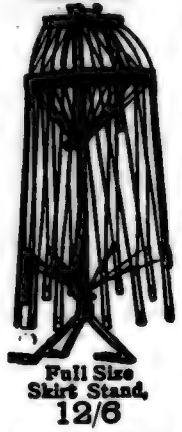

Full Size Skirt Stand, 12/6

Send for Illustrated Price List.

No. 261.

Made to waist measure, 6/6

Grabham's "Unequalled Padded French Body.

Can be instantly fixed to our "Unequalled" Patent Folding Dress Stand.

If modelled exactly to own figure, covered in cloth for pinning and fitting dresses (send perfectly-fitting dress bodice per post), 15s.

Grabham's Dress Stand Compy., Limited,
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FAST DYED

TWISTED SILK,

For EASTERN EMBROIDERY, &c.

MAY BE BOILED FOR HOURS IN STRONG SOAP AND WATER WITHOUT INJURY TO THE COLORS.

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Reckitt's Blue.

☛ WARNING.
Refuse all Substitutes!

CHILDREN NEVER CRY UNLESS THEY ARE IN PAIN.

WOODWARD'S

"Gripe Water."

SAFE, SIMPLE PALATABLE, EFFICACIOUS.

ANDREW WILSON, Esq., F.R.S.,—"It is an excellent family remedy. NO NURSERY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT."

GORDON STABLES, Esq., M.D.—"*It is the only safe medicine for infants.*"

Is the ONLY really SAFE remedy for all disorders of Infants and Children, it assists *difficult* TEETHING and prevents *Convulsions.*

"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," of Cassell's Magazine—"It is the only medicine of its kind I would feel justified in recommending."

A BELFAST PHYSICIAN (name given privately) says:—"It is a Pharmacological preparation of great value. Knowing its exact composition, I can with confidence recommend it."

SCHWEITZER'S
COCOATINA.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.

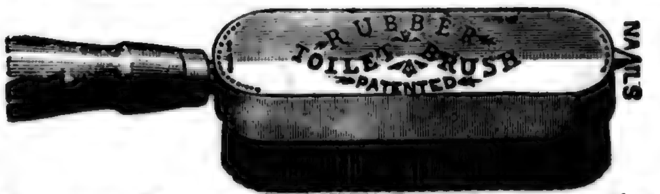
This Old-established Article retains its position as "the finest Cocoa in the market." It is unequalled in purity and flavour, and is very economical. It bears the strictest Chemical test, and keeps in all climates.

The "Lancet" says this is "GENUINE COCOA, contains no SUGAR, STARCH, or OTHER ADULTERATION, IS VERY SOLUBLE. AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE."

MOST NUTRITIOUS AND INVIGORATING.

THE BEST AND PUREST COCOA. SOLD BY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

Clean Hands

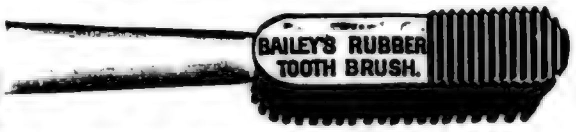


For every One no matter what the occupation.

Nothing has ever been invented that will so thoroughly cleanse and whiten the hands as our **Rubber Brush.** Used with soap and water, it will remove all kinds of stains; **Ink, Tar, Iron Stains,** and **Paint** yielding easily to it, without injuring the most delicate skin, as is done by using pumice stone, bristle brushes, &c.

Price 1s. Larger Size, Price 2s.

PRESERVE YOURTEETH


BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

By using BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

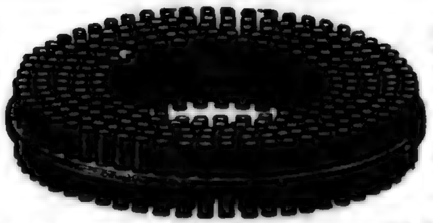
It cleanses the Teeth perfectly, and polishes the enamel without scratching either the gums or teeth. It is always clean, and can be used in hot or cold water with any powder or liquid, without injury to the brush. If a dentifrice is used, much greater benefit will be derived from it by using it with one of our rubber tooth brushes. **For Artificial Teeth it is unequalled.**

They are made in two sizes. No. 1, Price **10d.** No. 2, Price **1s.**

BAILEY'S RUBBER TEETHING RING

(PATENTED).

PRICE 5d.



Is perfectly tasteless, and is so constructed that the flat ended teeth serve to expand the skin of the gums, softening the latter, and thus aiding the coming tooth without irritation. It is made of pure Para Rubber, and entirely supersedes the old-fashioned and injurious articles sold for this purpose, and is highly recommended by leading Physicians and Dentists.

We are also the makers of BAILEY'S CELEBRATED **Rubber Bath and Flesh Brushes,** price **5s.** each; and **Complexion Brushes,** price **3s. 6d.** each

To be had from all Chemists and Dealers in Toilet Goods; or will be sent post free, on receipt of price, by the Manufacturers—

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS,
114, Adermanbury Avenue, London, E.C.; Ardwick, Manchester; and
57, Miller St., Glasgow.

CHAPMAN & Co.'S

SPRING DRESS FABRICS.

Magnificent Collection of Jacquard Dress Fabrics, 11¾d. to 5/11 per yard, double width.

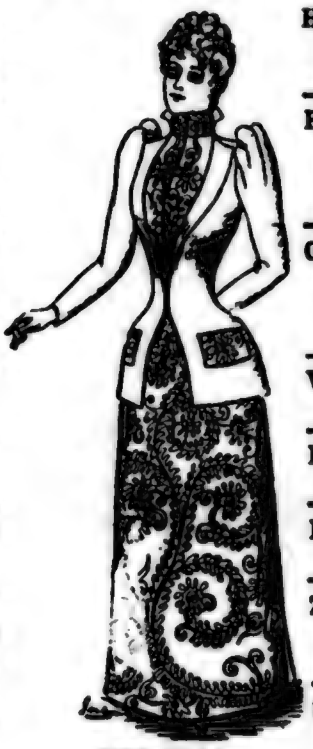
French Beiges, 44 ins. wide, 1/4½, 1/6¾ and 1/11½ per yard.

Corduroy Cloth, all Shades, 44 ins. wide, 2/3½ per yard.

French Cashmeres, New Shades, 46 ins. wide, 1/6¾ and 1/11½ per yard.

Checked Tweeds in great variety, 7¾d. to 2/11½ per yard.

Waterproof Serges, Black and Navy, 44 inches wide, 1/11½ to 3/8 per yard.



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Skirt with Bodice Piece and Trimmings included,
Price 29/6.

Half Guinea Silk Dress, Art Pongee Silk, any Shade, 12 yds., 10/6.

Fancy Bengaline Silks, Choice Designs and Shades, 22 ins. wide, 1/9½ per yard.

CHAPMAN'S Reliable Silk Dress, splendid Black Gros-Grain, 12 yards for 35/9.

Washing Dresses, immense assortment.

Floral Cambrics, 5¾d. and 6¾d.

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Zephyrs, in Hundreds of Designs, 5¾d. to 1/0¾ per yard.

Silk Brocaded Zephyrs, Distinct Novelty, 1/3½ and 1/6½ per yard.

Art Delaines, Choice Designs, 1/0¾ per yd.

Estimates, Patterns, and Forms for Self-Measurement Free.

PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS. *PATTERNS POST FREE.*

CHAPMAN & Co., 5, NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON, W.

Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Children's Bordered	1/3	HEM-STITCHED:	
Ladies'	2/2	Ladies'	2/11½
Gent's	3/3	Gent's	3/11
PER DOZ.		PER DOZ.	

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all the latest styles, from 1/- to 20/- each.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, **2/6** per dozen. Dinner Napkins, **4/6** per dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, **2/9**; 2½ yards by 3 yards, **5/6** each. Kitchen Table Cloths, **11½d.** each. Strong Huckaback Towels, **4/4** per dozen. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from **1/2½** each. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered.

Samples and ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS of any of the above, Post Free to any part of the World.

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By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany.
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IRISH LINEN

COLLARS, CUFFS, AND MATCHLESS SHIRTS.

"Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*

Collars.—Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, **3/6** per doz.; Gent.'s 4-fold **4/11** to **5/11** per doz.

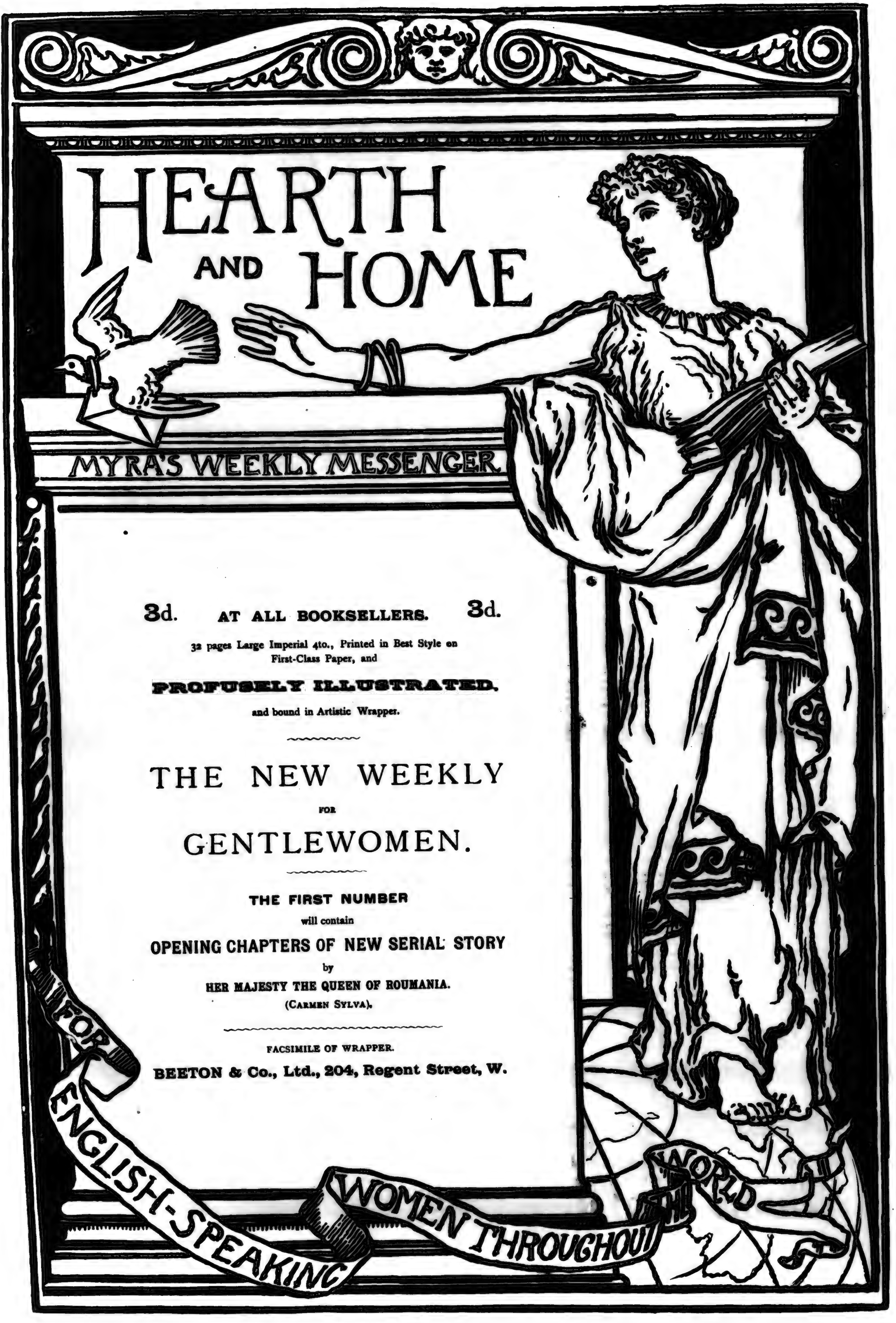
Cuffs for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, from **5/11** per doz.

Shirts.—Best quality longcloth with 4-fold finest Linen Fronts, **35/6** per half dozen; to measure or pattern, **2/-** extra.

Old Shirts made as good as new, with best materials in Neck-bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for **14/-** the half dozen.

Price Lists and Samples post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
BELFAST, IRELAND.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MYRA'S WEEKLY MESSENGER
FOR ENGLISH-SPEAKING WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

3d. **AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.** **3d.**

32 pages Large Imperial 4to., Printed in Best Style on
First-Class Paper, and

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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THE NEW WEEKLY
FOR
GENTLEWOMEN.

THE FIRST NUMBER
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OPENING CHAPTERS OF NEW SERIAL STORY
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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.
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FACSIMILE OF WRAPPER.

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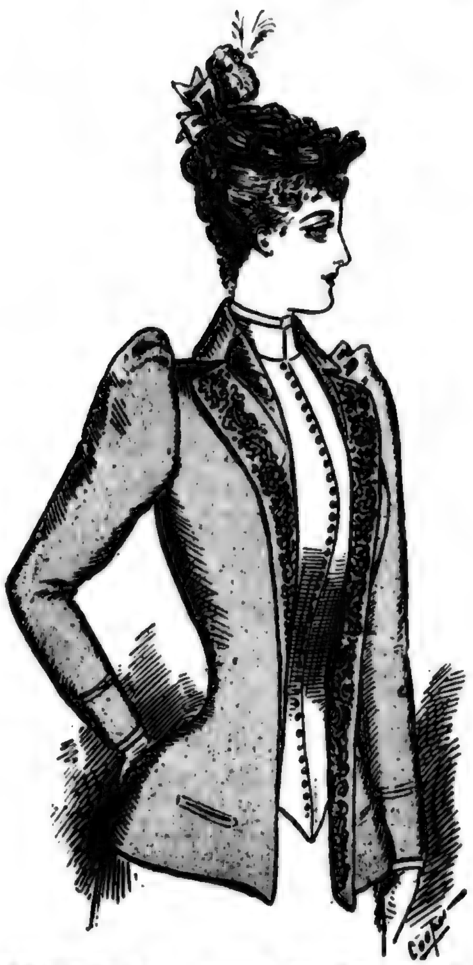
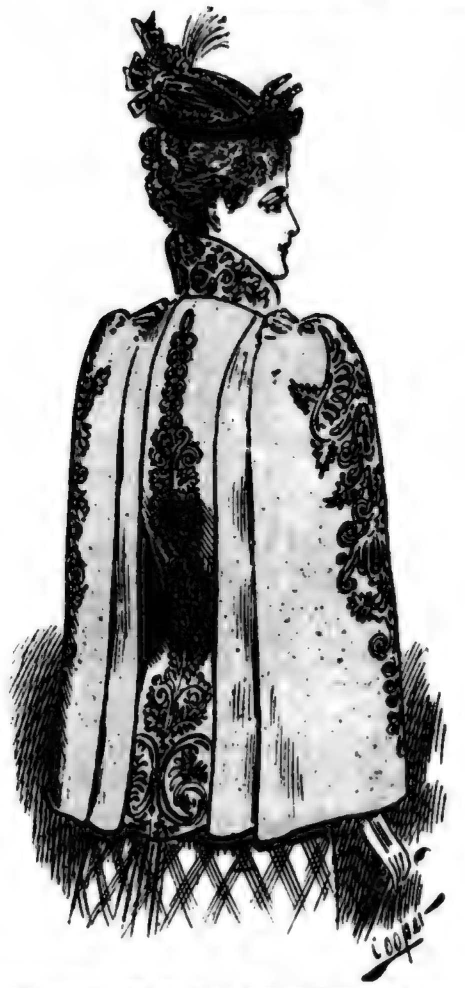
GARROULD'S NEW SPRING NOVELTIES IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.



The **"FEDORA."**—A charming New Coat, made of All-Wool Melton Cloth prettily embroidered and faced with Silk, can be worn open or closed, in Black Fawn or Navy, **23/6** each.

The **"FEDORA" HAT.**—Stylish Hat, made of Fancy Straw. A novel coil of Jet surrounds the brim, through which Pink Chiffon is twisted. The crown is trimmed with Plume, Osprey, and Ribbon, **23/6**



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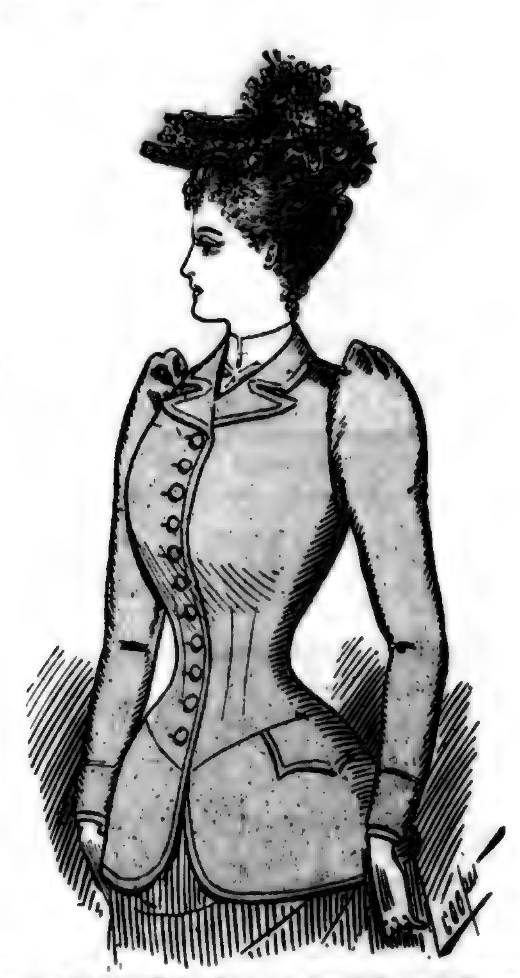

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NEW SPRING PATTERNS in ENDLESS VARIETY. Charming New Designs in Homespuns and Zephyrs. Patterns and Illustrated Price Lists Free.

The Queen says:—Messrs. Garrould are showing at the present time many elegant and beautiful Materials."

Every Requisite for Ladies' Wear at

E. R. GARROULD, 150, 152, 154, 156. 158, Edgware Rd., Hyde Park, W.

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THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY,

WHOLESALE GLOVERS.

45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

SINGLE PAIRS SOLD.

Beg to announce that their Stock is now replete with an unrivalled assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Gloves suitable for Spring wear. Ladies are requested the prices. Write for Sample pairs and test the value.

CHEVRETTE GLOVES.

	Per Half-doz.	Per Pair.
Ladies' 4 Button Superior Quality	12/0	2/1
,, 6 ,, ,, ...	14/6	2/6

In Tans, with Self Braid Points; Browns and Black, with Self Braid Points.

The L.G. Co.'s Best Quality CHEVRETTE.

PIQUE SEWN.

Ladies' 4 Buttons..	15/6	2/8
,, 6 ,, ...	17/6	3/0

In Black, Brown, and Tan Shades, with Braid Points.

Gentlemen's Best Quality Chevrette, Pique Sewn, 2 Buttons	16/0	2/9
Ditto, 2 Clasp Fasteners	17/0	2/11

In Tan and Chevrette Shade with Self Braid Points.

LADIES' SUEDE GLOVES.

4 Buttons "EMPRESS" Quality	13/0	2/3
6 ,, ...	16/6	2/10
8 ,, or Mousquetaire	19/0	3/3
12 Button Length Mousquetaire	23/0	3/11

ENGLISH DOESKIN GLOVES.

Ladies' 4-Buttons, Heavy Make, Leather Bound Welts	10/9	1/10

In Tan Shades and White.

Tan Nantwich Flesh-Gloves, with Guard Gauntlet, 5 inches deep	16/0	2/9

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S
REAL KID GLOVES

	Per Half-doz.	Per Pair
Ladies' 4 Button Superior Quality Real Kid ..	13/0	2/3
6 ,, ,, ...	16/0	2/9
8 ,, ,, ...	19/0	3/3

In Black, White, Tans and all Colors

Ladies' 4 Button Prima Quality Real Kid	16/6	2/10
6 ,, ,, ...	19/0	3/3

In Black, Tans, Drabs, and Colors, with Braid Points.

Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, for Hard Wear, Pique Sewn, Paris Points, 4 Buttons	19/0	3/3

In Black, Tans, and Drab Shades only.

Ladies' 4 Button Best Quality, French Kid ..	17/6	3/0
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In Black, White, Tans, Drabs, and all Colors

Gentlemen's 2 Dome Fasteners, Superior Quality, Real Kid, in Tan Shades, with Black or Self Braid Points, Pique Sewn	19/0	3/3

SILK GLOVES.

LADIES' BEST QUALITY PURE SILK.

	Per Half-doz.	Per Pair
8 Button Length Jersey, "Perfect Fitting" ..	7/6	1/4
12 ,, ,, ,, ,, ..	10/0	1/9
20 ,, ,, ,, ,, ..	13/6	2/4

In Black, White, and every Color.

LADIES' MILANESE SILK.

(ENGLISH MAKE).

8 Button Length Jersey	5/9	1/0
20 ,, ,, ,, ...	10/3	1/9

In Black, White and all Colors.

LADIES' MILANESE SILK

WITH PATENT TREBLY WOVEN TIPS.

The tips of the fingers and thumbs of these Gloves are thickened during the process of manufacture, the material forming these tips being Trebly Woven, thereby giving strength where most requiring it, and offering the greatest resistance to wear.

No. 1 Quality, 8 Button Length Jersey, Trebly Woven Tips	10/0	1/9
No. 2 Quality, 8 Button Length Jersey, Trebly Woven Tips	13/0	2/3

In Black, White and Colors.

The L.G. Co.'s RENOWNED SAXONY MILANESE TAFFETA GLOVES

Hand-made Silk Points, will wear and wash well.

6 Button Length Jersey, Perfect Fitting	7/0	1/3
8 ,, ,, ,, ,, ...	8/6	1/6

In Black, White Cream and all Colors.

MODE OF PAYMENT.—Postal and Post Office Orders to be made payable to **S. A. WORSKETT,** at the General Post Office. Where Stamps are remitted One Penny must be added to each amount of 3s. and under, to cover loss in exchange. A new Detailed Price List for Spring, 1891, **FREE** by Post.

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RYLANDS'
DACCA
CALICOES
NO BETTER MADE.
SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS.

"WHITENS AND SOFTENS THE SKIN"

ALBION LUXURY
MILK IN THE
AND BATH
SULPHUR
SOAP
PURE AND PLEASANT
UNEQUALLED FOR THE COMPLEXION
INVALUABLE FOR CHILDREN
NEVER IRRITATES THE SKIN
DELICATELY PERFUMED

Lady Constance Howard
WRITES:
"I like the Soap very much; it is pleasant to use and softens and whitens the skin."

Lady Dorothy Nevill
WRITES:
"I find the Soap very pleasant, and like it very much."

Mothers *Do You Realize How Your Little Ones Suffer*

When their tender SKINS are literally ON FIRE with ITCHING AND BURNING ECZEMAS and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases?

To know that a single application of the **Cuticura Remedies** will, in the great majority of cases, afford instant and complete relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because so speedy) cure, and not to use them without a moment's delay, is to be guilty of positive inhumanity. No greater legacy can be bestowed upon a child than a *skin without blemish and a body nourished with pure blood.* **Cuticura Remedies** are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humour remedies, are absolutely pure, and may be used from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success.

"ALL ABOUT THE SKIN" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to mothers, affording information not obtainable elsewhere.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, 2s. 3d.; CUTICURA SOAP, an Exquisite Skin Beautifier, 1s.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the greatest of Blood Purifiers and Humour Remedies, 4s. 6d.; or the set, post-paid, for 7s. 9d., of F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., Newgate-st., London, E. C., depot for POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION.

Facial Blemishes, pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands, and simple humours and skin blemishes of infancy and childhood are prevented by that most effective of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated **Cuticura Soap.** Incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only medicated toilet soap, and the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most facial blemishes.* Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the civilized world, Price 1s. (1)

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FOR
INFANTS
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INVALIDS

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DEAR SIR,—I am proud to hand you a photo of one of my children. This boy was eighteen months old when his photo was taken, and weighed 33 pounds. He is very solid and muscular, and not flabby like most big children. Has been brought up on Mellin's Food, and has always been the picture of health. Yours truly,
W. E. BRADLY.

MELLIN'S FOOD
BISCUITS
PALATABLE,
DIGESTIVE,
NOURISHING,
SUSTAINING.
Price 2/- and 3/6 per tin.

SHAKESPERIAN WISDOM on the FEEDING and REARING of INFANTS. —A pamphlet of quotations from Shakespeare and portraits of beautiful children, together with testimonials which are of the highest interest to all mothers. To be had, with samples, free by post, on application to

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Ten Pounds
IN
Two Weeks
Think of it!
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil & Hypophosphites
Of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures
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SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS & COLDS, & ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *As palatable as Milk, and three times as efficacious as plain Oil. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.*
Sold by all Chemists, at 2/6 or 4/6, or mailed on receipt of price by
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DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE TO THE WEARER. AT LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

LADIES who would Dress with **Good Taste** and **Economy**, should not fail to see **JOHN NOBLE'S** New Patterns in **FASHIONABLE DRESS FABRICS.** These include the most beautiful styles and colorings in fine Serges, Cashmeres, Amazon Cloths, Diagonals, Corduroys, Beiges, Homespuns, Checks, Stripes, Jacquard Woven Spots, Ball and Figured Effects, &c.; also the latest productions in printed Cambrics, Camelines, Sateens, Nainsooks, Mousseline de Laines, Woven Zephyrs, Dress Twills, Fancy Muslin, Lace Cloths, &c., at prices from 3½d. the yard.

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The variety is CHARMING, the colorings BEAUTIFUL, and the cheapness is amazing. The saving effected is really astonishing. All intermediate profits being given to the purchaser

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HIGHEST AWARD WHEREVER EXHIBITED.

LATEST PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.

BROWN'S SATIN CREAM

For improving all kinds of Patent Leather.

For Brown Leather Boots and Shoes, use

SATIN (BROWN) POLISH

Put on by Sponge attached to wire and cork in each Bottle.

AMERICAN MAGIC BRONZE.

Gives to old Boots and Shoes, Ornaments, &c., the appearance of new.

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ANY LENGTH CUT at WHOLESALE PRICES.

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WONDERFUL
IN VALUE AND STYLE,
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LADIES who buy their DRESS MATERIALS from LEWIS'S are sure of getting them DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS, thereby saving 3 profits, an advantage of quite 50 per cent. or a SAVING of 10/- in the £.

LADIES are asked to compare LEWIS'S Patterns and Prices with those of other houses, the *IMMENSE ADVANTAGE* will be immediately apparent. *Carriage paid on all orders.* LEWIS'S are well-known as the Makers of The "**WONDERFUL**" **VELVETEEN** at 2/- a yard. Write on an ordinary post card for patterns.

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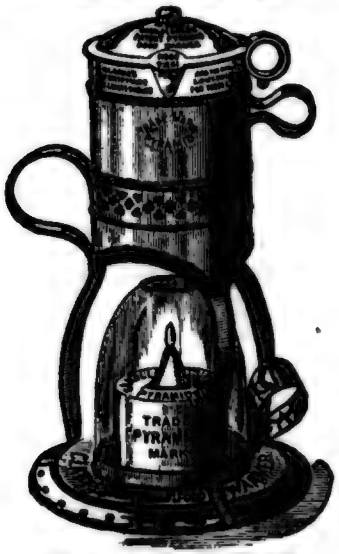
NEWLY DESIGNED

"Pyramid" Nursery Lamp

FOOD WARMER.

With New Registered Pannikin.
Including "Burglar's Horror" Lamp.
2/6, 3/6, 5/- and 6/- each.



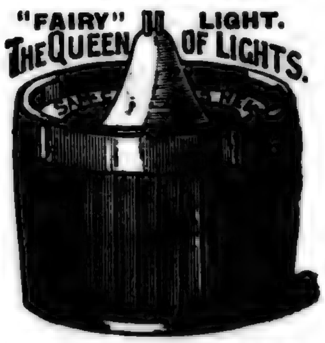
CLARKE'S
IMPROVED PANNIKIN
(REGISTERED),
FOR USE WITH
CLARKE'S
"Pyramid" Nursery Lamp.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a Feeding Bottle so objectionable with all other Pannikins.

These Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

N.B.—Ask for CLARKE'S PANNIKIN, and see that his name and the registered number (Registered 91,241) is on the Pannikin, and Trade Mark, "Pyramid." Clarke's Patent "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS are the only Lights suitable for these Lamps.

CLARK'S PATENT LIGHTS.


"FAIRY" LIGHT.
THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS.

Trade Mark "FAIRY."

As used by Her Majesty the Queen.

FOR IN AND OUT DOOR ILLUMINATIONS.

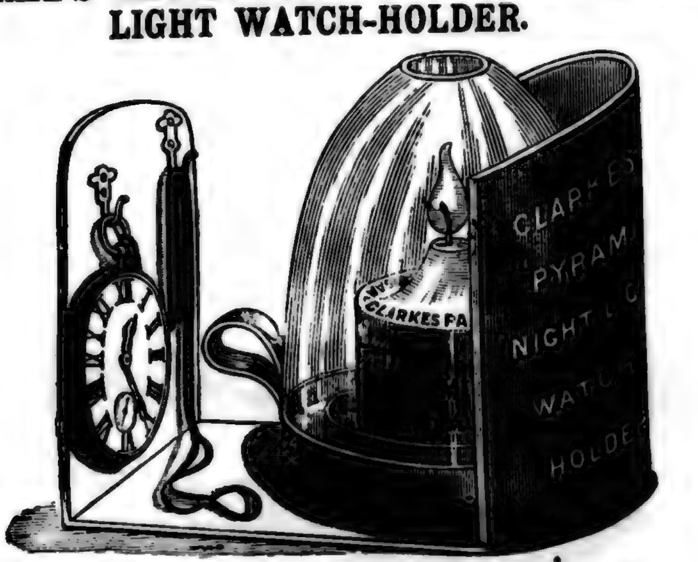
1s. per Box

Containing 6 Double Wick "Fairy Lights (burn 10 hours each), and Glass for burning in.

CLARKE'S PATENT "FAIRY" LAMPS, for decorative lighting of Ball and Drawing Rooms, etc.

Sold Everywhere.

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.



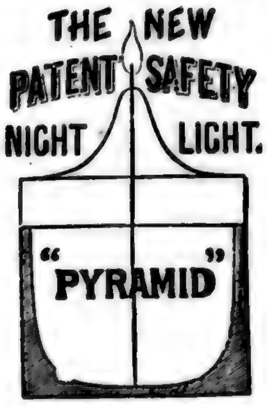
Japanned Watch-Holder and "Pyramid" Lamp complete, 2s. 6d.
Invaluable at every Bedside.

THE
BURGLARS' HORROR.

CLARKE'S

PATENT

"PYRAMID" LIGHTS.



THE SHADED PART REPRESENTS THE PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE

Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights, 8½d. per Box.

For burning in Clarke's Pyramid Nursery Lamp.

TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.—A "Pyramid" Night Light should be Lighted in the front and back of every house as soon as it is dark. Housebreakers have the greatest dread of a light. The Police recommend a "Pyramid" Night Light as the best safeguard. Almost all the burglaries perpetrated might have been prevented, and much VALUABLE PROPERTY SAVED, if this simple and inexpensive plan had always been adopted. The "Pyramid" Night Lights are much larger and give DOUBLE THE LIGHT of the common night lights, and are, therefore, particularly adapted for this purpose. Manufactured in Patent Fire-proof Plaster Cases. No paraffin or other dangerous material used in their manufacture.

"PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LIGHT WORKS, LONDON, N.W. *Showrooms: 31, Ely Place, Holborn, and 484, Collins Street, Melbourne.*

HEALTH & PERSONAL ATTENTION.

(See MYRA'S ANSWERS in "MYRA'S JOURNAL.")

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PHILIP H. MASON,

Pharmaceutical Chemist, BANK PLAIN, NORWICH,

The entire list (containing some 100 Preparations) will be sent by return of post, on receipt of stamped address.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All articles in this List admit of Postal Transit, and will be delivered free per Post at the prices marked, secure from observation, and carefully packed on receipt of P.O.

AGENTS.—New Zealand: Messrs. Withers, High St., Christchurch. From these Agents any of the Toilet Preparations may be obtained.

COLD CREAM OF WOOL FAT AND CUCUMBERS (NUTHALL'S)—Strongly recommended for general use, both on account of its healing qualities and of its freedom from irritating properties. Wool Fat is essentially the natural fat of the Skin, and upon its presence depends the Skin's healthy condition. When absent or deficient the skin loses its elasticity, becomes dry and apt to chap and crack. The above Cold Cream will be found to remedy and prevent all these unpleasantnesses, and its continued use will render the skin distinctly softer, more elastic, and of a healthy color. It is emollient and healing and will counteract the ill-effects of hard water and of over-exposure to cold, wind, or sun. Its constant use is invaluable for preventing and removing wrinkles and crow's-feet. 3s. 6d.

EXTRACT OF SEA WRACK (FUCUS VESICULOSUS).—The new remedy for obesity. X This preparation has met with a wonderful demand. Its effects in some cases seem magical. It is perfectly safe for the most delicate constitutions. Price 3s. 3d. per case.

EXTRACT OF SEA WRACK PILLS.—Are prepared for those who prefer it in this form—each pill containing one dose of the extract at the same price. 3s. 3d. per case.

THE GARRISON HAIR DYE.—An absolutely harmless hair dye in one solution. Easy in application rapid, cleanly, and almost infallibly certain in effect. This is the Hair Dye *par excellence* for those who prefer a dye in one solution. Black or brown 3s. 6d. per case.

PETROLEUM POMADE.—The power of Petroleum, as a rapid stimulant to the X growth of the hair, has been recently discovered by accident at a British Consulate in Russia. Prepared as a Pomade, it is rendered unobjectionable for use. 1s. 6d., 3s. per jar.

[Since the above was first published the most astounding results have followed the use of Mr. Mason's Pomade, and it is now the Hair Restorer *par excellence*.]

CRÊME FROIDE AUX CONCOMBRES.—Prepared from the pulp of the ripe fruit, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. For whitening and preserving the skin, and for the prevention of wrinkles and crow's-feet. Its constant use will counteract the effects of exposure to sun and wind, and will retain the youthfulness of the complexion for many years.

"Crême Froide aux Concombres as prepared by Mr. Mason, of Norwich is the best agent for whitening and preserving the skin I know of."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

EMULSINE OF CUCUMBERS.—Dr. Anna Kingsford's formula. Thin, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; Thick, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. These Emulsines resemble the Crême Froide in their general properties, but are prepared for those who prefer an emulsion to the cream. The thick Emulsine is especially intended for the prevention of wrinkles, and is also highly recommended for winter use, while the thin Emulsine is adapted for whitening the complexion and for summer use.

"Against the crow's-foot use Mason's thick Emulsine. With respect to wrinkles, I have said again and again that nothing removes them so satisfactorily as the thick Emulsine. For flushing of the face and dryness of the skin, use Mason's thin Emulsine of Cucumbers. 'Cool as a cucumber,' is, as you know, a comparison that has become a proverb, and with good reason. Mr. Mason has prepared two excellent emulsions of cucumber, thick and thin which I have not seen equalled. To these he has now added a Crême Froide aux Concombres. As the responsibility for these formulas rests, in a large measure with myself, you may feel sure I should not recommend them unless I had complete confidence in their excellence."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

JABORANDI HAIR TONIC.—Prepared from selected South American Jaborandi Leaves, containing the newly-discovered alkaloid Pilocarpine. Highly recommended by medical authority as a hitherto unapproachable stimulant to rapid growth of hair. Used not only to prevent the hair falling, but to stop advance of greyness and induce vigorous secretion of the natural coloring pigment. 3s. 5d., 10s. 6d.

"The Jaborandi Lotion prepared by Mr. Mason is probably one of the best hair restorers known. Several instances of the increased growth of hair after the use of Jaborandi have been adduced. Jaborandi is said by several medical writers to cause the hair to grow."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

BLOOM OF STEPHANOTIS.—An exquisite creamy white skin and complexion powder. It imparts a beautiful natural whiteness and useful softness and delicacy to the skin. The painful "Flushing" of the face, brownness of the neck and arms, undue redness of the face and hands are obviated by one application. For personal appearance at Court, the Ball, or Concert, it is indispensable; it represses the unpleasantness of sensible perspiration and its disagreeable accompaniments. Travellers and residents in warm climates will find it invaluable. It so entirely prevents the discoloring action of the sun on the skin that freckles are almost unknown to those who use it. In polished apple wood case, with toilet puff. 3s. 6d.

"For my own part, I am in the habit of recommending Mr. Mason's Stephanotis Face Powder, because I trust him, and know that he is moderate in his charges and honest in quality."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

HENNA HAIR DYE (IN ONE SOLUTION).—An entirely vegetable preparation, obviating the use of lead or any metallic dyes. It is guaranteed to be entirely harmless to hair or health. It is most simple in application, and in every way superior to the old-fashioned metallic dyes in two solutions. 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d.

"Of all the brown dyes I have tried, I like best Mason's Henna Dye. It is entirely vegetable and harmless."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

COMPLEXION PILLS.—Specially adapted to produce a healthy action of the skin and a clear complexion. If used in conjunction with certain easy rules of diet, their effect is rapid and marvellous. 1s. 3d., 2s. 10d. per box.

CREAM OF STEPHANOTIS.—An exquisite creamy white Skin and Complexion Cosmetic; imparts youthful softness and delicacy, with a beautiful natural whiteness to the skin. Composed of perfectly innocent ingredients, this Cream has a most beneficial action upon the skin. It obviates in one application brownness of the neck and arms or undue redness of the face and hands. For personal appearance at Court, at balls, or other crowded assemblies, it is indispensable, especially as it represses the unpleasantness of perspiration and its accompaniments. In warm climates it will be found invaluable. Also to prevent the appearance of that unpleasant redness or flushing of the face, which is so common an annoyance. So completely does it prevent the discoloring action of the sun on the skin that freckles are rarely, if ever known to those who use it. It subdues the redness of the features caused by exertion, cooling the skin in a most delightful manner. 3s. 6d. per case.

SULPHUR SOAP (FOR THE HAIR).—The natural color of the hair is due to an organic pigment, into the composition of which sulphur and iron largely enter. It is believed that in many cases grey hair is due solely to a deficiency in this natural secretion of sulphur. In such cases the sulphur may be applied to the hair glands by occasionally washing the hair and scalp with the above soap. It is most particularly recommended that in cases of incipient greyness this should be tried before artificial color restorers are resorted to. It is also the best soap for cleansing the hair before applying any dye or color restorer, as it greatly quickens and enhances their action. It is also of great service for washing the skin in many cases of eruption and skin diseases. 1s. 3d.

"Better try Mason's Sulphur Soap and soft water."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

FRECKLE CURE, THE NEW.—This is a preparation of great power for the entire removal of freckles, however obstinate. It is the prescription of one of our most eminent modern dermatologists, combined with the new Skin-fat which has recently been isolated from sheep's wool. A trial of it is urgently solicited. 4s. 6d.

WALNUT JUICE AND NUTGALLS.—Having often been required to prepare Walnut Juice for ladies, I have found that it is not perfectly successful by itself as a hair stain. After many experiments I am at last able to introduce a combination of Walnut Bark and Nutgalls, which is perfectly effective in giving to grey hair various shades of rich natural brown, very different to the dull metallic black of lead restorers. It is at the same time perfectly safe (Walnut Juice has been used for centuries as a hair dye.) Price 3s. 6d. per case, post free, with full directions.

DEPILATORY (POWDER).—Mr. Mason is continually asked by ladies for a Depilatory which will, in one application not only remove existing superfluous hair, but prevent its reappearance. He wishes clearly to state that it is impossible to do this. All that can be done is to remove the hair, after which an occasional subsequent application on the surface of the skin will prevent it from attaining a visible growth. The above preparation will do this without injury to the skin. Science cannot achieve more. With directions, 2s. per packet.

"Mr. Mason's Depilatory is at once the cheapest and best I know of."—Anna Kingsford, M.A.

EYEBROW AND EYELASH DYE.—A simple and instantaneous application, requiring renewal only at long intervals. Has been much approved, and seems to have met a pressing want. Black or brown, 2s. 6d. per case.

"Nothing will darken the eyelashes perfectly except a dye. Mr. Mason sells an eyebrow and eyelash dye at half-a-crown the case, black or brown.—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

SPECIAL EYEBROW AND EYELASH TONIC.—For promoting growth and luxuriance of Brows and Lashes, and improving their appearance. Though a powerful tonic, this is absolutely harmless and safe, and so bland and emollient that it may even be used for young children, 3s. 6d.

"Brush the eyebrows daily and nightly with a soft brush, moistened with Mason's Eyebrow Tonic.—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

GANTS GRAS POMADE.—A novel form of the well-known Gants Gras of the French and Italian perfumers of the last century. By its use (with soiled white kid gloves) the hands may be rendered beautifully white and soft in a few nights. 1s. 6d. per jar.

"The best cure for red arms is the use of a paste made of emollients, and worn all night. Mr. Mason has a 'Gants Gras Pomade' which will suit the purpose. Sleep in kid gloves smeared inside with Gants Gras Pomade. It is far more efficacious than cream rubbed in in the daytime."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN OR BLEACHING FLUID.—For giving a bright golden tint to the hair. The only agent that will do this without injury to the hair, or to the skin, is Peroxide of Hydrogen, which is the base of most, if not all of the expensive golden washes which are sold under attractive and high-sounding names. Mr. Mason will forward a supply with full directions, post-free 4s.

"Peroxide of Hydrogen is the only safe and convenient hair bleacher known."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

FOR OTHER HAIR DYES AND COLOR RESTORERS SEE THE ENTIRE LIST.

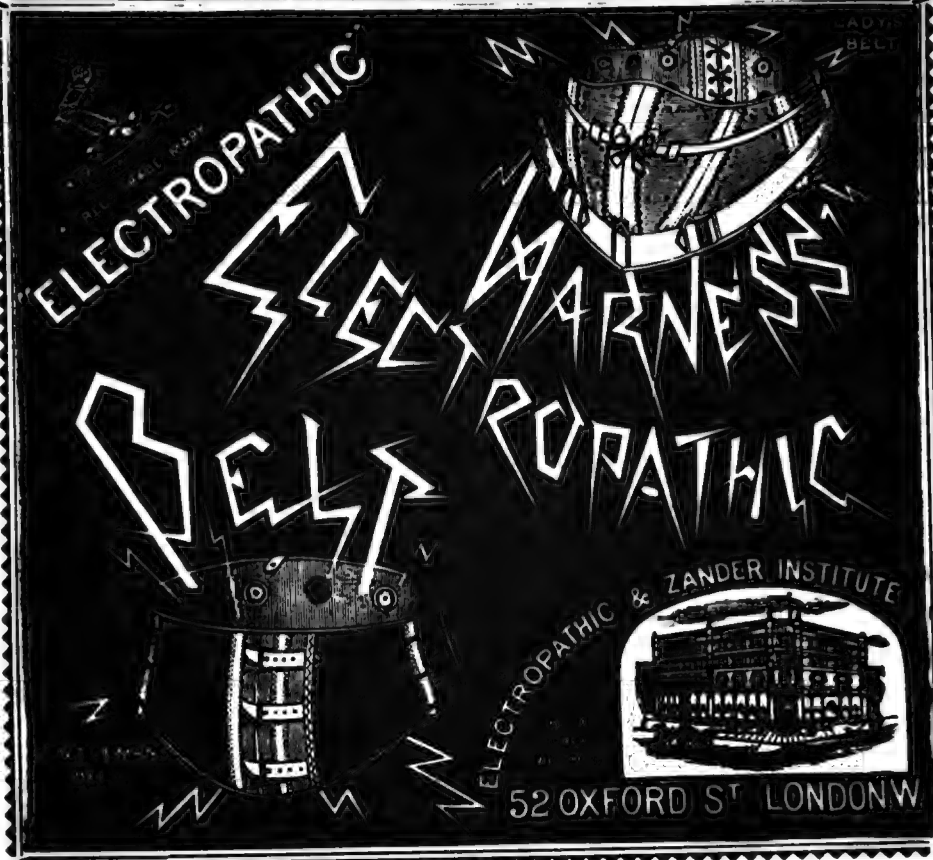
HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT

Should be worn regularly by all in search of

HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND VIGOUR.

A BOON TO MEN & WOMEN.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS are an improvement on the galvanic couple of the celebrated German Professor Humboldt. They are excessively simple in their construction, very comfortable to wear, and from their constant action most efficacious as a self-generating reservoir of electricity. They are entirely unique as a therapeutical adaptation of electricity, as they consist of a series of constant-current electric-generators, which are in continuous action while the belt is worn. They contain also all the essential elements of the dry compress, so well known and appreciated in hydropathic treatment. Acting as they do, upon all the most important organs of the body, they rarely fail to alleviate most of the disorders resulting from local or general debility, impaired digestion, weak circulation, or defective organic action.



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Feeble Circulation
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Hysteria
Weakness
and all
Organic Disorders

BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS,
Pamphlet and Consultation free on application to the MEDICAL BATTERY Co., Ltd., whose only address is
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This unique preparation has the extraordinary property of KEEPING THE HAIR IN CURL during the Dampest Weather, or in the warmest Assembly or Ballroom.

Perfectly Harmless, Colourless, and Sweetly Perfumed.

FRIZZETTA

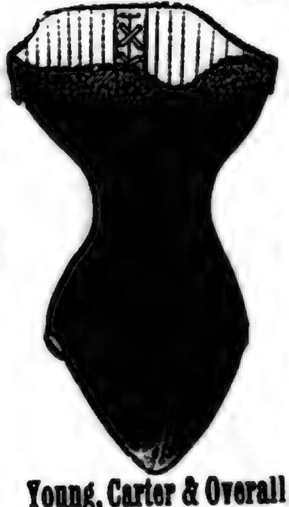
"I have tried Frizzetta, and find it an excellent preparation, which answers every purpose for which you recommend its use." MARIE ROSE.

"I think Frizzetta is invaluable to ladies who, like myself, prefer to wear natural hair in place of wigs." KATE SANTLEY.

"I find Frizzetta answers admirably. In my profession it is invaluable." FANNY LESLIE.

FRIZZETTA is sold by all Chemists and Hairdressers at 1/6, or sent post free for 21 stamps from the Proprietor,
F. W. BATES,
BROOK'S BAR,
MANCHESTER.

THE "DUCHESS" CORSET
(THOMAS'S PATENT.)



Is constructed on a graceful model for the present style of dress, the shape being permanently retained by a series of narrow whalebones placed diagonally across the front, gradually curving in and contracting the Corset at the bottom of the busk, whereby the size of the figure is reduced, the outline improved, a permanent support afforded, and a fashionable and elegant appearance secured.

The Corsets are made in Black, White, Cardinal and Grey.

Prices, 10s. 6d. and 14s. 6d Satin, 15s. 6d. and 21s.

The **Celebrated Taper Busk** used in these Corsets is **the most supple and comfortable of all Busks and absolutely unbreakable.**

On purchasing, it is necessary to see that the name "W. THOMAS" is stamped on the Corset.

Young, Carter & Overall, 117 & 118, Wood Street
Sole Proprietors and Successors to W. THOMAS.
Wholesale only.
May be purchased of all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

IZOD'S Patent Corsets ARE THE BEST.

Prepared by a New and Scientific Process.

IZOD'S CORSETS

Medical opinion recommends them for the **Health.** Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for **Comfort, Style and Durability.** Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies, Name & Trade Mark Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for **IZOD'S** make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of drawings.

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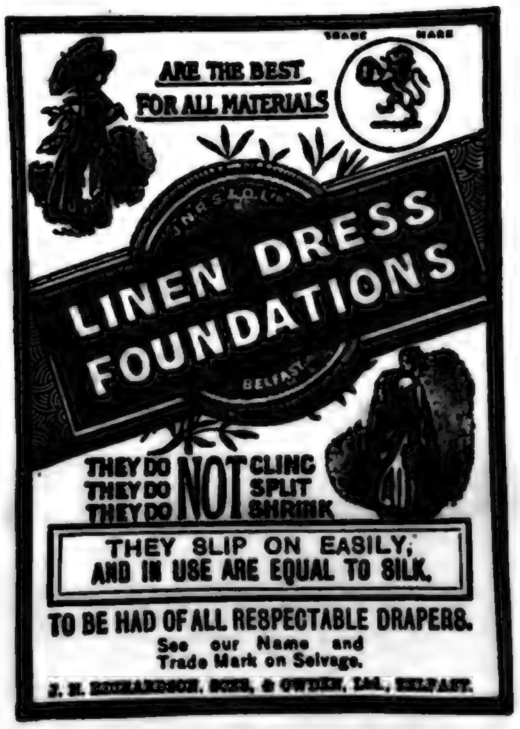
MILWARDS' NEEDLES.

CALYX EYED. Kratz's Patent.

CALYX EYED.

Observe the name "CALYX-EYED," and take none other.
THREAD WITHOUT THREADING!
SAMPLE PACKETS ON APPLICATION.
WASHFORD MILLS, REDDITCH.



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LINEN DRESS FOUNDATIONS

THEY DO NOT CLING
THEY DO NOT SPLIT
THEY DO NOT SHRINK

THEY SLIP ON EASILY, AND IN USE ARE EQUAL TO SILK.

TO BE HAD OF ALL RESPECTABLE DRAPERS.

See our Name and Trade Mark on Selvage.

J. N. RICHARDSON, SONS, & OWDEN, Ltd., BELFAST.

Popular and Favourite Material for 1891.

Cosy Cotton Flannels, in Cream, Sky, and Pink, 36 in. wide, with Embroideries to match, greatly in *demand* for *Nightdresses*, etc.

New Designs & Self Colours
28 in. wide, 6½d., 7½d., 9½d.
Adapted for Dressing Gowns, Shirts, etc.

COSY COTTON FLANNEL & FLANNELETTES.

New Designs in Snow Flakes, Floral, Checks, Stripes. 28 in. wide, from 4½d. per yd., adapted for *Dresses, Dressing Gowns, Shirts, Pyjamas,*

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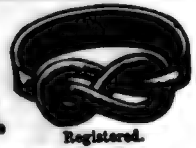

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18 Carat Gold.
Registered.
Cards, with design and sizes, sent on application.
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COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, FEVERS, AGUE, SPASMS, DIARRHŒA, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

A Few Doses quite Effectual

CAUTION.—The extraordinary medical reports on the efficacy of Chlorodyne render it of vital importance that the public should obtain the genuine, which bears the words, "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE," on the Government Stamp. Vice-Chancellor Wood stated that DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the Inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue. **Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists.**

☛ OVERWHELMING MEDICAL TESTIMONY ACCOMPANIES EACH BOTTLE. ☚

OLD BLEACH LINEN
OLD BLEACH WORKS
RANDALSTOWN Co. ANTRIM

HUCKABACK DIAPER & DAMASK TOWELS, FRINGED AND HEMSTITCHED TOWELS, HUCKABACK AND FANCY TOWELLINGS, BIRDS-EYE AND NURSERY DIAPER, GLASS AND TEA CLOTHS, EMBROIDERY LINENS, AND ART LINENS.

The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are renowned all over the World for superiority of manufacture, exquisite finish, beautiful appearance and honest soundness, holding the first rank among the highest class of pure Irish Linen Goods—a genuine revival of the excellent old-fashioned grass-bleached Linens of the past generation, which lasts a life-time.

The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are an exclusive manufacture, and stand alone—the whole process of production, weaving and bleaching, being carried on at the "OLD BLEACH" WORKS, situated near the village of Randalstown, in the North of Ireland, and on the banks of the River Main, the the softness, purity and abundance of whose waters are of much value in the attainment of that sound and lustrous bleach which distinguished them.

"An exceptionally strong Linen that will last for many years."—*The Queen.*

"Distinguished for purity of flax, style of production, and last and most important—honest soundness."—*Myra's Journal.*

"The 'Old Bleach' Linens are much sounder and stronger than Ordinary Linens."—*Young Ladies' Journal.*

"Surpassing anything we have hitherto examined."—*Warehousemen's and Drapers' Trade Journal.*

A yard of "OLD BLEACH"—whether Towels, Huckaback Towelling, Bird's-Eye Diaper, Nursery Diaper or Household Linen, gives more than double the wear of the best ordinary Linen Goods. All goods stamped with the "OLD BLEACH" Trade Mark are produced from flax yarns of equal quality, both warp and weft, thereby increasing the wearing qualities two-fold.

The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are kept in stock by all first-class Drapers throughout Great Britain and the United States. Ask to see them and judge for yourself.

Observe that the Registered Trade Mark—"OLD BLEACH" is stamped on every Towel and on every yard of piece goods as a guarantee that they are the genuine manufacture of the "OLD BLEACH" Linen Company.

HAIR DESTROYER.

Mrs. JAMES'S DEPILATORY instantly and permanently REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the Skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists, 1s., or a box of it sent (with directions for use) free from observation, post free, for 15 stamps.

Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.

Long flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are QUICKLY PRODUCED by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE; it is invaluable for the production of Whiskers, Beard, and Moustachios; it causes the Hair to grow on Bald Places and Scanty Partings like magic. To be had of most Chemists, 1s., or a box of it sent (with directions for use) free from observation, post free, for 15 stamps.

Mrs. C JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

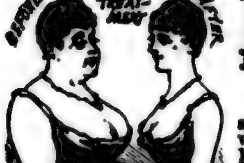
"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2/9 and 11/- each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 stamps by Proprietors,

Lincoln & Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln

Beware of Worthless Imitations.



TOO FAT!!

Dr. GORDON'S Elegant Pills

Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2/9, 4/6, or 11/-, to Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.

DAVY'S DIAMOND CEMENT

Is the HARDEST, TOUGHEST, and most Enduring CEMENT ever discovered

It securely and neatly mends China, Glass, Fancy Articles, Papier Maché, Toys, Fossils, Shell, Bone, Broken Pipes, Vases, Jugs, Veneer, &c., Cigar Holders, Picture Frames, &c.; and for Fastening Tips on Billiard Cues is unrivalled.

DAVY'S DIAMOND CEMENT, price 1s., of all Chemists. Post Free for 1s. 2d., from the Proprietors, BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street.

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A Warm Iron passed over the back of these Papers Transfers the Designs to any Fabric.

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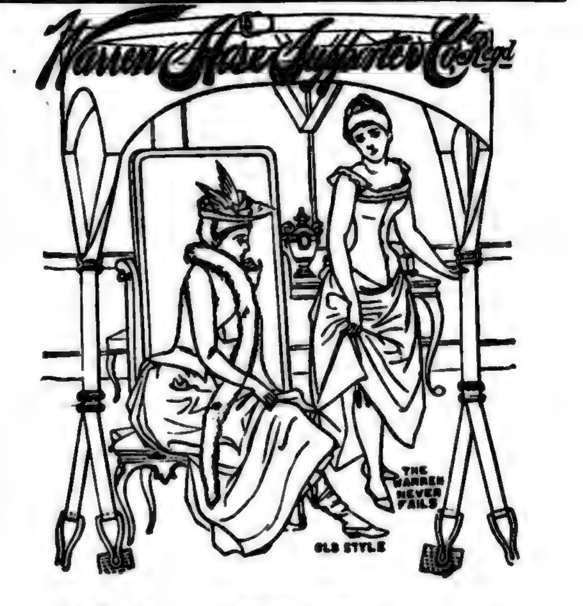

All Ladies and Children should wear this

New & Perfect "WARREN" HOSE SUPPORTER.

PRICES—Children's, from 6d.; Ladies', from 9d. Ladies', with band, from 1s. Sample Pair, post free.

Can be procured Retail from any Establishment in the Kingdom.

Wholesale of the following London Houses:—

OLNEY, AMSDEN & SONS,
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W. WILLIAMS & SON
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THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

EASIEST, QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, and BEST BLACKLEAD in the WORLD.

"It *really* is the *best I ever have used.* It leaves *no dust*, and does not need *any rubbing hardly*, as the *least rub* of the brush makes it *shine very brightly.*"—Mrs. MCLEAN, 12, Beaumont Place, Edinburgh.

"My customers will *use no other.* They say it makes their grates *look like new.*"—E. A. BAILEY, Grocer, Hailsham.

NOTE.—You can produce MORE POLISH with TWO Penny Packets of the RISING SUN than with HALF-DOZEN Penny Packets of ordinary Blacklead. Ask your Grocer or Oilman for it, and insist on having it or Send TWO Stamps (to cover postage) for Sample, naming this Paper.

C. CHANCELLOR & CO., LONDON, E.C.

MESSRS. WATHERSTON & SONS, Goldsmiths, Jewellers and Silversmiths, beg to announce that in consequence of the death of **MR. JAMES HENDERSON WATHERSTON,** their Stock will be offered for Sale during the month of May, at a considerable reduction to Cash purchasers.

The Stock comprises a large variety of Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire, Pearls Cat's-eye, and Turquoise Ornaments, of recent make, eminently calculated for Court, Ceremonials and Wedding Presents.

Sterling Silver Plate of Special Design.

WATHERSTON & SON, 12, Pall Mall East (adjoining the National Gallery), London, S.W.

MYRA'S PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

TO OUR READERS.

AWARDED TO
PRIZE
COMPETITION

FACSIMILE OF SOLID SILVER MEDAL (REVERSE).

FACSIMILE OF SOLID SILVER MEDAL (OBVERSE).

THE success which has attended the inauguration, more than two Years ago, of our Monthly Prize Competition for the best worked Specimens of Art Needlework has induced us to still further develop the idea, and, at the suggestion of some of our readers, we have had a special die cut for a Magnificent Solid Silver Medal—of which fac-simile engraving is given herewith, to be given as an optional First Prize. Prize Winners will thus be able to secure, instead of a mere small sum of money, an artistic reward of considerable intrinsic value in itself, and a lasting and honorable record of their success for future years.

Each Medal will be enclosed in a handsome leather case lined with velvet, and we will engrave each month the winner's name and initials. The Second Prize will be 15/-, and the Third Prize a Bronze Medal of the same size and design as above, or a Money Prize of 10/-. We trust that this new departure will be fruitful of much satisfaction to our readers, and a still further inducement for all skilled in needle craft to compete for the new Prizes offered by MYRA.

The following are the details of our May Prize Competitions:—

(1.) Three Prizes will be given for the best specimens of an Embroidered Pouf or Table Cloth Centre, the full sized design for working which is given with this number. Competitors are at liberty to select any materials and colours they like, and to vary the stitches, but the work must be a faithful copy of the design.

First Prize—Silver Medal or Thirty Shillings.

Second Prize—Fifteen Shillings.

Third Prize—Bronze Medal or Ten Shillings.

No subject sent for Competition can be returned unless accompanied by a directed and sufficiently stamped envelope or label.

To protect Competitors, and to ensure that Subscribers only shall take part in the Prize Competitions, we append a Coupon—

MYRA'S JOURNAL,
May, 1891.

which must be sent with every subject for Competition.

No subjects for Competition will be allowed unless accompanied by a Coupon.

All subjects for the Competition must be sent in by July 1st, 1891; and the result and names of the successful competitors will be announced in the following number.

Competition for the best specimens of Dress Ornaments given in "Myra's Journal," February, 1891.

FIRST PRIZE.

Miss PRICHARD,
11, St. Aubyn's Road,
Upper Norwood,
S.E.

SECOND PRIZE.

Miss A. ROLFE,
The Poplars,
Fulbourn,
Cambridge.

THIRD PRIZE.

Miss I. GREGSON,
Hendon Lodge,
Wandsworth,
S.W.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious Attacks.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Nervous Disorders.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Indigestion in all its Forms.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Wind and Pains in the Stomach.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Sick Headache.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Have saved the Lives of Thousands.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Are the best Medicine for Female Complaints.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Fulness and Swelling after Meals.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Are adapted for Old and Young.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Dizziness and Drowsiness.

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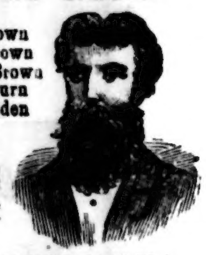

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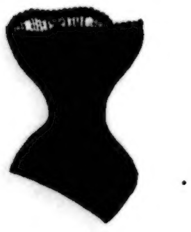

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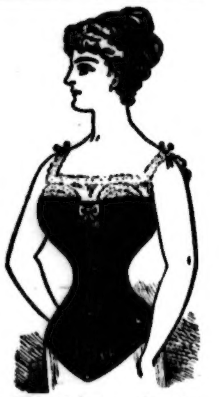

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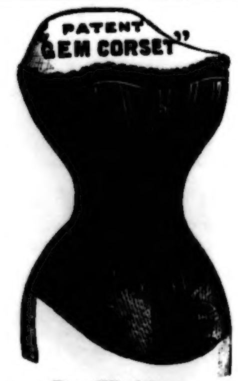

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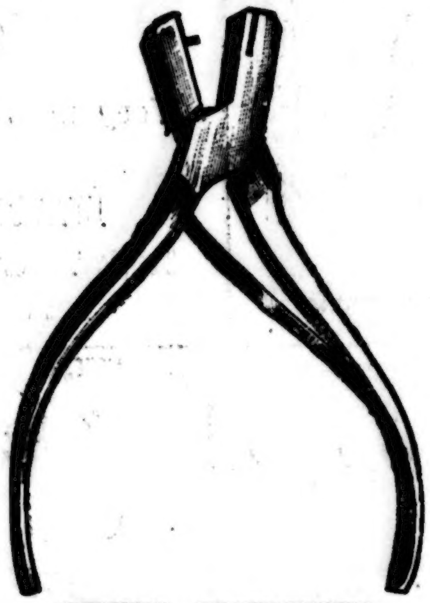

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